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The Ascent of Man.



The ascent of Man from a state of mere brutishness to the sphere of Angelhood is the one great transcendental ideal. For the individual as well as for the Race, the paramount question would seem to be this:—How shall we rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things? Before this problem all others pale into insignificance—for upon its solution depends our own happiness and the world's amelioration.

This uplifting and transformation is slowly going on within and around us—so slowly, perhaps, as to be often imperceptible. By the operation of beneficent natural laws, by the processes of spiritual evolution, by the stern teachings of that greatest of instructors, Experience, the tiger and the ape within us is being gradually eliminated and the image of God made manifest. And we help or hinder the work according to the response we make towards those glimpses of light and truth, those monitions of conscience, those inward calls to duty and renunciation which are sent us from time to time, inviting us to rise above the lower self and the materialistic consciousness and to come up to a loftier plane.

Full of pathos, intense with tragedy, is this never ceasing struggle on the part of mankind to rise heavenward in spite of repeated failure and reaction. Urged on by some Divine compulsion, beckoned by unseen hands beyond the veil, encouraged by the whisperings of ministering spirits and the voice of the higher self within, we strive to rise above the limitation and disability of our physical inheritance and environment—and even when we find ourselves overmatched by circumstances and defeated by the forces arrayed against us, we still look forward to some Heaven where the burden of our sinfulness shall drop from us with our fleshly enswathement—and our aspirations after goodness be at last fulfilled.

What a transition! From dull unthinking brutishness to angelhood—from selfish and mundane engrossment to a life of helping and uplifting spiritual ministry—from existence as mere human animals to no less a vocation than that of the message-bearers of God—the ministrants of that Divine grace which is ever descending from the Highest to those who are struggling upward from the lower planes of consciousness. Can such an experience indeed be ours? Can men of the market and the street—and women, oftentimes overburdened with domestic care—become transformed and win their way to such high privilege? Yes! for we are the offspring of the Eternal Being, who is the Source of all Love and Power. “All things are ours”—even the ability to overcome and transcend our temporary physical embodiment and surroundings. If we will to climb, we may. Our lives may cease to be sordid and mean, they may become illuminated by the radiance which streams from the upper realms of Life. If we do but seek after Truth and follow it with loyalty of heart—walking in that light that is ever given to those who obey—if we do but honestly choose and endeavour to do the Divine Will at all costs we shall become at last free—emancipated from error and darkness, from animalism and self-worship—free to serve with joy the world, our fellow-creatures, and our God.

But our progress depends upon the way we set about this important life-work of ours. We may blunder along without taking thought concerning our steps and suffer hindrance through blind acceptance of the errors which flourish around us—conforming ourselves to every foolish and harmful idea or custom because it is hoary with age and endorsed by the blind guides in authority who have so often misled humanity. Or we may search with intelligent earnestness after that narrow way which leads to Life—to Life more abundant and perennial blessedness—and amend our deeds in accord with the illumination which falls across our path to point us to the higher spheres. We may sow to the flesh, by feeding our bodies and minds with carnal food and by pandering to our lower nature in various ways, or we may sow to the spirit by seeking after such things as will purify and strengthen. In short, we can minister to either part of our nature and cause it to become predominant—the result being in exact accord with our action.

Every one of us is to some extent shaping destiny and moulding the future—our own, and that of the Race. We

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either accelerate this progressive development by our co-operation or retard it by our apathy and obstruction. A terrible responsibility is ours which we cannot evade, and by the operation of the law which is called "Karma" we shall inevitably reap as we have sown. The crown of life awaits those who win it, the victor's palm will be given to such as overcome, and they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars. But to those who prefer the darkness and who will not leave the lower wilderness path, discipline is ever sent; they are called to walk in painfulness and weariness, to toil along in hunger and thirst, with blistered feet and aching hearts, until they learn the wisdom of turning their faces Zionward and at last, in their turn, arrive. Through successive earth-lives may be, by mysterious over-rulings on the part of "that Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," by being made to receive such measure as they have meted out to others, all are brought to know by experience the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the blessedness of Justness, Mercy, and Love.

The apprehension of such truths as these would do much to ameliorate the present condition of Society. The ascent of Man in the scale of being would be much accelerated if the merciless realized that they will obtain none themselves, if the vivisector knew that his probable doom in his next incarnation would be the vivisection trough and the torments he has inflicted on the helpless and defenceless, if the profligate and sensualist could see that his chosen path leads to the companionship of swine and a diet of husks, if those who consciously cast in their lot with the predatory races, could be convinced that just as "those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword," so those who live by exploiting and devouring their fellow-creatures shall in due course be exploited and devoured—as frequently takes place literally even now in the case of many around us when they fall victims to predatory parasites which they have introduced into their bodies by eating animals whose doom has not caused them to feel any pity or compunction.

The new Century is almost upon us, and it will witness such a struggle between the forces of good and evil as the world has not yet seen. During this closing year of the old century let us reflect and consider—and then determine to seek a place in the ranks of the progressive host who are striving to bring about self-amendment, national reformation and the uplifting of mankind to a more spiritual plane.

Thus may we help to hasten the advent of the time when wisdom, love, and spirituality shall be the predominant forces on this planet and the Kingdom of God be established.

"The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap what we have sown." Sidney H. Beard.

A NEGLECTED ART.

It is a great art to discover what we are fit for, so that we may settle down to our own work, or patiently wait for our own place, without enviously striving to rob every other man of his crown, and so losing our own. It is an art that saves us much fretting, and disappointment, and waste of time, to understand early in life what it is we can accomplish, and what precisely we mean to be at. How much of life often is gone before its possessor sees the use he can put it to, and ceases to beat the air! How much of life is an ill-considered but passionate striving after what can never be attained, or a vain imitation of persons who have quite different talents and opportunities from ourselves.

Marcus Dods.

WHY WE ARE FOOD-REFORMERS.

Instead of recognising the great fundamental truths upon which the Food-Reform Movement is based, many persons assume that the only object its advocates have in view is to impress the world with the advantages of vegetable food. This misapprehension has arisen because many Food-Reformers instead of advocating a bloodless diet from the platform of humanitarian sentiment, have appealed merely to the selfish instincts of the community, and sought to persuade people to adopt the reform simply because they will

derive hygienic and pecuniary benefit by so doing. The Movement has now, however, been lifted to the higher plane all along the line, and consequently it is being treated with much greater respect by the public because it is being advocated from the standpoint of morality.

The motives of those who engage in this work ought to commend themselves to every thoughtful and sincere person. A diet of flesh and blood involves the infliction of an appalling amount of cruelty upon the animal creation which is altogether unjustifiable because totally unnecessary, and it brings upon the human race an incalculable amount of demoralisation and suffering which can only be removed by bringing about the abolition of flesh-eating. Hence the advocacy of Food-Reform as the shortest path to the mitigation of most of our social evils.

We stand for Animals' Rights, and we believe the day is soon coming when they will be more fully recognised, instead of being almost totally ignored as they are at the present time. It is only some fifty years since the negro men and women in America were denied the right to receive humane and just treatment. They were loaned and lashed, sold by auction, or done to death with impunity, whilst the whole Christian world was too blind to realize the crime in which it was acquiescing. That dark page in the world's history is now almost a thing of the past, but there are other races still waiting their deliverance, whose claims are based upon arguments fully as strong as those which could be urged on behalf of the sable African. The highly organized animals who are maimed, ill-treated and murdered at the rate of at least a million per day to pander to the degenerate tastes of Christendom, also possess individuality and the capacity to love, to feel, and to suffer. The day is near at hand when civilised men in what are called Christian countries will also cease to torture or to butcher them with impunity.

We believe that many Social Problems, upon the solution of which depend the happiness and welfare of our fellow men and women, cannot be solved until the way is paved by Food-Reform. An immense proportion of the disease which is prevalent around us on every hand is caused, directly or indirectly, by the consumption of the flesh and blood of animals—who are more often than not suffering, from maladies of some sort. On every hand we see those about us eating



cancerous and tuberculous cattle, and pigs often suffering from measles, incipient swine fever or parasites. Thousands of little children are lying in sick beds in our hospitals, afflicted with scrofula in its various forms, and often undergoing agonizing operations for the removal of diseased bones. They are suffering, in most cases, because their parents were ignorant of the danger of giving them flesh or unboiled milk which is so often infected with the tubercular bacillus. When we remember that at least a hundred millions of diseased carcasses are eaten in Christian lands every year—which fact can be proved by reliable and official statistics—no cause for wonder will exist concerning the great prevalence of human suffering.

Our hospitals, our gaols, and our asylums are overcrowded. The drink-crave claims annually a host of victims, and produces an army of criminals as well as a number of domestic tragedies. We believe that we have found an effectual remedy for this prolific source of evil, for the Drink Problem does not exist in countries where flesh is not consumed. It has been proved that dipsomania can be eliminated from the constitution by abstinence from flesh food and the substitution of a non-stimulating nutritious dietary—and a vegetarian drunkard could hardly be produced from John O'Groat's to the Land's End.

We believe that human carnality and selfishness, which are the chief causes of oppression and cruelty, and which lie at the root of the prevalent wholesale sacrifice of the weak in order to pander to the lusts or pleasures of the strong, cannot be effectually undermined and removed unless a food system which strengthens the animal instincts at the expense of the spiritual nature, and which is based upon the wholesale but needless sacrifice of millions of defenceless animals, is replaced by one which is free from these tendencies and objections. We also believe that true Christianity, which is essentially based upon altruism and the idea of *self-sacrifice for the benefit of others*, has little chance of prevailing in the hearts and lives of men whilst they continue to "sow to the flesh" every day and in consequence of thus violating God's physical and moral laws, reap weakness or corruption both in body and soul. Sermons on Sunday cannot undo the effects of breaking God's Laws seven days a week, and praying upon our knees will not expiate the guilt of needlessly preying upon our fellow creatures.

We appeal to the judgment and the conscience of Christendom, and we ask all thinking men and women to investigate this important subject for themselves. We plead for obedience to Natural Law, pointing out that as man is unanimously declared by our greatest biologists to have been created a frugivorous animal, his violation of a fundamental Law of his being—in descending to the level of the beasts of prey—is a physical as well as an ethical sin which must bring its inevitable penalty, and which has done so throughout the past centuries.

For more than four years we have been sending out large quantities of literature all over the world. In these publications we have clearly challenged the morality of flesh-eating by mankind, both from the standpoints of hygiene and ethics; and although thousands of letters have been received expressing sympathy with our work, no medical man or teacher of religion has yet written to us, attempting by any systematic reasoning to defend the habit from any standpoint whatever.

All over the kingdom there are evidences that the general public are earnestly seeking knowledge concerning purer and more wholesome diet, and the time has come for a direct

and continuous appeal to the consciences of men and women in every Christian land. We are proving every day that such an appeal awakens a response in sincere and true hearts. By hundreds they are severing their connection with the flesh-pots for the sake of principle—upon the ground that participation in a custom which involves all the horrors of the shambles, the cattle trucks, and the cattle boats, is *wrong*, because unnatural, unnecessary, cruel, and injurious.

We have found a lever by which, with God's help, we can do much to raise Christendom from the slough of animalism into which it has fallen; and that lever should be used to the fullest extent. We may be laughed at and be dubbed as "faddists" for a time, but the coming generations will honour all those who have stood for Righteousness and Humanity, and who were the means of ushering in a beneficent revolution of thought and custom, which cannot but result in an immense increase of the sum of happiness in this world, and a corresponding decrease in its misery.

We are fighting a winning cause, and no forces that can be opposed to us can hinder the final triumph of our principles, for Truth is on our side, and it will ultimately prevail. We are but instruments for the accomplishment of God's purpose to sweep away the Era of butchery and bloodshed and bring in that better time when the Golden Rule shall be more generally revered and obeyed.

Such being our convictions, we seek to press home upon the minds and consciences of all thoughtful persons these important facts, pleading for hygienic common-sense in place of superstitious ignorance and folly; for mercy instead of brutality, and for justice in place of wholesale and inhuman massacre. Thus we hope to serve our day and generation, and prove benefactors to our Race.

Sidney H. Beard.

The Prophet of the East.

Then, craving leave, he spake

Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest: yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble to the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless.
Being as god to those; albeit all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.

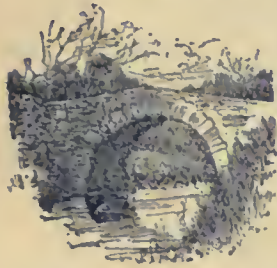
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How fair

This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column: Thus the King's will is—
"There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful." "Light of Asia."

The Test of Sacrifice.

When the Master was once asked for His estimate upon a young Ruler's life, He at once applied the great test—a test both searching and final—the test of



sacrifice. He did not tell him that the price of perfection lay in attending religious services in the Temple, in being present at the various ceremonials prescribed by the Sanhedrim, in giving what he could afford to give at the public offertories, or in adhering to the strict letter of the Law. He simply showed him that his "great possessions" had become

a millstone around his neck, and that the perfection of character he sought was to be found by treading one pathway only—the pathway of sacrifice. The putting down of the lower self in order that the higher self might become more perfect, and renunciation for the good of others was the price he had to pay; and when he heard this simple reply to his earnest question "he went away sorrowful"—exactly what thousands of men and women are doing to-day.

There are multitudes of human souls who are longing to know more concerning things eternal, who are seeking after the deeper mysteries of Life and Being, who are hungering for that Soul-Vision which sees where mortal eye sees not, who likewise leave the Master's presence "sorrowful" and disappointed when they know the price that has to be paid. Not many have ever fully understood what it means to find one's own Life by losing it. Here and there some great souls have caught something of the meaning, have grasped something of the possibility of the power of this principle, and in their humility and their nobility of character have for ever afterwards towered above their fellow men, as the summit of an Alpine peak towers above the rugged rocks which lie at its base; but the great mass of people to-day understand little or nothing of its real purport, and even where some glimpse of Truth has dawned upon the mind, the willingness to obey the Light and to follow its leading is generally lacking. Few men and women have realized that the one victory worth having is the victory over self, and that it is the essential achievement in the culture of the Soul. The Church, as an organisation, has not understood or taught the great truth that the one thing worth living for is Love, and that the greatest possession for all mankind is that spirit which thinks no sacrifice too great if by that sacrifice humanity may be strengthened and uplifted.

Those who have made the world what it is—who are largely responsible for all that is best and noblest in human thought to-day—have been the souls who were not only intensely practical in their ideals and aspirations, but who dared to sacrifice themselves for those ideals, and who at the call of duty risked all for the sake of what they believed would uplift the Race and bring it nearer to God.

Definiteness of purpose and consecration to the highest ideals are wanted to-day more than ever—men and women who not only dare to think alone, but who dare to stand alone for the sake of the "weightier matters of the Law." Where would human liberty have been to-day if Lincoln and Wilberforce had not faced public opinion and braved the scorn of fashionable drawing-rooms?—Where would our own Bible be to-day if Wycliffe had not endured the anathemas of Rome?—

Where would any of the great movements of the past be to-day—movements whose ideals are now practically realized—but for the whole-hearted consecration of those disinterested workers who are responsible for their foundation and progress? It is the men who are willing to sacrifice who become the Saviours of the Race.

To "tread the winepress alone" often involves loss of friendship, loss of position, and what is a still harder thing to bear—the evil opinion and misunderstanding of men. All who are prepared to do it must also be prepared for struggle and disappointment, for heart-searching and painful duty. Years may have to be spent in the exercise of unflinching faith and unswerving loyalty—with all the world in bitter opposition. This is the lot of those who seek to know the Truth and to follow it when found.

The teacher of religion who will not endanger his position with his Church and congregation by protesting against selfish customs and proclaiming unpalatable truth—the employer of labour who will not be true to his principles in his business relations for fear lest he should suffer loss—the editor who ignores his responsibility, and panders to the mob in order to gain popularity—the man of insight and lofty thought who stifles conscience with unworthy excuses—the man of wealth who refuses to look upon his worldly endowments as but a loan from God, to be used for the sake of humanity—such have failed to choose "the better part."

But the man who, whatever be his earthly lot, will so deny himself for the good of others, that "sacrifice" becomes an essential part of his daily life—that man has learnt life's greatest lesson.

On the threshold of a New Year, we may stand and ask ourselves "How far do we intend to let this spirit of willingness to offer up self for the sake of others enter into our lives and influence our actions in the world?"

If we would spend this year well, let us seek to fill it with consecrated effort and unselfish toil. By unremitting endeavour let us do all in our power to serve mankind, and to deliver the sub-human creation from pain and suffering. Let us have one definite purpose, and that to do right, to love mercy, and to deal justly in scorn of consequence—and then for us all shall be well.

Harold W. Whiston.

Follow thy Star.

Follow thy star!

What, though the mists of doubt and grief may rise
To dim thy weary eyes!

What, though the waves of strife and sin may beat
Around thy stumbling feet!

Follow thy star!

Still in the night, though thy weak bark may roll,
Its light will comfort and direct thy soul.

Follow thy star!

That star which shines within thy breaking heart
When all thy joys depart;

That star that lives within thy bosom's core
When loved friends are no more.

Follow thy star!

That star that cheers thee on thy homeward road,
That star that leads thee to the Throne of God!

Francis George Scott.

A Personal Testimony.

To physical sufferers seeking relief from pain, there is nothing more inspiring or helpful than to meet with one who has been in their position, who has travelled over the ground which they are now wearily treading, and who has thrown off the weight of weariness and affliction. It is with a sincere desire to help some such seekers that I put on record this account of my experiences in adopting a reformed and humane diet.

For a great number of years I had suffered from an extremely painful uric-acid complaint (namely, incipient calculus), which at times caused such extreme anguish that the perspiration rolled off my face, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. By the constant exercise of will-power and self-control I managed to perform my duties in the world, and to hide, to a great extent, my acute sufferings from the knowledge of friends and those with whom I came in contact; though life was frequently burdensome, and the daily task was often performed with great difficulty. During those long years of suffering, several doctors were consulted, who gave medicine which relieved at first, but very quickly lost its effect. Time after time changes of medicine were prescribed till medicine was at last utterly ineffectual. Along with the medicinal dose, all the doctors gave me the same dose of "Job's comfort," which was to the effect that I must never expect to be cured, that my complaint was "chronic," and all that they could do for me was to give occasional relief from pain, or reduce its severity. All the doctors I consulted strongly advised a rigid course of diet, and, strange to say all agreed that the diet should consist chiefly of lean meat, fish and bread, and most of them said that vegetables and fruits were to be rigidly excluded. To this diet I faithfully, almost fanatically, adhered throughout the weary years, for did not my daily experience bear out the doctors' diagnosis? They told me I could not digest fruits and vegetables, and I found that I invariably suffered after partaking of them. Then there came a time when, in the development of the ethical spirit, it became forced upon me that I ought no longer to eat of the food procured by cruelty; but the doctors said that I could not possibly live upon a vegetarian diet; and still the weary round of pain went on. Things at last reached a crisis, and I saw a dangerous operation looming in the distance, with scarcely a ray of hope of avoiding its almost certain necessity. Then there came a day when I met an enthusiastic member of The Order of the Golden Age, who told me all about the horrible atrocities connected with the flesh-traffic, of which, until then, I had been almost entirely ignorant. That revelation decided me, and I resolved that I would henceforth eat no more flesh. I would think no more of my health. I would accept more suffering, for I expected a speedy breakdown as the result of eating fruits and vegetables; and so the "wise" counsel of the doctors was thrown to the winds. Day after day I partook of fruits and vegetables, without "lean meat and fish," and waited patiently for the expected breakdown; but to this day, after nearly two years of the new experience, that breakdown has not come.

At the end of the first month of vegetarianism, I suffered an attack of the usual pain, but less severe than formerly, and shortly after that the burden of physical affliction which had weighed upon me for so many years fell from me, and I have now known for nearly two years the joy of living with-

out pain. The vegetables and fruits which defied digestion when eaten with flesh, now form my staple diet, and are digested with ease.

But that is not all; with the disappearance of the physical suffering, there also passed away that nervous friction and irritation which resulted from the pain, and the mind entered, slowly but surely, into a settled peace. The spirit, so long hampered by its physical instrument, pruned its wings anew, the result being increased joy and blessedness. I now feel it a privilege to be able to use my pen and influence in helping to bring about the Food Reformation, for I feel convinced that by spending my time and influence in this work I shall be the means of saving many of my fellow-men from suffering and disease, besides hastening the day when the travail and anguish of the animal creation shall cease.

James Allen.

The Value of Pain.

Pain is not disease; it is a symptom calling attention to the fact that disease exists. We do not remove the disease by stopping the pain. When putting my hand against a hot stove the pain may be stopped in two ways. (1). By making an injection of cocaine, morphine, or some other nerve-paralysing drug into my arm, without removing the hand. (2). By removing the hand. In the first case the pain would at once cease. Could the man be blindfolded, he would declare that he was out of all danger, although his hand would be dangerously injured by being allowed to remain against the stove. In the second case, although the pain would not cease at once, the member would be saved.

Headaches usually arise from disturbances in digestion, due to over-eating, eating freely of soft foods, making bad combinations of foods, too much of a variety at meals, etc. Fermentation and decay of the foods with the formation of poisons and irritants result. The danger is reported at headquarters. The thing to do is to heed the voice of the faithful sentinel, assist Nature to get rid of the impurities generated either by washing out the stomach, drinking freely of water, fasting for a day, by vigorous exercise, or eliminative baths. Recognise in the pain the voice of a friend calling attention to the fact that we have done wrong, and resolve never to violate the Laws of Health on this point again. In a day or so the transgressor would feel well, and would be able to keep from getting into the same or a worse condition by avoiding the causes.

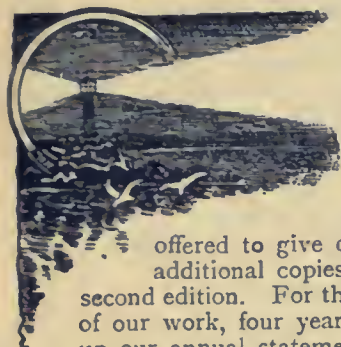
This is not the way these symptoms are usually treated. Pain is looked upon as an enemy, not as the voice of a friend. The sick one goes to a physician and demands something that will stupefy or paralyse the nerves—the pain must stop at once. He is given an opiate, the pain stops; the food still keeps on decaying in the stomach, he imagines he is well. The disease still exists, the symptom alone has been removed. The faithful sentinel has been knocked down. The means of telegraphic communications to headquarters has been severed. The enemy has his own way, and is able to go ahead undisturbed in his destructive work. The watchers are asleep under an anæsthetic or opiate. The enemy enters the camp. Poisons that are generated in the stomach through errors in diet overwork and irritate the liver, the lungs, and kidneys, through which they are eliminated, and finally result in Bright's disease; or the lungs being weakened are not able to resist the germs of disease that are inhaled. He falls a victim to tuberculosis, and is now in a serious if not an incurable condition.

The only safe way is to study the human body, and become familiar with the laws upon which health, happiness and life depend. Prevent pains, woe, and sickness by avoiding their causes.

"Life and Health."

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to be able to report to our friends and fellow-workers that our Movement has become



so strengthened during the past year that although we printed a thousand more copies of our Christmas issue than we published in December, 1898, in anticipation of an increased demand, they were all sold out in a few days, and as orders continued to come in, and one of our Members alone offered to give double price for three hundred additional copies, we felt constrained to print a second edition. For the first time since the foundation of our work, four years ago, we are enabled to make up our annual statement of income and expenditure without an adverse balance, and this in spite of the fact that one of our largest contributors is unable this year to afford to give us financial help. The increase in small subscriptions has happily more than counterbalanced this defection, and this fact affords evidence that our work is being established on such firm foundations as the loyal sympathy and co-operation of a large number of true hearted men and women in all classes of Society. We have also registered more new Converts, Members, and Subscribers than during any previous year.

Although the Council have been able to carry on the work, hitherto by voluntary labour, without spending any of our Funds for Secretarial or Literary work, thus devoting all contributions toward the cost of printing and postage alone, they feel that the time is approaching when it may, perhaps, be necessary to appoint a salaried lecturer and organising secretary, so that the practical truths proclaimed by The Order may be more widely disseminated throughout the country. Those Members who are devotedly working in an honorary capacity are already more than fully occupied, and yet invitations from influential Churches and Societies to send speakers on the subject of Humanitarianism and Food Reform come to hand. With more men and women of the right type, and more money, we could shake Christendom concerning the general barbarity and the prevalent sin of wholesale carnivorousness which flourishes unchecked by Church or State in Christian lands, retarding the progress of our Race towards humaneness, health and spirituality, and hindering the development of the Christian spirit.

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OUR FRIENDLY CRITICS.

We have received four letters from readers of this journal who have perused the article entitled "Can we work with God," which was published in our last issue, in such a superficial manner as to arrive at the erroneous conclusion that we approve all the words and deeds of Cecil Rhodes. We ask any friends who have thus mistaken the expression of our individual ideas, to read again the article in question, in the hope that they will see that we only used the earnestness and sincerity of purpose and definiteness of aim of the African Empire builder as a peg upon which to hang a useful moral. We would remind our friends that the foremost champion of Peace in this country—Mr. W. T. Stead—has recently written a character sketch in the *Review of Reviews* in which he eulogises him in a manner that we refrained from doing and speaks of him as the third greatest personage in the British Empire and the second greatest living Englishman. When one remembers that at the time of the Jameson Raid Commission Mr. Stead did his best to get Cecil Rhodes fined and imprisoned this recent recognition of the real worth of the great Colonist is very significant and should lead us to be careful how we give credence to the wild, and

often slanderous, statements which are always circulated against men who strive to do a great life work of any sort in this world.

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AN INFLUENTIAL REINFORCEMENT

We are glad to record the fact that Ralph Waldo Trine, the well-known Author of "In Tune with the Infinite," and "What all the World's a Seeking," has stepped into the fighting line of the forces which are striving against inhumanity. He has just issued a booklet, entitled, "Every Living Creature" (Crowell and Co., 100, Purchase Street, Boston), which challenges the popular forms of cruelty—vivisection, butchery for food, blood-sports etc.—in his usual persuasive and telling manner, and which proclaims the need of humane education for every living child.

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A STARTLING FACT.

In the above mentioned work the statement is made, that in India with a population of 300,000,000 there is only one fourth of the amount of crime which is registered annually in Christian England, with its population of about 20,000,000—and only a fraction of the amount recorded in the United States. Mr. Trine attributes this startling condition of affairs to the fact that humane sentiments are inculcated in the hearts of the children of India, whereas in western countries this important branch of education is almost entirely neglected. He writes thus: "If children are taught to be kind towards God's lower creatures they will have instilled into their hearts those principles of action which will make them kind and merciful not only to the lower animals but also toward their fellow-men as they attain to manhood. Let them be taught that the lower animals are God's creatures, as they themselves are, put here each for its own especial purpose, and that they have the same right to life and protection. Let them be taught that principle recognised by all noble-hearted men, that it is only a depraved, debased, and cowardly nature that will injure an inferior defenceless creature, simply because it is in its power to do so, and that there is no better, no grander test of true bravery and nobility of character, than one's treatment of the lower animals.

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TURGENIEFF'S AWAKENING.

The great Russian novelist Turgenieff relates a touching incident in his life. When a boy of ten his father took him out shooting. A pheasant rose, he fired, and the creature fell fluttering at his side. Its life was ebbing away, but maternal instinct was stronger than death, and she struggled to her nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought—and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of cruelty and guilt that came upon him at the moment—the little brown head fell over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings. He cried "Father, father, what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his parent. "Well done, my son," was the reply, "that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman." "Never, father," was the response; "never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

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HARDNESS OF HEART.

If there is one prayer which needs to be offered up in our Churches it is this—"From hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word and Commandment, good Lord, deliver us." It makes one sad to realize what a large percentage of presumably religious people are quite incapable of feeling any compassion whatever for the sufferings of the animal creation, and who consequently attach little or no importance to the words spoken by the Christ when He said "Be ye therefore merciful." The bare idea of considering the

feelings of a calf which is slowly bled to death whilst suspended head downwards, is to many quite unthinkable. With them, only two considerations can find entrance into the mind in such a case, viz:—"Do they like the taste of veal, and would it cause inconvenience to eat something else instead?"

At a public debate in 1858, Abraham Lincoln administered a telling rebuke to a man of this class, Stephen A. Douglas, who had just said: "I care not whether slavery be voted up or down, it makes not a particle of difference to me." Mr. Lincoln replied with emotion: "I am sorry to perceive that my friend Judge Douglas is so constituted that he does not feel the lash the least bit when it is laid upon another man's back."

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ANOTHER USEFUL JOURNAL.

The *People's Advocate* is the title of a periodical just issued by F. Longman, 71, Beaufort Street, Chelsea (price two-pence). It protests against enforced vaccination, vivisection and injustice, and advocates humane diet. We welcome another humanitarian publication in the field, and wish this paper success. The Editor is a veteran opponent of cruelty and a devoted worker who is worthy of the sympathetic co-operation of all who love humaneness. Our readers may like to order a specimen copy.

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A LITERARY BRIGADE.

The Council have decided to form a Brigade of literary correspondents, with a view to dealing more effectually with the opportunities for advocating Food Reform principles which are now frequently occurring in the daily and weekly press. Letters and articles often appear which need either to be supported or refuted by competent writers in our ranks, and as many such opportunities have been lost in the past for want of organization and despatch, a number of our Members are being invited to hold themselves in readiness to join in skirmishes of this nature upon receipt of a copy of the journal which contains the literary matter. One of the great secrets of successful warfare is to be able to concentrate a strong force rapidly upon any given point, and a considerable impression will be made upon contemporary thought, if, by means of a proper organization, we are able to direct a stream of correspondence upon the press in any part of the Kingdom where such is desirable and likely to be appreciated. We therefore invite any fellow-workers who see opportunities for such action to send a few copies of the newspaper or journal in question promptly to Headquarters, so that we may at once mail them to those who are competent to deal with them. In all such cases promptitude is of the utmost importance, for a day's delay may cause the chance to be lost.

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THE PASTEUR STATISTICS.

In the *Journal de Medicine* of Paris, Dr. A. Lataud has published a powerful indictment of the Pasteur Institute, in which he relates, amongst other cases, one concerning some of his own relations who visited the Institution and were treated and inoculated as patients, although they had not been bitten by a mad dog at all, and were simply anxious because a pet dog which was suspected of being mad had licked their faces. He concludes his article in the following words:—"Then let me draw a moral from this narration:—

1.—They inoculate at the Pasteur Institute all those who present themselves, without making any inquiry into what risk there may be of any patient suffering from hydrophobia.

2.—The doctors charged with the service inject the anti-rabic emulsion, wrong or right, into people whom they well know have not been bitten.

3.—These pseudo-hydrophobics go to swell the fanciful and misleading lists of cures published from year to year, and which form the basis of *géraudelesques* advertisements

which go to assimilate the Institute Pasteur to the Institute Drouet.

It is good that Professor Grancher and his colleagues of the Faculty of Medicine should be informed of these facts."

The public are kept well posted up concerning the wonderful cures wrought in Paris, but not of the hundreds of human victims who succumb to the treatment and who would probably have not died at all if they had not been misled into trying the "cure" for hydrophobia. Eight hundred and thirty deaths have been already recorded.

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THE "VEGETARIAN."

Mr. Harold Begbie, who has so ably edited our contemporary, *The Vegetarian*, during the past two years, has felt constrained to resign his editorial position. The services which he has rendered to the Food Reform Cause will be remembered with gratitude by all who have the interests of the Cause truly at heart. We feel sure that we are speaking on behalf of hundreds of kindred souls when we take this opportunity of assuring him that he has won the respect and regard of the most ardent workers in the Humanitarian Movement, and that we feel indebted to him for his devoted advocacy of our great principles. That his pen may not long be 'silent' is our earnest hope.

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PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS.

Perdon, a provision merchant of Paris, has, for eight years, been supplying the Parisians with potted horse-flesh labelled 'Pâté de foie gras,' for which offence he has been sent to prison for eight months. Had he supplied the genuine article the law would not have touched him, yet, both from a moral and hygienic standpoint, horse-flesh is far to be preferred to 'Pâté de foie gras.' We think our readers will agree with our opinion when we tell them that this loathsome and unchristian compound is made from enlarged goose livers, which are produced in the following cruel manner: "The geese are taken from the pastures when about nine months old, and placed in an underground cellar, where broad, slanting stone slabs stand in rows, and are bound fast to the tables. They are literally crucified. "Feet, wings, and bodies are spread out and bound by bands, so that only the neck is left free. As may be imagined, the animal struggles with all its might against this stretching, till, after days of vain endeavour to free itself from the bands and its position, its powers of resistance are overcome, and a dull resignation, broken only by its low cries, takes possession of it. Two months must pass away before death brings relief. The animals are meanwhile crammed with dumplings made of dough, of buckwheat, chestnuts, and stewed maize. Every two hours, six times a day, they receive from three to five dumpling pills. The most difficult task is to determine the right moment for death. Those who die of their own accord are lost to the liver factory, therefore a kind of study is needed to see when the cup of agony is brimming full, and the liver is ripe for taking."

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MR. FROUDE'S DREAM.

In his "Short Studies of Great Subjects" Mr. Froude relates a dream he once had, of a Court of Justice in which he was being tried. It is as follows:—"Suddenly one of the walls of the court became transparent, and there appeared an interminable vista of creatures—creatures of all kinds from land and water, reaching away into the extreme distance. They were those which in the course of my life I had devoured, either in part or whole, to sustain my unconscionable carcass. There they stood in lines with solemn and reproachful faces—oxen and calves, sheep and lambs, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, pheasants, grouse, and partridges, down to the larks and sparrows and blackbirds which I had shot when a boy and made into puddings. Every one of

them had come up to bear witness against their murderer, out of sea and river had come the trout and salmon, the soles and turbot, the ling and cod, the whiting and mackerel, the smelts and whitebait, the oysters, the crab, the lobsters, the shrimps. They seemed literally to be in millions, and I had eaten them all. I talked of wages. These had been my wages. At this enormous cost had my existence been maintained. A stag spoke for the rest. 'We all,' he said, 'were sacrificed to keep this cormorant in being, and to enable him to produce the miserable bits of printed paper which are all that he has to show for himself. Our lives were dear to us. In meadow and wood, in air and water, we wandered harmless and innocent, enjoying the pleasant sunlight, the light of heaven, and the sparkling waves. We were not worth much—we have no pretensions to high qualities. If the person who stands here to answer for himself can affirm that his value in the universe was equivalent to the value of all of us who were sacrificed to feed him, we have no more to say. Let it be so pronounced. We shall look at our numbers and we shall wonder at the judgment, though we shall withdraw our complaint. But for ourselves we say freely that we have long watched him—him and his fellows—and we have failed to see in what the superiority of the human creature lies. We know him only as the most cunning, the most destructive, and, unhappily, the longest-lived of all carnivorous beasts. His delight is in killing. Even when his hunger is satisfied he kills us for his mere amusement.'

"The oxen bowed approval, the sheep bleated, the birds screamed, the fishes flapped their tails. I, for myself, stood mute and self-condemned. What answer, but one, was possible? Had I myself been on the bench I could not have hesitated."

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THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

The following is a description of the London Meat Market just before Christmas, published in the *Daily Mail*:

"Standing in the middle of the market and looking in turn down its four great avenues one seems to be in a world of meat. It looks like a Kew Gardens of flesh, with never-ending vistas of animals' carcasses for vegetation. There are sides of beef, solid and huge, like tree trunks, and underneath and round about them is a dense and bewildering undergrowth of quarters and legs of mutton. One can walk down any one of these long avenues and turn up to the right or to the left and wander through a maze made of meat, where the boundaries of the alleys are legs of mutton instead of bushes. If one walked all day and all night for a week on end, counting hard all the time, one would never be able to number the carcasses which hang row upon row by the hundred thousand, and compose the walls of *this shrubbery of flesh*. And all along the edge, like borders to a garden, are millions of bullocks' hearts and sheeps' livers. Then the turkeys and geese and sucking pigs are set out with as much care as an Italian garden—a marvel of landscape gardening in meat; and the soft white down on the backs of the ducks looks like a sprinkling of snow. Down the avenues, through the forests of beef and the thickets of mutton and the plantations of pigs, blue-clad meat-gardeners are hurrying, tending the garden of flesh, and bringing more meat-plants at each moment. Scores of carts are disgorging perfect avalanches of meat—beef from South America, scores of thousands of sheep from New Zealand and Australia, and tens of thousands of pigs from Chicago."

What must "the heathen" think of Christian England, and what will the coming generations think of this barbarous age when they read of such a celebration of the birthday of Jesus—the teacher of Love, Mercy and Compassion? When one reflects that every one of these corpses has quivered in the death agony after enduring, in most cases, pain and ill treatment of the cruelest nature, one's mind is almost appalled at such a revelation of our racial degeneracy and brutality. Would it make much difference if we shut up our Churches and Chapels and proclaimed Baal to be our god and Paganism our national ideal?

OUR EDITORIAL FAREWELL.

We regret to make the announcement that we find it necessary to resign the Editorship of this Journal for the remainder of the year 1900. For the last four or five years we have borne a heavy burden of literary, executive and secretarial work, which has involved continuous mental effort and has rendered a holiday practically impossible. From Monday morning until Sunday night almost, week in and week out, has our task of building up this Movement and preparing its literature made demand upon our heart and brain. The result is that we are suffering from mental overstrain and have been medically advised that it is absolutely imperative that we should obtain rest for a time. Under these circumstances we have no alternative but to stop work until recuperation makes it possible for us to take up the sword—or rather the pen—once more.

We commend the interests of the Movement to all those kindred spirits who have rallied round us, and who are enrolled as Members of The Order of the Golden Age. We invite them to be still more earnest and aggressive, so as to make up for our temporary retirement from the "fighting line," and to send all the literary matter that they possibly can to our successor—so as to help him in his editorial labours.

* * *

OUR SUCCESSOR.

It is a source of much consolation to us to be able to announce that Dr. Josiah Oldfield, M.A., B.C.L., M.R.C.S., who has been elected a Member of the Council of The Order, has agreed to take the Editorial Chair during the remainder of this year. His long experience as a prominent worker in the Food-Reform Movement and as a former Editor of the *Vegetarian*, will enable him to write many things that must tend to strengthen and build up those who have been led to embrace Humanitarian principles.

His record of devoted work in the past, and his able advocacy of humane ideals on public platforms throughout this country have won the esteem of all those who know him. From those of our readers who are as yet unacquainted with Dr. Oldfield, we confidently ask for sympathetic co-operation in the task of making this magazine more widely influential for good. Journals which advocate reform and which stem the tide of current erroneous opinion need to be pushed, as well as ably written, if they are to be successful in influencing contemporary thought. Our circulation has steadily increased up to the present time and with the help of all our friends this growth of opportunity and usefulness will continue to take place.

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AGGRESSIVE PROPAGANDA.

Several meetings have taken place during the past month, which have been arranged by Members of The Order. At Ilfracombe a Cookery Demonstration has been given, addresses have been delivered at various meetings, and a Conversazione was held at the Church Mission Room during succeeding weeks. Two influential, well attended gatherings were addressed by the Provost at Paignton, at both of which profound interest was displayed and a considerable impression was made upon the minds of the audience. Many converts to Food-Reform Principles have been made at these gatherings. Meetings and debates have also taken place in the North, and in fact the month has been marked by some very useful work. A desire for information concerning our Movement and the truths we proclaim is very manifest in all directions, therefore all Members are urged to be up and doing.

We are learning from these experiences that it is a good plan to have either a cookery demonstration or an instructive address on reformed foods and cookery, within a day or two of the delivery of addresses which are calculated to make the public realize the wrongfulness of carnivorous customs. The desire on the part of many in the audiences we address, to abandon flesh-food, is generally expressed, but there are always many enquirers who ask "How shall we set about it, what shall we eat?" To meet such, a stock of small guide books should be on hand for sale—such as "A Simple Guide," "The Best Way to Begin," &c.

A Coming Terror.

It is reported on good authority that experimentation upon the bodies of the poor is now carried on in the hospitals



of Vienna to such an extent that the working classes will only enter them when impelled by sheer physical misery. Even then the step is taken in fear and dread of the horrors which await them when they pass within the walls of these institutions which were originally intended to be places of healing, but which have now practically

become mere laboratories in which ambitious and unscrupulous physiologists strive to carve their way to fortune by seeking to set up some new theory or to discover some new nostrum. It matters little to them that their theory is almost sure to be promptly knocked down again by some other physiologist, and that the nostrum is usually destined to be cast into the limbo of exploded quackeries immediately it is called to stand the test of general utilisation—for in any case they gain notoriety and get themselves advertised.

The writer of an article in the *Nineteenth Century* upon the hospitals of the Austrian capital, declares that such institutions are there looked upon primarily as medical schools and quite incidentally in any other light, and makes the following statements:—"Vienna, as a school of medicine, is almost as much in advance of us as it is behind us in humanity and consideration for those treated. The conviction is forced on one that, so far as regards the public interest, a State Subvention does harm, since it places hospital authorities beyond the control of public opinion. . . . While in Vienna all the scientific instruments have been brought to the utmost perfection, the appliances for the comfort and convenience of the patients are of the most primitive kind. The result is, however, that the poor dread and detest the hospitals. They only enter one under pressure of extreme pain and misery, and with dismal forebodings that they will never come out alive."

This revelation is worthy of note at the present time, because we are menaced in this country by a very real danger that our own hospitals are destined shortly to be transformed in accordance with Continental ideas. Sir J. Burdon Sanderson, in his address given at the Middlesex Hospital, speaking as the representative of the modern high-priesthood of physiological research, a cult in the medical world which is rapidly securing a dominating influence in all our medical schools makes it quite clear that he and his fraternity wish to have disease regarded rather as a subject for experimental investigation than as an evil to be cured and alleviated, and that they advocate methods of investigation which "disregard for the moment the benefit of the sufferer."

In all probability, at the new cancer wing at the Middlesex Hospital, experiments for the purpose of causing cancer in human patients will now be introduced, for such are frequently taking place in the Continental hospitals, and they have already been made upon animals at our own Metropolitan Tophet, the "Jenner Institute."

We are convinced that our land is menaced by no less an evil than the wholesale corruption of our young doctors by the materialistic apostles of the "knife and cautery school" of

therapeutics. By inducing the students to witness and participate in the appalling atrocities which are perpetrated upon helpless animals in our medical laboratories they are robbing them of that divine gift of sympathy with suffering which is so essential to every true healer. In addition to this fact their minds are being filled with morbid but intense aspirations after physiological fame, and their lust for power and wealth is being excited by visions of the princely fees and incomes which await the surgeon who has, by wholesale experimentation and skilful advertisement, made himself notorious. Thus they are, in large numbers, being brought to that state of mind which regards suffering men and women from a position altogether different to that occupied by the good and time-honoured family physician who has gained his experience by clinical observation. Instead of looking upon them as fellow-creatures whose pain it is their privilege to assuage, and whose malady it is their duty to relieve, there is grave reason to fear they are learning to regard them rather as "cases," who either afford fair quarry for financial exploitation or "physical material" likely to prove useful for purposes of private experimentation or surgical practice.

We had a conversation the other day with a young surgeon who told us that he had been taught in the hospital that all who opposed vivisection were to be regarded as imbeciles, and that it was a necessary means of acquiring medical knowledge. He had never read the other side of the question, and was unaware that such great surgeons as Lawson Tait, Treves, Bell-Taylor, and Sir Charles Bell, together with hundreds of other eminent physicians in Europe and America, whose names and addresses are in our possession, have advocated the total abolition of this iniquitous practice because they regarded it not only as being barbarous but also useless and misleading. He admitted that the experiments were "ghastly" to witness, but said that any student who protested would find his life scarcely worth living, and he volunteered the information that the surgical experimentation which takes place upon human patients, exceeds that which is inflicted upon animals. He told us that it was fully recognised as a principle in some hospitals that operations should be performed, not only when necessary, but when any possible excuse could be found for performing them; that the lecturers and staff surgeons share between them the fees paid by the students, and that the larger the amount of surgical operation that takes place at any particular hospital, the greater becomes the number of students who flock there, the consequence, of course, being that a larger dividend is provided by the increased fees. Thus he revealed to us the existence of all the forces necessary to transform our hospitals into infernos, and to swamp the medical profession of the coming years with callous and unscrupulous men, whose business and object in life it will be to exploit the unenlightened public without compunction. Abundant evidence could be furnished from other sources to show that this fear is not groundless.

The writer of the article above quoted, shews that in Vienna, where the process of medical corruption which we have just described is coming to fruition, no regard is ever shown for the sanctities of feminine reserve—patients in the obstetric ward being exposed in the most brutal manner—that in other parts of the Hospital women were disrobed and examined in batches like so many animals, and that the dying are disturbed in their extremity to be made the subject of demonstration or inspection.

An old and well-known doctor told us, a few years since, that he resigned his appointment as the Head Physician of

one of our London hospitals as a protest against the needless operations which took place, and that he regarded it as a positive public scandal that unscrupulous surgeons were allowed to use the knife upon anything and anybody, as they are at present doing. He said the young doctors, who frequently had cases of instruments presented to them by some rich aunt, were like school-boys with a new knife—they felt they must use them on something. Our own personal experience affords constant corroboration of these truths, for we frequently hear of cases which deserve exposure. A lady in our own family was operated upon with red-hot irons and other barbarous appliances by a "lady's physician" who had been fifty years in the profession and had delivered the Harveian Lecture. His own nurse told us that he had been performing similar operations upon lady patients for the past twenty years, and charging heavy fees, and she had never known a case of permanent benefit result from them; yet he posed as a moralist, and wrote essays dealing with medical integrity. A young man who was suffering from varicose veins in the leg, caused by excessive work at the turning lathe, confided in us some time since, telling us that he had been advised by a local doctor to see a famous surgeon who visited the neighbourhood and who was reported to be making ten thousand pounds a year in his profession. The specialist at once told him that the veins must be cut out, but we succeeded in persuading him to try first the effect of rest, combined with simple hydropathic and dietetic treatment—the result being that he was able to resume his work in a few weeks with a sound limb.

In face of the danger which threatens the community, from this rapidly growing evil—an evil which menaces the welfare and happiness of our own children and posterity, and of the future generations of our countrymen—it is imperative that all who dare to think for themselves should study this grave subject, and raise a warning voice concerning the growth and progress of the Modern Inquisition, which, like the Romish Inquisition, is already condemning countless victims to infernal torture, and will, unless combatted and overthrown, sap the ethical integrity and humanity of all those Nations which permit it to flourish in their midst, and bring them down to the level of brutal paganism.

The Physiological Profession is becoming such a lucrative one, now that misguided philanthropists are giving princely benefactions for the support and emolument of men who style themselves "experimental scientists" (as in the case of Lord Iveagh's gift of £250,000 to the Jenner Institute for instance), that we need not wonder at the phenomenal growth of the experimental craze, and at the rapid multiplication of the number of those who live "by the use of the knife." If this tide of barbarism is to be stemmed, it must be met promptly and resolutely by all who have sound heads, perceptive minds, and humane hearts. Journals which challenge cruelty must be liberally supported, the daily press must be influenced, literature must be widely distributed, subscriptions must be withdrawn from hospitals which have licensed vivisectioners on their staff, and medical practitioners throughout the country must be made to realize that, if they uphold vivisection, the doors of many homes will be closed to them, because thoughtful parents feel that they dare not trust themselves or their families to the tender mercies of men who support a system which outrages the sensibility of all who love Justice and Mercy, and which was condemned by the late Lord Chief Justice of England as "a means of gaining knowledge which is morally unlawful."

Sidney H. Beard.

The Wind Bath as a Tonic.

In the Golden Age, man, made wise by bitter experience, will return to the simplicity of Nature, from which he has wandered, into artificial methods of living, which are the cause of so much of his suffering and disease. Nature will then be his foster-mother indeed; he will participate in all her moods, and he will look upon all her elements with their attendant phenomena, as essentially necessary to his health and well-being. In his present state of artificial knowledge he thinks that many perfectly natural conditions are distinctly inimical to human health, happiness and life. Wind, rain and snow he has labelled "dangerous," and the healing, invigorating airs of heaven he often religiously shuts out from his rooms, believing, in his state of ignorance, that a blow of fresh air is at the root of all colds and most diseases. Trained up in such a state of delusion, is it any wonder that we suffer continual aches and pains, and are filled with complainings? Man, in his degeneracy, has set himself in opposition to the divine beneficence of Nature, and the result is a host of painful penalties. Evil lies, not in Nature, but in man's ignorance of her uses.

It is a common belief that fine weather alone is health-giving, and that wet, cold, or stormy weather is disease-producing. For this reason, upon a stormy day the streets, roads and open places are practically deserted, and the majority of people confine themselves to hot, stuffy rooms, under the impression that they are thus protecting their health; whereas they are really laying the foundation of a cold, if not of something worse, by not allowing the body to be sufficiently oxygenised. The storm is one of Nature's renovators; it clears out disease germs, and infuses vitalising force. If people would only avail themselves of the storm, as they do of the sunshine, how much stronger and healthier they would be. The bracing effects of a good storm on the body cannot be overestimated. A wind bath is one of Nature's tonics. It invigorates and enlivens every artery and nerve, and is a quick remedy for a weak circulation. A lady said to me the other day, "I have had several wind baths to-day, and I feel splendid, my whole body is glowing." People who are continually out in all weathers are noted for their physical health and vigour, whilst those who only venture forth when the weather is fine, as is the case with so many women, invariably suffer from such complaints as dyspepsia, weak circulation, disordered nerves, or anæmia. If such people would expose to every wind that blows, they would soon discover a marked improvement in their physical condition. The wind is a reactive agent, and to keep indoors whilst it is carrying its invigorating influence throughout the whole of Nature, is to miss an opportunity for securing that physiological reaction so necessary to the ensurance of physical health. Over-solicitous mothers who protect their children from the elements, have to pay for their ignorance in seeing their children grow up weakly and sickly—mere hot-house plants. It is not wind, rain and frost that kill, but the want of these. The robust condition of the countryman, as distinguished from that of the town-dweller, is a sufficient proof of this. Man is part of Nature, and like the plants and animals about him, should expose himself to all her varying moods. The weak and sickly, instead of establishing and increasing their weakness by sitting over the fire on a cold, windy day, like strengthless slaves, should pull themselves together, go out and brave the boisterous elements, and let the invigorating winds of heaven restore the roses to their cheeks.

James Allen.

Cattle Ships.

We would commend to our readers and to all intelligent and thoughtful men and women, a pamphlet entitled "Cattle Ships," recently published by the "Humanitarian League," 185, Fleet Street, London. The evidence it contains is sufficiently strong to change the opinions of any who doubt the occurrence of the atrocities which are inseparable from the international live stock traffic. The following are a few extracts:—

A Report of the Board of Agriculture says:—

" . . . By far the most serious losses seen due to the unsuitable condition in which the South American cattle are usually shipped. For the most part, they are brought direct from the ranches where they have been bred, and it is said that they are often more like wild than domestic animals. Treatment of a very severe, if not of a cruel, character has to be resorted to before and during shipment, and consequently the animals not infrequently receive severe injuries resulting in their death during the voyage. Being without previous experience of eating or drinking from troughs or buckets, many of the cattle during the earlier days of the voyage, cannot be induced either to eat or drink; while the variations of climate encountered during the journey and the complete change of diet from green to dry food are circumstances that greatly add to the hardships that must be endured by cattle during a long sea voyage, even in the best constructed and most suitable vessels. . . . The length of the voyage and the great heat generally experienced during some portion of it must remain as permanent sources of suffering."

"The giving way of fittings in heavy weather has been the immediate cause both in the foreign and Irish trades, of the most wholesale and noticeable losses. It is obvious that unless the fittings are extremely strong, the great weight of a mass of cattle suddenly thrown upon them by a lurch of the vessel may cause them to break somewhere; then the extra weight of those which have become loose will cause other fittings to give way, and so on; and there have been too many instances of whole deck loads being thrown in struggling heaps and masses to one side of the vessel, necessarily causing each other most frightful injuries. In the case of a small vessel this may give it a list from which it cannot recover until the cattle can be shifted; while it has been impossible, sometimes for days together, for the crew or cattlemen to get among the wretched, mangled creatures to release, give water, slaughter, or render any help whatever. When the storm abates, or the vessel comes into port, many are found to be smothered, drowned, or trampled to death; while many more are so shockingly injured as to necessitate immediate slaughter. Every winter this sort of thing occurs to a greater or less degree in all branches of the trade."

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"About 1.30 the Dublin Steamer 'Mayo' arrived at the stage with a heavy list to starboard. She likewise encountered the full force of the gale coming across, and it was evident that the cattle on board had suffered terribly, and some of them had been killed, as blood was seen pouring from the scuppers when the vessel drew alongside the landing stage. . . . It was reported that forty head of cattle, which had been maimed during the storm, had to be killed on board. . . . Yesterday afternoon four steamers from Dublin arrived at the stage. . . . A number of cattle on board some of the steamers were maimed owing to the effects of the storm, and had to be killed. . . . It was evident from the blood on the horns on some of the cattle, as well as other marks, that they must have had a terrible fight for life. . . ." (*Liverpool Daily Post*).

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"The Dublin cattle steamer 'Blackrock' . . . encountered the full force of the gale off Holyhead. She was driven on to her beam ends, and unfortunately her steering gear went

wrong. There was on board a cargo of nearly 400 cattle and about 350 sheep. Most of the sheep, which were on the upper deck, were washed overboard, only twenty-five out of the whole being saved alive, and only thirty-eight dead bodies being found. The cattle on the lower decks were terribly knocked about, and sustained shocking injuries. When the landing stage was reached . . . it was found that the majority were either dead or dying. . . . As quickly as possible the steamer was made fast, and the cattle hauled on to the stage. The services of between twenty and thirty men were then requisitioned to slaughter such as were not already dead. This they did by cutting their throats. . . . and the stage presented a horrible spectacle, being thus transformed into a shambles. . . . The animals, alive, dead or dying, were hauled up by the horns or neck by steam winches, and those of them that were not able to stand were quickly despatched. . . ." (*Liverpool Express*).

* * *

"There is a cruel practice in the Irish trade of shipping cows in calf. The fatigue, fright, and general rough treatment these have to undergo frequently brings on parturition during the journey, in the jolting railway trucks, on the bustling quays, or in the crowded 'tween-decks of the steamer; and frightful suffering ensues (see Appendix IV). There have been cases of six, seven, and eight calves born during a single night at sea on one vessel, with no hospital pen or other accommodation on board for the care of sick animals. This practice is universally condemned by all persons of ordinary humanity, yet no steps are taken by the authorities to prevent it."

* * *

The following are a few samples out of many recent prosecutions at Birkenhead by the R.S.P.C.A.—

(1) "All the forward fittings were carried away; vessel lost 64 cattle from 156, and 385 sheep from 1,150 shipped."

(2) Prosecuted for "improper fittings." ". . . Pens were like birdcages perched on deck. No shelter for cattle, which were cramped and shivering from extreme cold."

(3) ". . . This vessel carries animals between decks, and lost nearly all the animals" [which were lost] "whilst lying at the quay at Buenos Ayres, owing to want of sufficient ventilation." [Lost 51 out of 277.]

(4) "On the 12th of June the 'Port Victoria' arrived from Buenos Ayres, having lost 154 head of cattle from 318 and 1,010 sheep from 1,320."

And in rather more detail:—

(a) (S.S. *Sicily*, Captain Taylor.) Inspector Pocock visited the defendant's ship at the Wallasey Stage. He found eight animals badly injured, all having to be killed and the beef destroyed as unfit for food. . . . The animals were nearly dead, and none of them could stand. One had its back broken. When killed, all were a mass of bruises and corruption, and had to be destroyed. Inspector Dowty corroborated, and said the stench was so bad they could not examine for broken bones. Wm. Smart, Board of Agriculture Inspector, also corroborated. He said some of them were badly bruised about the head, and one of them with its back broken he thought was dead until he touched its eye. He had to stop the men diving the live cattle over the injured ones.

(b) (S.S. *Newton*, Captain Royce.) The *Newton* left Buenos Ayres with 157 cattle and 1,150 sheep, and 60 cattle and 400 sheep were lost. . . . Every animal in the fore part of the ship had been lost. These losses were caused by bad fittings—The pens too large and the stanchions insecurely fastened to the deck."

The above reports will give some idea of the cruelty involved in the transport of cattle in connection with the public food supply. It is unjust to shift the whole of the responsibility upon the "authorities" for accidents are unavoidable in bad weather. Those who buy the flesh and thus create the demand are, in reality, the responsible parties, for they cause the traffic in animal flesh to exist in order that they may pander to their appetite for a totally unnecessary and, in fact, injurious type of food.

Household Wisdom.

Those who are commencing a reformed and humane diet should make a practice of having really nourishing but simple dishes. It is a mistake to drift into the habit of living upon mere scraps and titbits, as it were, especially in this wintry weather. A good nourishing soup, made either from lentils, haricots, peas, or nuts, etc., should be taken once a day. In making this the aim should be to have a distinct and appetising flavour, so as to get variety each day. As a score of delicious soups can be easily made, there should be no difficulty about this. Bread dice fried crisp and brown are a great addition.

* * *

Brown haricots are the most valuable of the sixteen varieties of these beans. They contain much iron, and when stewed yield a splendid stock either for soup or for a substitute for beef-tea. The beans can then be skinned, passed through a sausage machine, and made into potted meat with seasoning.

* * *

It is a good plan to make potted meats—from lentils, haricots, or tomatoes and eggs, etc.—frequently, so as to have a tasty addition to bread and butter always handy for breakfast or supper. Recipes can be found for all such things in the bound volumes of this Journal, or in Vegetarian Cookery Books.

* * *

Many persons suffer from dyspepsia from eating cane sugar with starch foods. This sugar—unlike the grape sugar in ripe fruits—is very difficult to digest, and it sets up fermentation in the stomach. This is why stewed fruits which require a lot of sugar to make them palatable upset most people.

* * *

Stewed figs make a very tasty and wholesome dish for those who cannot take stewed apples and other tart fruits. If well cooked with a little lemon peel and eaten with cream they are highly nutritious, as well as being easy of digestion. Few persons know the real value of figs as an article of diet.

* * *

Persons who feel the cold much in winter should include in their diet nuts which are rich in oil, and should partake liberally of butter. A daily dose of pure olive oil, taken with a little flavouring, is a good thing. It is very strengthening, acts as a laxative, and helps to keep one warm.

* * *

Lentils cooked in various tasty ways are capital food for mental workers. They are very nutritious, and easily digested. A good winter dish can be made by adding some of Stembidge's curry paste and some mango chutney to stewed lentils. Served with rice and small fingers of pastry, and "sauté" potatoes, this makes a good dinner. Cauliflower is a nice addition to it.

* * *

A warming winter drink can be made as follows:—Take 1 dr. essence of cayenne, 4 dr. essence of ginger, 2 dr. essence of lemon, 1 dr. of burnt sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. tartaric acid, 3 lb. lump sugar. Pour over the above 5 qts. of boiling water. Bottle ready for use, and dilute to taste when using.

* * *

Chestnuts are good and cheap this winter. If boiled until tender and eaten with salt they will be appreciated by most people and prove a welcome addition to the supper table or useful as an easily prepared extra course at dinner.

* * *

Persons who do not get on well at first when they commence to live on vegetarian diet, should not put it down to the fault of vegetarianism, but to their own ignorance or incompetency in choosing their food. Those who will not take the trouble to study the matter at all, will, of course, make mistakes—and suffer for them.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Artichoke Soup.

Take 2 dozen artichokes and 5 onions, boil them in milk and water until tender enough to pass through a strainer. Return to the saucepan and add more milk and water, pepper and salt to taste. This will make two quarts of soup.

Lentil Cutlets.

Stew $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb of red lentils and a chopped onion in about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of vegetable stock for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour until tender. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb of bread crumbs and a $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb of mashed potatoes, rub all through the sieve, add a little pepper and salt and some dried herbs and chopped parsley. Mix well, spread out on a dish to cool, then cut and shape into cutlets. Dip in egg and bread crumbs rubbed through a sieve and fry in a basket in boiling Nucleoline. Serve with sauce and gravy.

Vermicelli Croquettes.

$\frac{1}{4}$ -lb vermicelli, $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. grated cheese, 3-oz. brown bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ -tablespoon curry powder, little salt and pepper, 2-oz white bread crumbs, 2 pints boiling water, 1 egg. *Method*—Sprinkle vermicelli into the quickly boiling water, stir till thick, add cheese and brown crumbs, cook three or four minutes, add seasoning, spread on flat plate to cool, shape into croquettes, egg and crumb them, and fry in bath of fat till golden brown. Serve hot, with brown sauce or gravy.

Haricot Mould.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints haricots, 2-ozs. fine sago, 1 tablespoon dried herbs, 1 tablespoon mushroom ketchup, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint green peas for garnish. *Method*—Soak the haricots at least 12 hours, put into boiling water, cook till tender, drain and chop finely or put through mill; return to pan, add rest of ingredients, mix well, cook till sago is transparent and the mixture is dry. Put into a well greased mould and bake in moderate oven till firm and set (the mould should be covered). Turn on to a hot dish, garnish with boiled green peas and tiny strips of cooked carrots.

Baked Semolina.

$\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. semolina, $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints stock, pepper and salt. *Method*—Heat stock in pan, sprinkle semolina in gradually, stir till thick, add butter, pepper, salt, cook 10 minutes, draw to side of fire, add beaten eggs slowly, stirring all the time. Pour into a greased pie dish, bake rather quickly $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour. It should be a nice brown on top. A little grated cheese or $\frac{1}{2}$ an onion grated may be cooked with the semolina if liked.

Scotch Eggs.

6 hard boiled eggs, 3-ozs. cooked lentils, 3-ozs. mashed potatoes, 1 raw egg, 3-ozs. fine bread crumbs, seasonings. *Method*—Mix lentils, potatoes, and seasonings together. Put mixture on slightly floured board. Shell the eggs, and cover each with a little of the mixture, brush over with egg and roll in crumbs, fry in deep fat, cut in halves. Serve cold on a bed of cress.

Tomato Chutney.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. apples, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 2 oz. onions, 6 oz. salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. cayenne pepper, 3 pints vinegar. The whole to be boiled for 3 hours.

Celery Sauce.

Take 1 stick of celery, 1-oz. butter, 1-oz. white flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint of stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint of milk, salt and pepper. Stew celery in a little stock or water with the salt until tender, then take out the white part of the celery, chop fine about 3 table-spoonfuls. Mix the butter and flour in a saucepan, before it boils add the chopped celery, then gradually stir the liquid until it boils. Serve with egg darioles.



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The Goal is Sure.



"Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast,
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge,
With many a place of rest."

"The firm soul hastens, the feeble tarries, all
Will reach the sunlit snows." *The Light of Asia.*

Few of us see the terrible sorrows and sadness around us; few of us think of the daily agonies that join sunrise to sunset, and link sunset on again to the following day, but sometimes ask ourselves whether there is any use hoping for better things, and whether there is any use working for better times.

Is it true that "everything comes to him who waits and works," or is this only one of the bogey whips which are used to keep men's noses ever to the grindstone and their tired feet ever climbing the unending treadmill of time?

The end of the century is upon us, and like all preceding centuries it ends in war and bloodshed, and treachery and hate.

If we believe that the Transvaal war is a war for justice and right, is it true that our soldiers go out in a spirit of greater sanctification than in centuries gone by?

Cromwell's soldiers prayed in companies and sang in battalions. The spirit of the Lord of battles was in their hearts, and their brutality was tempered by their spirituality,

Has the race progressed on spiritual lines since then? Has the brute died down or the angel grown up?

Do men realise more now than then that it is the spirit life which is permanent, and that it is the spiritual which must dominate the physical? Sometimes as one realises how

the spirit of the Inquisition lives in the hearts of the Jesuits to-day, and that if only opportunity occurred, the terrible atrocities of the past would be repeated to-morrow, one despairs of the power of religion to make men gentle and true.

Sometimes as one realises how the spirit of research drives men on to-day just as it ever drove them; how, in the search for good, men are still willing to do evil; how, in the search for ease, men are willing to inflict the most agonising pains, and how the spirit of the tormentor is still enshrined in the eager ecstasy of the vivisector, one is led to despair as to whether Science has any power to make men gentle and good.

But times of despair are but fleeting. Deep down in my heart of hearts I know that the world is growing brighter and better.

Though men commit as great crimes now as ever they did, yet, owing to the press and the telegraph wires, every crime now-a-days is blazoned far and wide, so that every crime is known, whereas, in times gone by, each castle, each rocky fastness, each prison, each palace, had its yearly tale of horrors of which none knew, any more than we knew a decade ago of what was doing in Benin, the city of blood!

More, too, and much more, there was no public opinion; or if there was, it was lukewarm or actually pro-brutal. Men watched a poor woman ducked to death on the plea that she was a witch, and laughed at her death as a joke. Men and women often looked upon imbeciles and idiots and blind people as objects fit only for starvation and cruelty, and prisons and workhouses were hells upon earth—and public opinion saw no harm in it.

The world has progressed, and up the spiral stairway the mass of the race is creeping, and it is only now and again and here and there that an individual or a race sports back to the barbarous past, and we shudder and think that all is in vain.

The lesson of confident faith must be learned. The goal is ahead. To it all will some time reach. Does not Paracelsus say:—

"I see my way as birds their trackless path,
I shall arrive.
What times, what seasons first, I know not;
But unless God shall send his hail
With blinding fireballs, sleet, and stifling snow
In some time, in His own time,
I shall arrive."

The goal of the race, the goal of the individual is before us, and some more quickly, some less quickly, are drawing on towards it.

"The firm soul hastens, the feeble tarries, all
Will reach the sunlit snows."

Shall this knowledge make us slothful? Shall this belief make us less eager to missionise? Shall it make us cease to spend ourselves on teaching in season and out of season the sweet gospel of the humaner living?

Shall I lie down and say, "What matters it. I shall get there some time whether I work or work not, therefore for myself I need not worry. Every other man and woman, too, will 'some time, in His own time' reach the sunlit snows. What is the use, then, of my wasting my time for others. I cannot hasten their progress nor retard their advance. With stately and measured tread the march goes on. With me or without me it is all one?"

No! ten thousand times no. If I am driving along a lonely road which winds o'er moor and fen, and the mists of eventide are falling, and if I pass a woman plodding wearily along with back all bowed and head sunk down upon her breast, shall I look at the empty seat in my carriage beside me and say, "She and I are bound for the same distant town, but since some time, somehow, she as well as I will arrive there, why should I offer to pick her up and give her a help on her journey? It is possible that my carriage may be overturned and she might then be injured, so that if I pass her by now she may get there just as soon, or even sooner. It is better to leave fate alone, and let her plod along in the way she has always been taught to plod."

No! We have learned the power of self sacrifice in the physical world, and the same power holds good in the spiritual world.

If I am willing to suffer and agonise, I, too, may be found worthy to be a co-operator with God in hastening on the progress of some other soul towards the sunlit snows.

"Go ye out into all nations and teach and preach the good tidings of the Kingdom of Peace," is the command which is upon us to-day. The sorrowing creation is groaning in agonies untold; by ship and rail, from lair, slaughter-house, and shippon; in hunger and thirst; in over-fattening and under-feeding; child from mother torn, and mother robbed of child; from the cage of the bacteriologist, and from the trough of the vivisector; from the gin of the keeper, and from the iron teeth of the huntsman's trap, the cries of pain and anguish are rising day and night.

If to each cell is attached its fateful pain, what shall they not suffer who join into their own bodies, consciously and willingly, the cells of the dead animals with the Nemesis of pain attached.

He who causes pain to be inflicted on a sentient creature will, with the dead body of that dead animal take in the penalty too, so that he who eats shall be responsible to pay the debt he has incurred, the reflex of the pain he has inflicted.

It is from suffering and sorrow to come that I would save men, by moving them to vegetare. It is from a deep conviction that pain inflicted means pain to be suffered, that makes me long for the time when cruelties shall cease. When that time comes the sufferings of the human race will soon be terminated. Who is there who has lived in our slums, visited our workhouses, peeped into our prisons, or walked our Hospital wards, but knows something of the awful toll of human pain which is daily paid.

Not for the animals only, but for the sake of my brothers and sisters of human shape am I willing to plead for the abolition of the cruelties necessarily connected with flesh-eating.

In connection with this important subject of the closer kinship of the human with the divine by means of the exercise of self-sacrifice for those that are weaker and lower in the scale of life, I would reproduce a few words—powerful words, thoughtful words, inspiring words—uttered by the late eminent physician, Sir Andrew Clark. He says:

"There undoubtedly exists at the back of the universe a great Power—a Power which permeates the universe, and of which Power we are, in some way, a part. On this point there has been a great advance in late years. Mr. Herbert Spencer, as the representative of the agnostic position, says, as all agnostics will say, that, undoubtedly, there does exist behind the universe a Power which permeates the universe, and of which we are, either directly or indirectly, a part.

I then examine myself to see if there is any relation between myself and the Power behind the universe. And the first thing I think I see is that that Power must in some sense be *personal*; for when I examine my own inner life I find that I am an intelligent being, and that my mere body does not express all that there is of me. When I examine the operations going on within me, I find I must speak of my affections, my feelings, and my will. Yes, I feel that this *I*, this mystery which exists in every man, is a power within his body, a power which is, perhaps, quite independent of his body, but associated with it.

Furthermore, having got so far in the belief of a Power behind the universe, and in the belief that this is a personal Power, I find on watching the events of my inner life that there are *two voices*, or *guides*, or *laws* within me. I do not know what to call them. I find there is a law or guide within myself, by which I discern, I desire, I take what I desire, I gratify myself in every conceivable way. And I have observed that every individual and every nation which permits itself to be governed by this law of *Self* invariably degenerates and comes to destruction.

Furthermore, I find that whilst I am following this law of *Self*, whilst I am eating and drinking and making merry, and thinking of nothing but my own gratification, there is another voice or guide in myself, quite of another kind and inarticulate.

And when I am following my own will, and following it to my own destruction, this mysterious inarticulate voice protests, warns, and sanctions, and speaks strange things about sacrifice and holiness.

What is this? that whilst I seek my own will, do my own will, and follow my own will, doing that which seems good to me, I am interrupted by this inner inarticulate mysterious voice.

What is it? People call it *Conscience*. Everyone admits that it has a power which it seems to have a *right* to exercise. Whatever their theological or religious opinions, everyone will admit that it has a rightful supremacy. Well, what is the meaning of this? I have asked myself over and over again, and I have come to the conclusion that the only possible explanation I can give is, that it is a revelation of the Power which lies behind the universe, and that it is in some way *Divine*.

But if it be true that the something which we call conscience is in some way or other Divine, and is some part of that Power which lies behind the universe—what does that supposition involve? Very wonderful things, and very helpful things too, I think.

First, it involves a community between man and that Power behind the universe—we will call it God; and, second, it unfolds a relationship between the whole creation.

I ask myself, therefore, 'What is man?' I answer, 'Man is Divine.' The constitution of man is thus three-fold—he has a body in common with the earth, with matter; he has mind in common with animals; and he has spirit in common only with God. Like Him, if it is not irreverent to say so, he has trinity in unity, and in the trinity and unity he is linked, on the one hand with God, and, on the other, with the whole creation."

Man, then, as Sir Andrew Clark admits, is the link between the animal and the divine, and great and glorious are the privileges of being able to exercise towards the lower creation what we pray that the inhabitants of the heavenly spheres will exercise towards us.

Josiah Oldfield.

From Many Minds.

The following from an article entitled "The Votaries of Eternal Silence," in the *Wide World Magazine* for December, bears strong testimony to the healthfulness of a vegetarian diet.



"It is true that they (the Trappist Monks) get up at two in the morning; that they limit their meals to a small allowance of fruit and vegetables, washed down with spring water; that their days are devoted to hard manual labour relieved only by frequent intervals of Prayer."

"It is certainly a fact that they enjoy extraordinary health and spirits, and usually attain to a good old age. . . . Indeed, the eloquent fact remains that whenever there has been an epidemic in their neighbourhood it has always spared them, though they have not shrunk from lavishing their ministrations upon the sick."

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE
AS A
HUMANITARIAN

The following declaration by Mr. Gladstone of his views regarding our relations to the animal kingdom, will, doubtless, be of interest to our readers:—

"It is plain that this chapter (Gen. I.) presented to the mind of man the fact that he had a common origin with the rest of Nature, both animate and inanimate, and thereby that he was constituted in a definite relation to all created things. As we know through subsequent communications from the same high source, this is a relation partly of dominion. But it is of dominion regulated by duty, and duty governing our conduct generally governs that part of it which concerns the animal creation by an appropriate law. We are to use those which are appointed to our use, whether for labour or for food, with the obligation to avoid excess in the one, and infliction of unnecessary pain in the other. We are to destroy those which are noxious to human subsistence. And we are to avoid all wanton injury, as to the greatest, so also to the least among them. In those men or women who are by Nature tenderly disposed, Nature itself may supply the needful dispositions. But one of the sad and afflicting incidents in our Nature as it actually stands, is the widespread proneness, even in childhood, to cruelty! to a cruelty not systematic or reasoned, but what may be termed a cruelty of indifference which treats the inferior creatures as without any interest or feeling that should be taken into account, and which instinctively feels delight in the exercise of power although without an object."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Gladstone was a sincere humanitarian, and, had he not laboured under the delusion that certain animals were "appointed for food," it is just possible we might have been able to number him amongst the noble band of distinguished men who have practised the "better way in diet."

* * *

BUDDHA'S
OPINION
OF DISEASE.

It would appear that the pathogenic properties of flesh-meat were already recognised 2,500 years ago. For Buddha is recorded to have said: "There were formerly three diseases: desire, hunger, and decay, but from the slaying of cattle there came ninety-eight." It is astonishing that after all these ages the world is still ignorant of the fact that the eating of flesh-meat is a prolific cause of disease!

* * *

AN EARLY
FORM OF
ANAESTHESIA.

It has been said that Nature is "red in tooth and claw;" her methods are, however, occasionally tempered by mercy, as is evidenced by the following fact quoted by Darwin in the voyage of the *Beagle*.

"Certain wasp-like insects, which construct in the corners of the verandahs, clay cells for their larvae, are very numerous in the neighbourhood of Rio. These cells they stuff full of half-dead spiders and caterpillars, which they seem wonderfully to know how to sting to that degree as to leave them paralysed but alive, until their eggs are hatched; and the larvae feed on the horrid mass of powerless half-killed victims." This sounds ghastly enough, but it is infinitely merciful compared to what men do. These insects do it out of maternal instinct for the sustenance of their helpless young; but men half roast and stuff geese with lingering torture, for the sake of obtaining a disused organ as a dainty, but men strip the skin from the mother seal and leave her raw bleeding body for her young cubs to wail and starve round; but men inflict suffering untold upon highly sentient cows and sheep and oxen in order to obtain what everyone admits is an unnecessary article of food.

* * *

FLESH-FOOD
IS NOT GOOD
FOR STRENGTH.

Many may have wondered whether the huge antediluvian megatheroid animals of which fossilised remains still exist, were carnivorous or vegetarian. And it would appear that their habits were even a puzzle to naturalists until Prof. Owen solved the problem. "Their teeth indicate," says Darwin, "by their simple structure, that these megatheroid animals lived on vegetable-food, and probably on the leaves and small twigs of trees; their ponderous forms and great strong curved claws seem so little adapted for locomotion, that some eminent naturalists have actually believed, that, like the sloths, to which they are intimately related, they subsisted by climbing back downwards on trees, and feeding on the leaves. It was a bold, not to say preposterous, idea to conceive even antediluvian trees, with branches strong enough to bear animals as large as elephants. Professor Owen, with far more probability, believes that, instead of climbing on the trees, they pulled the branches down to them, and tore up the smaller ones by the roots, and so fed on the leaves."

E. M. Webb.

FREE SOULS.

Thanks be to the Infinite Life, some souls are still free;
Some spirits untrammelled; unbending their knees;
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,
Erect when the multitude bends to the storm;
When traitors to Freedom, to Truth and to Good
Are bowed to their idols polluted with fraud:
When recreant souls have forgotten their trust,
When Truth, Love and Justice lie low in the dust;
'Tis then that brave souls from their shackles have broken;
'Tis then that brave souls for Freedom have spoken!

Jessie Haynes.

Flesh-Eating in the Light of Humane Thought.

While the subject of flesh-eating is gradually gaining importance in the eyes of liberal reformers, the average person is not yet aware that it is a matter to be seriously considered. The great rushing world around us is too busy in devouring the weaker portion of earth's inhabitants—some of them in a literal and others in a figurative way—to listen to any doubts about the lawfulness of its proceedings. Even the most kind-hearted people, including many professed friends of animals, are apt to think lightly of vegetarianism as an unpractical thing, springing from exaggerated and mistaken tenderness. Some very active and admirable opponents of cruelty still hold this view; nevertheless, it is becoming more and more exceptional among those who are in the habit of thinking and of following out their own best thought. To them it is mainly a question of moral consistency. Temperance workers and dietetic reformers are finding other arguments in favour of the vegetarian practice; but it appeals to humane thinkers chiefly as a matter of principle.

To some extent the moral advantage of the vegetarian position is obvious from the outset. In this rough world it is difficult for the best of us to keep free from complicity with barbarous deeds. Our ordinary customs in dress, and especially in diet, involve an enormous amount of undeniable cruelty; and this fact is used with considerable effect by the advocates of vivisection to prove the inconsistency of their flesh-eating opponents. It must be admitted that the answer to this charge is not so easy or so clear as we could wish. The common reply is that there is a vast difference between the mere act of killing and the infliction of torture. Theoretically the difference is indeed immense, but when we look into the practice of these two gruesome acts they seem to approximate closely in their methods and effects.

The scenes which are every day repeated in our slaughter-houses, large and small, are scarcely less horrifying than those of the worst vivisectional laboratory. Whatever they lack in the quality of prolonged and ingeniously aggravated pain is made up by the increase in quantity of suffering. This fact is proved by the testimony of many witnesses who have visited such dens of slaughter as Armour's packing-house in Kansas City, where 20,000 animals can be killed and dressed daily. One reporter writes: "Inside the vast enclosure it looked like a battle-field—the floors were crimson; the men were deep-dyed from head to foot. The cattle were driven into pens, scores at a time, and the echo of the pole-axes was heard like the riveting of plates in a ship-building yard. Then the kicking animals were shot on to the floor, to be seized by the hoofs by chains, and hoisted to the ceiling and sent flying on their way to rows of men, who waited with knives and skinned and quartered and washed them."

Notice the horrible significance of that last sentence. "Still kicking," the hapless cattle are hoisted by their hoofs and "sent flying" like so many logs of wood to men who forthwith begin to chop and flay the quivering limbs. The practice of commencing to skin an animal before it is dead is apparently very common, the butchers saying that they cannot afford to wait.

In recent years New York has had several public contests between butchers, with a prize for the one who should kill *and skin* an ox in the shortest space of time; and a very brief

space it was. This, again, is frightfully suggestive of vivisection, and it is quite as difficult to interfere with the butcher as with the more scientific tormentor. In both cases the supposed necessities of humankind suffice to sanction a horrible trade, and to conceal from our view its most intolerable horrors.

We must remember also that the death scene is usually but the dreadful close of a long line of tortures. From the millions of cattle that have starved and frozen on our Western plains, down to the dumb, unpitied tragedies of every day in a hundred thousand farm yards, the insatiable human lust of slaughter works misery inconceivable, breeding myriads of timid, gentle creatures that are literally only born to die. As a rule, our innocent prey has to run a gauntlet of savage tortures on the way to a cruel death. We might well figure the sad procession moving day and night, footsore, on dusty roads, or crowded together in cars and cattle-ships, terrified, thirsty, and hungry, goaded by brutal men, and trampled by each other. To satisfy an imaginary need, to strengthen the savage forces in our society, and to sustain a selfish, artificial system—for this the endless train is driven along the dolorous way. Is it worth while?

Butchery is an original source of cruelty, and the school in which we have learned many barbarous customs. The habit of regarding other creatures merely as our "meat" is greatly in the way of that wider sympathy which humane workers are trying to promote in all communities. This would be a fatal objection to it, even if we could separate the system from its atrocious cruelty. But how can we do this? It is useless to say that killing is not necessarily cruel. Men being what they are, they will be cruel so long as carnivorous customs continue to flourish among us. Any mitigation of methods under present conditions can only be local and temporary. If we had the best possible laws dealing with every phase of the subject, it would require an army of inspectors blessed with unflagging zeal and courage and resolution to enforce them. Who shall provide this army? and who shall watch the watch-dogs, that they do not also become corrupted by living in a perpetual carnival of bloodshed?

Whenever a really humane person undertakes to defend the slaughter-house, these outrageous wrongs are ignored, or treated as if they were readily separable from the system. It is said that if a man takes pains to rear sheep, cows, swine, and fowls, and if he gives them a pleasurable life for a certain number of months or years, and then kills them in the quickest and easiest way possible, it is a fair exchange. But in making a general rule out of this hypothesis the actual state of things is almost as much idealised as it ever was in the paradise of a vegetarian dream.

To use a hackneyed but convenient phrase, it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. This theory implies that all men are wise and kind, or else that the work of providing animal food is or can be confided to persons of that sort only. Whereas, we have to confront the existence of a dangerous passion of cruelty, long established in the fibre of human nature, and an almost universal appetite for "meat," in the United States. This necessitates not only the hideous butcher-shop in every street, but also the existence of many such infernos as the one already mentioned, and a host of attendant evils that seem inevitable.

The monstrous size of the every-day demand requires a degree of haste and a great scale of operations which are incompatible with gentle and considerate treatment.

Redemption by Sacrifice.

Here is the picture of Elsa, a fairy story maiden, well known to the children, big and little, who love their Grimm and Hans Andersen, and which of us does not?

As little ones, the stories of marvels, giants, fairies with wands of wonderful power, invisible coats and inexhaustible purses appealed to our imagination, and we listened with eager ears and wide-opened eyes to the story of the Flying Trunk, and the dogs who guarded chests of gold with eyes like saucers, and steeples, and mill wheels.

But later on the poetry and the pathos of such stories as the Little Mermaid and this of Elsa strike a deeper note in our being and we begin to find the old, old truth, which is still as new to-day, handed down from the sagas and fairy stories of our distant kinsmen the Danes—the story of how all good is wrought by self-sacrifice. Here is the gently-nurtured maiden toiling with burning and blistered hands to work the stinging nettles, which have to be gathered for the purpose from the graveyard, into the coats of mail which shall free her brothers from the terrible spell cast upon them. In loneliness and silence she must work, cheered only by occasional glimpses of her brothers in their own true form. Reproaches, accusations of witchcraft are hurled against



her, but with indomitable faith, patience and courage she toils on to the moment, when apparently overcome by her enemies, and deserted by all, she is led to the pyre to be burnt as a witch.

Then, surely by the tender consideration of the Poet for the children, at last she is allowed to proclaim her innocence of the charges made against her by throwing the nearly finished coats over her disguised brethren and seeing them resume their princely form. Is it only a fairy story? or did that deep student of human nature, who by his own sufferings had learnt the way to the hearts of men, intend to teach a lesson to the children of larger growth?

Can we not work and labour for the brethren whose divine origin seems lost under the form of lower humanity? So working, even in the noisome places of death, rooting up the noxious weeds of evil habits to transform them into the cloak of virtue, are we not even now, sometimes cheered by finding our true brothers hidden away under the disguise so hard to penetrate? Surely we may

believe that if, like Elsa, we are called away before our work is finished, our great Poet Creator shall grant us, sometime and somewhere, to see the finishing touch put to our poor work by the Master-hand who has employed us.

[The Block is from the latest edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales, published by Messrs. Macmillan, and kindly lent to us by this firm]

Such an occupation is not only hardening in effect, but is from the first intolerable except to hard and coarse natures. The refined and sympathetic persons who could be trusted to minimize the horrors of butchery are (as in the case of vivisection) precisely those to whom the whole business is impossible. Therefore, so far as we uphold the butcher's trade, we help to create a pariah class of men, doing in our stead a loathsome and cruel work on which we could not bear to look. We would not make friends of them, and yet do they not stand to us in a still nearer relation as the unacknowledged substitutes who, for a petty wage, do our dreadful and demoralising work?

Anti-vivisectionists have learned to distrust "the tyrant's plea, necessity," and it is difficult to see why they should give it more credence as an excuse for "devilish deeds" in the butcher's case than in that of the vivisector; or why the enjoyment of eating savoury food, more than any other pleasure, should be allowed to blend "with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels;" or why the supposed benefit to physical health should be a decisive plea in this case, since we

utterly reject it in other cases, holding that *moral* health should be the first consideration. In short, there is no thoroughly logical ground for humane thinkers except that of the so-called vegetarians. Our civilization wallows every day in a bath of blood, but it has not wrought so well for health and beauty that we should believe in its efficacy. Surely some day the spell of even this superstition will be broken:

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;

Then springs the crowning race of humankind:

May these things be!"

Caroline Spencer.

COMING HEROES.

Mourn not for vanquished ages,
With their great heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages
And live in the poet's pen.
For the grandest times are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest work of this whole earth
In the men that are to be.

Editorial Notes.

"The Scots Guards very soon retired on our right," says a correspondent from the Modder, "but our captain told us we were Grenadiers, and could not retire." Isn't this splendid! It is simply great. We can dash on and conquer, we can lie down and wait, we can quietly die in our ranks, but there is one thing we cannot do—we cannot retire. The words of this unknown private are the words of every member of our Order. We have put our hands to the plough and we cannot go backwards. I would like to strike this chord as the opening peal of The Herald. With



much searching of heart do I venture to take up this part of the great work that Mr. Sidney Beard has carried out with such enthusiasm and striking success for the last four or five years. His retirement from the fighting line is but a temporary one, and with the new century we all hope to welcome him back again to take up the reins; his body renewed by rest, his mind refreshed by a cessation of strain, and his soul filled with that clear light which the seer must now and anon retire into the desert solitude to gain.

* * *

WANTED A PICKED BAND.

Members of The Order are not as members of an ordinary Vegetarian Society who may give up eating flesh-meat to-day for reasons of economy or health, and who may commence again to-morrow when fortune has smiled or health returned. Members of The Order can be so only upon a real conviction as to the rightness and the wrongness of the question. Only those who can understand and see the moral issues involved, are eligible for enrolment as members of an Order which has the Golden Age for its goal. For such there can be no looking back; for such there can be no order to retire.

* * *

WHAT ARE YOUR NUMBERS?

One by one are they gathered in, living enthusiasts for the coming cause of Right Living. Numbers are no criterion of value. The whole-hearted devotion and purposeful loyalty to principles of a single company is of more value than the loud-voiced cheers of a wavering battalion. With, then, this spirit of zeal for the cause, of loyalty to leaders and of confidence in each other, let men and women join The Order of the Golden Age, and pledge themselves as follows:—

* * *

THE PLEDGE.

"Having thoughtfully considered the aims, constitution and regulations of The Order, as set forth in the Official Prospectus (dated 1897), it is my desire to be admitted to The Order as a Companion (an Associate). I will endeavour to promote the doing of God's Will upon Earth by my personal example and influence, to cultivate a spirit of love and benevolence towards all fellow-creatures, and to defend the weak, defenceless and oppressed. I promise to abstain from the use

of animal flesh, fowl (and fish) as food, as well as from conscious participation in any form of cruelty." Applicants desiring to be admitted as Associates will cross out the words "Companion" and "Fish."

* * *

THE TREASURY CHEST.

The minimum subscription is 2s. 6d. but, in order to carry out one tithe part of the work that is already planned, ten times as much money is needed as the Bankers have in hand. Companions, therefore, and all friends are asked to give of their substance as freely as they can afford, and to give regularly and systematically some little, month by month. Collecting boxes will be gladly sent to those who like to put aside a little at a time, and who will allow their friends and visitors to join them in their daily acts of self-sacrifice.

* * *

HOW YOU CAN HELP.

I am both charmed and grateful for the many kind offers of help that have already reached me.

"Tell us how we can help on *The Herald* that we all love so much" is the burden of the cry. Well let me tell you one or two ways.

(1) Whenever you come across anything in your reading that you think specially beautiful, either cut it out or copy it out and send it to me.

(2) Take in half-a-dozen copies each month, mark any article that you think specially suitable and post a marked copy each month to six influential persons—either people known to you, or else to leaders of thought and culture in the land. If you are at a difficulty for addresses, I will send half-a-dozen names and addresses to any reader who will forward to them a marked copy of *The Herald*.

(3) Cut out striking paragraphs from *The Herald* and send them to the newspapers, and mark them "from *The Herald of the Golden Age*."

There now, there are a few suggestions. If every reader will carry out one or other of these this month, I will give fresh ones next month.

* * *

IS NATURE CRUEL?

May I answer some of the problems which are sent to me in a few words. I am told that vegetarianism is against Nature, for Nature is essentially a reign of force and cruelty, and that he who tries to lead a crusade on any but natural lines, is but fighting a vain battle, and dashing his hopeless head against granite and adamant. I admit much of what is said. It is quite true that Nature is cruel, relentlessly cruel, that the talon is ever red with gore, and the tooth stained with blood, that the cry of pain follows the roar of rage, and the wail of agony is a sequel to the hiss of hate; it is true that the survival of the fittest is preluded by internecine war, and that the supremacy of the select means the destruction of the reject. It is war, war, blood red war, hatred, pain, and fighting, from the earliest dawn of protoplasmic life up to to-day.

While this is true, it is not the *whole* of the gospel of the ethics of life. Antagonism and hatred and cruelty have had their share in the development of character, but so also have co-operation and affection and kindness. Family life is the type of these primitive virtues and the lesson which life teaches is that the state of Enmity is of the barbarous past and the semi-barbarous present, transient; while the state of Amity commencing in tiny embryo in the far off past, is also of the semi-civilised present and will be perfected in the future—permanent!

This is why I am a vegetarian. Flesh-eating is not an essential of living, but an accident of fashion. It harmonised with many other brutalities in the barbarous past, it harmonises with some of the brutalities of the semi-barbarous present, but it jars upon the sweet harmonies of the evolving future. It is, then, for the apostle of the higher ethics to keep ever to the fore, in precept and practice, the possibilities of a non-flesh dietary.

RUSKIN. Ruskin is dead. The beautiful art leader has passed away, and yet, as I write the words, I remember the rugged saying of the Monk of Arabia: "I have come to tell thee that thy father is dead," said a messenger full of excitement. "Thou blasphemest," replied the Monk unmoved: "My father is immortal and can never die." It is but a trite saying that Ruskin is still alive in the hearts of all, that his influence has moulded men to gentler and nobler aims, that he has emphasised by his labours the sweet dignity of toil and the sacredness of all productive work. I well remember when I was at Oxford how his somewhat uncouth figure was occasionally laughed at in the streets by men of the sporting set, but in the lecture hall of the Museum how reverently we all sat and listened to the rich eloquence of the passing master. Why did Ruskin give up his Slade Professorship at Oxford? I am not sure that everyone knows the reason. He was, in a sense, one of the martyrs for our Golden Age. It was not money that he lost by resigning his post, for he had enough and to spare. It was not prestige, for he had a reputation which no professorship could add to, nor loss of one detract from; but Ruskin lived in his realm of idealism, and to him Oxford was the light still burning in a barbarous world and linking past to future by a golden cord of culture. If Oxford herself be untrue to the humanities, who can hope any more for the common clay of commerce and agriculture! Only those who knew Ruskin's sensitive nature could know what it cost him to see his ideal broken and his Dagon shattered.

* * *

THE GREAT BATTLE

There was a great fight at Oxford. St. George and Humanity fought against the Dragon and Cruelty. Convocation voted a sum of money for science. Suddenly waking from centuries of study of dead dogmas and classic legends; suddenly becoming conscious that her sneering at men of science as men of stink and fossils was an empty folly; suddenly becoming aware that science was a force as terrible to destroy as it was powerful to create, the university changed its sneer to a smile, its spurning to a caress, and its neglect to a fulsome attention.

* * *

SCIENCE FALSE AND TRUE

Then did pseudo science pose as true science and claim its prerogatives, and the university losing its prescience, and unable to discriminate, missed its greatest opportunity for enthroning a sanctified science in the great temple of learning.

* * *

THE GREAT CHOICE.

Shall vivisection be endowed by a university of culture? St. George and Humanity cried 'No!' and a gallant band of stalwarts, led by Ruskin, joined in the fray and fought beneath the banner of "For God and Humanity," but the Dragon for the time was triumphant, and the stalwarts were defeated. As a last die and with a generosity worthy of its great object, Ruskin threw his own personality into the scale and said, "Well, then, if you will have it so, you must have it so. It must be Ruskin or vivisection; it cannot be both; choose which ye will." And the fathers of culture, copying the historic crowd, replied, "The blood of the tortured animals in the agony chambers of science be upon us and upon our children." And they cast out Ruskin and chose vivisection.

* * *

THE MASTER DEPARTS.

So Ruskin departed from the Slade Professorship, and Oxford knew his sweet voice no more—but she still has the sad wailings of the pain-racked animals ever within her walls, crying night and day for another Ruskin to come and deliver them from the bondage of their living death.

* * *

HIS PARTING WORDS.

"These scientific pursuits are now defiantly, insultingly, separated from the science of religion; they are all carried on in defiance of what has hitherto been held to be compassion and pity, and of the great link which

binds together the whole creation, from its Maker to the lowest creation."

* * *

THE NEW DELIVERERS.

May a double portion of Ruskin's mantle fall upon some reader of this page, that he may take up the battle and fight on for a humaner science unto death or victory—unto this last.

* * *

THE VEGETARIAN ALMANACK, PRICE THREEPENCE.

For 22 years Mr. Herron has brought out his almanack. As it is on my table to-day, I well recall the first time I made its acquaintance and thought it one of the most common-sense of vegetarian productions.

As I read through its collection of little essays I still feel the same. There are many points on which I entirely differ from Mr. Herron's views, but none the less he always puts them in a way which commands respect, and from beginning to end you never find a sneer at a fellow-worker.

Honest, hard-hitting and common-sensed, the almanack is full of matter worth reading, and worth thinking over.

I am sorry to have no room for long extracts, but here is a little bit culled from the article "Animals and Man," which I reproduce in the hope that it may induce many readers to study the whole essay—

Man seems to imagine that if he did not kill animals of all kinds that they would run him off the face of the earth, through their numbers and their multiplicity. But he should remember he breeds animals specially in order to kill them, and he also breeds them and preserves them that he may amuse himself at certain seasons of the year by wholesale slaughters. And if he did not do this he would find that, instead of the animals infesting him and pushing him out of the world, he would not have animals either to hunt or to eat.

The large animals, such as cattle, which are the chief sustenance of the British nation, could not exist in Great Britain at all, if they were not specially bred and reared and preserved from the elements for man's exclusive use. No grazing animal if left to itself can exist in a climate where grass is not to be had the whole year round, and all grazing animals belong to countries where the climate is mild. A severe climate would settle them in one or two seasons: the reindeer is the only exception to this.

* * *

LEGAL AMENDMENT WANTED

Recently, in Weymouth, three young men were prosecuted for setting four dogs on a cat, which was worried to death. According to the witnesses, one of the men, when remonstrated with, exclaimed, "It's a fine piece of sport!" The magistrates commented severely upon the *extreme brutality* of the case. To set four dogs to worry a cat, is, certainly, revoltingly brutal; yet, is it not equally brutal to set four, or forty, dogs to worry a hare or a tame stag? Yet the latter is not, at present, considered criminal and is called *legitimate* sport because it is fashionable.

* * *

A DOCTOR'S VIEWS.

Dr. J. H. Hughes is reported in *The Animals' Friend* to have spoken as follows: "I wish it were in my power to denounce the horrible practices of vivisection in the most powerful manner, so as to arouse the indignation and disgust of the people generally who I fear know so little about the matter. I oppose vivisection on moral grounds, because most decidedly I think that God, who made all animals, did not, or could not intend one set to be gainers by the cruelties and horrible tortures of another set. I am *certain* it leads to error by taking men off the right track. Since my student days I have been impressed with the *uselessness* of vivisection as a scientific aid, and I do not remember to have experienced any difficulty when treating any patients that have been committed to my care, and in ignoring altogether the so-called discoveries which vivisection is said to have revealed.

"I am clearly of opinion that no good will ever come of vivisection as long as the world stands. Animals were created to fulfil a purpose and they have their rights; man may have his right of dominion over them, but he also has duties to perform in regard to them."

THE WAR!

War! War! terrible and bloody war is being waged by two nations who call themselves Christians. I shall have something to say next month upon the after effects of such a war upon the ethics of the race, but for the moment I would warn every humanitarian to resist to the utmost the attempt which is being made to foist a military despotism upon a free people. All the advocates of great armaments and compulsory conscription are beginning to seize their opportunity, and if we do not speak out and stand firm we shall find that the present emergency has been used to rivet upon our limbs the chains of militarism, and to entangle us in the tentacles of the devil fish of conscription. The present war had to be fought because the civilised world refuses to



THE DEVIL-FISH OF MILITARISM.

progress and to put into force upon international questions the machinery which has been proved to be best in internecine struggles.

Towns used to fight against each other in bye-gone years, and barons warred with fellow barons, but now the great mother State steps in and keeps her children at peace by asking all to help her to enforce justice in individual cases. If Liverpool had tried to fight Manchester over the Ship Canal with guns and bayonets, the army supplied from all the towns in the realm would have stepped in and made a fight impossible.

In the same way shall there be an army of all civilised realms, a standing army of the Parliament of the world, supplied from all nations, which shall in time to come make wars between brother countries of the federation of the world impossible, and then shall dawn the day of the great Peace.

* * *

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

There are one or two traits which redeem the war while they at the same time show up its horrors and its pathos.

Read the following extract from a special correspondent's report and ask yourself if the best spirits in both armies do not long for peace and would not be willing to suffer much and to sacrifice much on behalf of peace.

Surely the time will eventually come when the greed and obstinacy and ignorance of the worse portion will not be allowed to outweigh and override the reasoned humanity of the better portion of the race.

For a period the dragon conquers and the reign of force persists, but the time will come, yea it is even now rapidly nearing us, when the spirit of love shall dominate and man shall come into the sight of God again and shall walk in His presence and not be ashamed.

Upon you and upon me the responsibility and the privilege lie of bringing one day nearer to us the Millennial peace.

This is the paragraph I refer to:

"Our burying party sent out was received by the Boers sympathetically. They rendered assistance also to our men. Over the grave they sang a hymn, and some of the leaders made impressive speeches, expressing abhorrence of the war, regretting the heavy losses on both sides, and declaring the hope that the war would soon be ended.

One wonders if ever before in the history of war the victors in such an engagement stood round the graves of the men they had just shot, sang a hymn, and amid these solemn surroundings, impressively bewailed the strife of blood, which they fervently hoped would soon be ended. Mystery of earthly affairs, that we must shoot such men. Alas, for human wisdom!"

* * *

BY BEAUTY TEACH THE BEAUTIFUL.

Here is a letter I have just received from a staunch young vegetarian, aged 13.

It illustrates how out of joint the present method of life and thought is to those who are living and thinking as logical humanitarians.

How funny and coarse and impossible the habit of mind of the Nineteenth Century will appear to the humaner civilisation of the Twenty-ninth!

Miss Dorothy Brace writes:—

"Will you allow a little girl to tell you of the Pantomime at Drury Lane we have just been to see, it has left upon my mind two such curiously different impressions.

There were two striking scenes. The fruit and vegetable scene with lots of children dressed to represent the fruits of the earth; one of the dances was particularly pretty where three groups representing lettuce, endive and radishes danced together.

The end of the Century scene was more handsomely beautiful than I can describe: raised on a kind of throne was a most life-like representation of Queen Victoria, in front of which walked many figures draped in green velvet, garlanded with roses and musical instruments in their hands.

All this was very lovely and left a beautiful impression on my mind; but the scene which has left such a different impression was the meat market, and although we knew that the meat was not real it made us feel sick to look at it. I think the person who wrote such a scene did not know much about children to think that such a 'horrible' sight would be appreciated by them. All the fowls were represented by little children dressed with feathers for the tails of the hen, duck, goose, etc. This fact makes it all the more ghastly, as we children, who are learning to know of the unity of Nature and the kinship of all that breathes, regard all non-human animals as our little cousins that (intellectually) never grow up.

We wish them to have as happy lives as possible according to their Nature, just as we desire better conditions for the poor little children born in the slums of great cities, and we want this for the same reason that I have read Wilberforce and Clarkson freed the poor negroes, and Cobden and Bright worked so hard to make bread cheaper.

It is very good and thoughtful of the theatre people to make these lovely Pantomimes for us children every Christmas holidays, but it seems so odd that they do not understand that their work would leave a still more lasting enjoyment if they left out those bits that show the pain and sorrow around us that we see so much in our daily life and that we are doing our little best to gradually lessen.

I think Pantomimes should show us how happy we can be and how much fun we can get out of this beautiful world, without hurting anyone or making them sad."

Mind Cure.

When the world becomes more spiritualised, the Universities will teach far more than they teach now; professors will know vastly more than they know now. The successors of the modern clergymen and doctors will be far more learned men than any who have yet occupied pulpits or adorned the medical profession. The word "doctor" really means a teacher (it is simply a Latin word meaning a teacher), and the original intention was, that the doctor should educate his patients instead of treating them in some mysterious manner with minerals and drugs. The very fact that doctors of medicine were spoken of, as well as doctors of divinity, proves that the word doctor was intended to convey the idea that patients were to get well through their own understanding of truth, by their acquaintance with the laws of being, not by continual dosing and experimentation. If, therefore, the true position of the modern doctor is understood, and any man or woman is entitled to write M.D. after his or her name, they should be teachers of medicine—not administrators of drugs—teachers of the people in the science of health.

We are told of an Oriental monarch who kept continually by his side a celebrated physician whose work it was always to keep the king in health, and who would be decapitated if the king fell ill, but had large revenues as long as the king remained in good health. While we should not advise the penalty of decapitation for infliction upon the doctor who allowed his patient to become ill, we can see far more reason why a doctor should be paid for keeping persons well, rather than for his attendance whilst they are ill.

Whenever persons become enlightened they take less and less medicine. One of the most influential and learned men in America and a great ornament to the medical profession—Oliver Wendell Holmes—made a statement almost equivalent to the following:—That if all medicines had been thrown into the sea, it might have been good for men but bad for the poor fishes. There are a great many doctors who by diligent study have come to the conclusion, and have openly made the statement, that the less medicine taken the better. Such doctors are of course in no sense quacks or impostors. The honourable and scientific gentlemen who adorn their profession are they who instruct their patients how to keep well, instead of advocating dosing or taking medicine. If you take a really learned doctor's advice it will often prove well worth a great many times his fee. If you had observed those rational laws which the doctor laid down for you concerning diet, exercise, fresh air and proper moral conduct, it might have been a very good thing for yourself and your family that you called in an intelligent scientific man when you or anyone else felt indisposed. If a doctor is really qualified, if he is what the term "doctor" implies, he is a teacher of health and a teacher of morals; such a doctor must be numbered among the instructors of the rising generation and the benefactors of the less well informed.

We affirm that Mind Cure in and of itself means simply that the mind must cure whatever is wrong both in mind and in body, and that the universal specific is mental and not physical. "Who shall minister to a mind diseased?" is the question continually asked by sufferers. How long will physicians continue to treat ailments which are purely mental as though they were bodily, is a question which comes up in all our popular literature. We need greater sagacity and a

much wider sweep of intelligence to reach the mind than merely to reach the body; to endeavour to tinker up the flesh while the mind is ill at ease is of no use whatever. The endeavour to cure people of dyspepsia when it is not their food that disagrees with their stomach is absurd. Their ailment proceeds from mental unrest, from grief, disappointment and unhappiness, from something that weighs upon the mind, a heavy load upon the heart, a sting of conscience rebuking them for an error, and for such cases it is all in vain to rely upon pills, powders and mixtures. If you could get at the reason why people suffer from dyspepsia, if you could get at the reason why good food makes them sick, or remains undigested, if you could get at the reason why they are unhappy and unable to obtain relief, you would then be able by dealing with and removing the cause of the unhappiness to heal them. If you could not remove the thorn from the mind, which afterwards produced the semblance of a thorn rankling in the flesh, you would at least be able to do what a spiritual teacher was able to accomplish in his own case—help them to receive from heaven, grace sufficient to bear it.

If you could reach the innermost springs of human nature, find out why people are miserable and touch their mental and moral condition, it would be surprising to see how many wasting lungs would cease to waste, how many pallid cheeks would begin to glow again with the bloom of health, how many dull sad eyes would be lighted with the fires of youth, happiness and peace, how many poor miserable dyspeptics would enjoy their food, and find that anything that was fit for man's consumption agreed with them.

If we can touch the springs of action and go directly to the sources of trouble and annoyance by reaching the realm of causation instead of for ever dealing with effects, we are able to change the condition of a person, because we change the source whence that condition flows.

Mind Cure, even in its humblest forms, even in its seemingly unscientific application, has, without doubt, produced results far beyond what could be produced by any form of drug medication or mineral administration.

W. J. Colwill.

Working and Waiting.

In the beautiful economy of Nature no energy is lost. Every detail of your life and mine is provided for with a care, a foresight unutterably wise; that is, the moving is here—the tendency, it is a chance whether or not one accepts the opportunity, but Nature does not fail.

In order to test the presence of this prompting, pause again and again and await its coming. Begin the day in this spirit, and do not rise or take up any work until you feel that the right time has come. When you do not know what to undertake, wait until you do. If you are at a loss to know how to settle an important question to-morrow, ask yourself if you have something right and wise to do to-day; if so, do it well. When to-morrow comes, someone will come to your assistance, you will meet the right person at the right time, guidance will come. For, if you are doing a work which is necessary to the universe, the universe will see that you are clothed and fed. When you are moving in harmony with Ultimate Power, know that the regular march of events will swiftly bring what you require, when you require it—never before. Impatience is discord; trust is harmony. The law is as exact as mathematics.

H. W. Dresser.

The "Difficulties" Column.

"The mind is, as it were, a photographic plate, which is gradually cleansed by the effort to think rightly; and which, when so cleansed, and not before, receives impressions from the Light of Truth." *Tyndall.*

"Difficulties are not doubts." *Newman.*

It is very curious how differently different minds meet with difficulties. To one, the higher life in dietary is a straight path of entrancing beauty, and from the moment the angel voice whispers to him that man need not kill to eat, he straightway accepts the gospel of good tidings and sees naught but the golden gate of paradise before him.

To another, the way is hard and rugged, and every hill mounted is but the stepping stone from which still higher are seen ahead.

Difficulties on every hand, doubts on every side, failure all around, and yet if only the longing soul can get a comrade to see the pitfalls that *he* sees, and to hear the ominous warning voices that *he* hears, he would be willing to pluck up courage and go bravely on if his comrade will only go with him too.

Comrades then in difficulties, brothers then in days of doubt, let us help each other. Where one has seen a quicksand and got safely by, let him set up his lighthouse and tell others the way. Where one has escaped a quagmire or a despond slough, let him tell out his story of danger and of victory, that others too may pass by unscathed. Where one has fallen and lain among the potsherds awhile, but by God's grace has been plucked up on to his feet again, let him speak words of warning and of hope and of comfort, that other feet may not slip, and other feeble steps may not fall.

This is not a column for disputation or discussion, but for each to tell out his own way of conquering difficulties. Let no man criticise his brother's arguments, or sneer at his brother's want of logic, but let him be glad that some by one argument and some by another are made strong in the faith.

May the following letter be but the forerunner of hundreds more to follow. Let each write in his own way and not state arguments for argument's sake, but just tell from the honesty of his heart how he has met difficulties, so that they are now to him—as Newman said—"difficulties indeed but not doubts."

The following is a letter from an earnest missionary to an earnest enquirer:—

"Abstaining from Meats." *I Tim. iv, 3.*

Dear Will,

I received your kind letter wherein you question the wisdom of my action in abstaining from flesh-meat as food, and draw my attention to the passage in Paul's Epistle to Timothy, where he deals with certain "seducing spirits" who would make their appearance in the Church in later times, forbidding the disciples to marry, and "commanding to abstain from meats, which God had created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." I am sorry that I have not been able to answer you sooner, for, ever since receiving your letter, I have felt that it required an answer, not that my position may be vindicated, that is of little moment, but that one facet of truth, as it appears to me, may be brought to light.

Believe me, I do not in the least mind that you attack me regarding my abstinence from flesh-food (for that is what I take your letter to mean) because it is a well-known fact that anyone who ventures to protest against recognised custom in

any form whatever at once lays himself open to such; but I do regret that you have chosen to do so with the weapon of a *text*, instead of a *principle*, because I can meet you with another text, you will reply with a different one again, and I also, and so the argument might go on, until one of us gave up in sheer hopelessness. Still, as you have taken a text, I will try to meet you fairly, and first, it seems to me that the whole sting of this verse, as it concerns a vegetarian, in *his particular capacity as a vegetarian*, lies in the word "meats." If "meats" here means "flesh-meats," we, who not only abstain from the flesh of animals as food, but urge our neighbours to do likewise, are on slippery ground indeed. But, happily for us, it is not so, for "meats" here means any kind of food, whether flesh, fruit, grain, or fish, and that is easily seen by turning to the original Greek, where the word employed (*broma*) means anything used for food. This you can prove by turning to *Matthew iii, 4*, where we are told "John's 'Broma' was locusts and wild honey!" *Matthew vi, 25*, "Is not life more than 'broma'?" *Matthew x, 10*, "The labourer is worthy of his 'broma.'" But in *Romans xiv, 15*, and in *I Cor. viii, 8*, where the same word is used, the sense of the passage shows that the translation as "meat" is correct, while "food" would not be so. The Greek word for "flesh" is (*sarx*) and is translated thus in *Revelation xix, 18*, and in *I Cor. xv., 39*. "Broma" could not be used in this sense.

Now you will allow that I may fairly change the reading of our verse, thus: "commanding to abstain from foods which God had created. . . ." Do I then deny that God created animals? Not at all. Do I deny that God created animals for our use? Not at all; we are told that we have dominion over them. But are "use" and "eat" of one and the same meaning?

Do I deny that God created animals in order that they might be food for us? Yes, I do, most emphatically. I dare to say, and that without fear of effectual contradiction, that when animals were created they were not intended as food for man, otherwise what possible meaning can be attached to the statement in *Genesis i., 29*. The mere fact that lions and tigers now eat flesh does not prove that God made an error when He said they were to eat herbs. The mere fact that David, "a man after God's own heart," had more than one wife, does not prove that our Creator made a mistake when He allowed Adam only one. The mere fact that Paul sent Onesimus back to his master does not prove that slave holding was right. An unbeliever might as well tell me that because the wicked flourish like a green bay tree that therefore honesty is not the best policy, as tell me that because we are able to assimilate flesh, that therefore it was the original Divine intention that we should thus live.

Did He who gave the breath of life form the body into which He breathed it? You admit it; then how do you account for the fact that eminent physiologists tell us that our bodies are made in such a way as to favour the use of grains, nuts, and fruits as food; being of essentially different construction to those of the carnivorous animals; always bearing in mind that, as I have said before, the mere fact that we eat flesh does not prove that such was the original intention.

A chisel, especially if the edge were slightly blunted, would make a very passable screw-driver, but a wise man would hardly defend its use as such. Barley is a very good thing, and scones or soup made from it are fine tackle for a hungry man, but if I distil it in such a way as to form a harmful liquid, and then seek to justify its use as a good creature of God, do I not lay myself open to a charge of cant?

Now, leaving the text, and coming for a moment to the principle involved in slaying, I ask:

Is mercy, or is it not, an essential quality of our Father?

Does His lovingkindness extend only to the human part of His creation or to the whole of it?

Can the killing of animals, except when they are diseased or in pain, be, by any kind of straightforward reasoning, considered an act of mercy?

And in conclusion, seeing that we have around us ample practical proof of the absolute needlessness of animal food to support our bodies, do we not in using such, do violence to that spirit of mercy which is to be one of the chief features in the coming Kingdom, for the early advent of which we long and pray?

Yours very sincerely,

James McErrol.

The Sword of Peace.

"Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue.

I have seen her far away—for is it not earth as yet so young?

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed;

Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd."



the prophets' words are always being quoted. Orators use them to round a period, and gentle teachers give them to their classes to learn.

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Members of The Order can take a very practical step to bring home these words both to themselves and to all visitors who may call on them.

Though the ordinary good citizen has no use for either a pruning-hook or a ploughshare, he has constant need for a poker!

Now, a short sword makes an admirable poker. The blunt point will cleave along the lines of a large lump of coal, while the flat blade will lift up the fire in a capital way.

It can be easily kept beautifully bright and shining, and being of fine steel it will outlast a dozen pokers of the same price.

With the drawn blade lying at one side of the fire and the bright steel scabbard at the other, you have at once a combination of the useful and the decorative.

I have had one in use now for over a year, and it is as good to-day as it was the day I bought it. It is an old French sword, said to have been used in the Franco-German war. Its handle is fitted so that it may be used as either a sword or may be fixed on a rifle as a bayonet.

As I sit in my quiet study, and the midnight silence steals over the house, I pick up my sword to stir up the dying embers. Visions of the past steal into the room and voices from the dead speak words of cheer and hope.

Forged in the Government armoury, stamped with the famous words, "St. Etienne, Janvier, 1874," and numbered "81959," my sword started life as an individual unit pledged to bloody deeds.

"*Sans peur et sans reproche*" may have been its motto, but its very existence was based upon the right of force. "May I never be drawn without need, or sheathed till the need is ended" may have been inscribed in unwritten letters upon its

brass-bound hilt, but none the less its type remained of "right by might."

My sword speaks to me of the 'strong man armed' keeping his house against the foe, whilst I would fain have all my doors unlocked and my windows unbarred.

My sword brings back memories of hatred and greed and ambition, and I wonder where and when and how those souls which were so black, have been washed whiter and are being made more beautiful and gentle and divine. Just as this sword, born for war, stained maybe with blood, thirsting for death and merciless as hate, has passed on to a gentler aim and a kindlier vocation, so, too, have the minds that formed it so progressed.

I believe in the development of the soul, the progress in life and after death, the final sweetening of the sour, the cleansing of the foul, the making beautiful of the ugly, and the ultimate communion of the human with the divine.

Well may the poet sing

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made His pile complete."

I had not meant to sermonise, but at midnight the temptation is great.

As I lay my sword down again in the fender I need not write upon it the famous words, "Let no man draw me in anger or sheathe me in fear," for its function is changed, and in the quiet repose of my study it fills a new and gentler rôle the while it preaches to me the actual progress of the world towards the prophetic ideal.

The River of Life.

Pure, sparkling, doth the living water spring
Bubbling with brightness from its unknown source;
Now in a tiny brooklet wandering,
Laughing and babbling on its infant course;
Now growing larger, gaining greater force,
Till in a stream impetuous, breaking o'er
All barriers, with defiant voice and hoarse;
And now a deep, wide river, calmer, slower,
With ever changing beauty rising from each shore.

Reflecting now the glorious face of Heaven
As in a glass; now surface blurred and dyed
With impure sediment; now tempest driven
On barren banks, a sobbing, moaning tide.
Now clear again, by sunshine glorified,
By far receding shores left broad and free.
At last by tides celestial purified
Gliding out softly to the unknown sea.
So runs Life's restless river to Eternity!

Henry Brice.

DIFFICULTY.

Man owes his growth and his energy chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty which we call effort. Every pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men consciousness of their own powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, without which all other acquisitions are nothing. Difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistance. Work we must if we would bring out and perfect our natures.

Channing.

Household Wisdom.

NUTS AS FOOD.

Generally considered, nuts are regarded as a dessert luxury, or to be eaten between meals. Their culture as a special article of food has received but little consideration. Present investigation is developing the fact that they are a valuable constituent of the real "bread of life." What the fat of beef and mutton is to the flesh-eater, nuts may be to the non-flesh-eater. They are fat forming, heat and force producing—are far more nutritious than flesh and animal fats—are always ready for use and cannot be adulterated.

* * *

The nut growing industry is destined in the near future to assume immense proportions and will be found exceedingly remunerative, as the demand for nuts increases with awakened intelligence of a progressive people. There are almost endless varieties of nuts, many of which are obtainable in this country, viz: the almond, walnut, Brazil nut, hazelnut, chestnut, pine-nut, cocoanut, and others.

* * *

Nuts are not only superior to flesh as an article of diet, but may be used in many forms of cookery, either whole, chopped, grated, crushed, or ground through a nutmill. The latter is almost indispensable where many nuts are used. The softer or very oily nuts, as for instance the pine kernel, may be crushed with a rolling pin on a board. Dust the rolling pin and board with flour and crush a few at a time.

* * *

There seems to be nothing lacking in nuts to produce the finest results in cooking.

One of the most useful is the *Pine Nut or Kernel* which can be bought ready shelled at 8d. per lb. from a good grocer or first-class fruiterer. It is very oily, and has an agreeable flavour, and is excellent for shortening, instead of butter, in biscuits, cakes, bread, puddings, etc. It is a good substitute for suet in many boiled puddings, and at the same time this nut is very good for dessert, or eaten with raisins or dates.

* * *

The *Chestnut* when in season is a valuable food, and one that is not used or appreciated as it should be. Dr. Lauretta Kress, in *Life and Health*, says that chestnuts are really an ideal food, containing nearly three and one-half times the nutriment found in eggs or beef steak. She says, "the chestnut has for many centuries been the staple article of food among the poorer classes of southern Europe, some being compelled to depend almost exclusively upon it for sustenance. It is probably the most perfect food obtainable aside from bread, containing all the food elements in nearly the right proportions to supply the needs of the system, while its nutritive value is higher than any of the cereal foods."

* * *

The *Walnut* is most useful in cooking, and, when ground through the nut-mill, can be used in many ways for cutlets, gravies, etc. They will keep some time bought ready shelled, if put in an air-tight tin and in a dry place.

The *Almond*, though less oily than most nuts, imparts a nice flavour to any puddings, cakes, etc., of which it may form a part.

* * *

The *Hazelnut*, filbert or cobnut, as it is sometimes called, is chiefly used for dessert purposes, though a pleasant oil, resembling olive oil, is sometimes expressed from it, and in portions of Europe this, like the chestnut, has been used in limited quantities for making bread.

* * *

A very good chestnut flour can be purchased, which is very useful for soups, sauces, etc., when the nuts are out of season.

The recipes given below can only give an idea of many ways in which the different varieties of nuts may be used, and the housewife must experiment and produce her own results.

Chestnut Soup.

Boil and shell about $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. of large French Chestnuts. Skin them and place them on the fire, almost covering them with water. When done remove from the fire, rub through a sieve and return to the pan with the water they were boiled in. Add a good lump of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and by degrees a pint of boiling milk. Thicken with corn-flour and let it come to the boil and serve.

Walnut Hash.

Take some cold boiled potatoes, mash them, add a small cup of milk or hot water, and a good lump of butter and a little salt. To this add a heaping cupful of ground walnuts, pine kernels or Brazil nuts and mix all well together. Put into a greased pie dish and bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned. Garnish with slices of boiled beet and serve with good walnut gravy.

Walnut Gravy.

Place in a small pan, 1 tablespoonful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls ground walnuts, a large lump of nutcoline or butter. Stir until a very dark brown and then add by degrees brown bean or other stock until the consistency of thick cream. Add a little strained tomato, or flavouring of any kind and season to taste. Let it cook slowly half an hour.

Chestnuts on Toast.

Cook skinned chestnuts until nearly soft. Melt 1 oz. butter in a stewpan, place in the chestnuts, which should be whole, and toss them over the fire until they are coated, pour over a thick dark walnut gravy and stew very gently until the nuts are quite soft but not broken. Season and pour the mixture over slices of buttered toast.

Chestnut Macaroni.

Make a pint of white sauce, add 1-oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. grated cheese, and season with pepper, salt and mace, and add to this $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. chestnuts, cooked and sieved, and mix well. Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. macaroni and cut into small pieces. Butter a deep dish, put in a layer of macaroni, then one of chestnut sauce, and repeat until the dish is full. Scatter bread crumbs on the top and bake until brown.

Almond Sauce. (Also suitable for other Nuts).

Blanch $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. almonds, grate in the nut mill and make into a paste, with 3-oz. castor sugar and the yolk of one egg. Place in a pan and add gradually a gill of milk. Stir until it thickens. Suitable for sweet puddings.

Savoury Chestnut Sauce.

4-oz. chestnuts, boiled and skinned, stew until tender in brown stock; rub through a sieve and return to the pan with enough milk to make a thick sauce, add 1-oz. butter, pepper, salt, and a grate of nutmeg. Make hot and serve.

The two following Recipes are taken from "Life and Health," although personally I have not tried them.

Stewed Chestnuts

3-doz. chestnuts, 4 stalks celery, one cup tomato, one cup nuttose, a little parsley. Boil or bake the chestnuts until well done. Shell them, chop the celery fine, and mix together with the tomatoes (previously stewed and strained), chop the nuttose fine; also the parsley or onion and add to the mixture. Butter a baking dish and bake slowly for one hour.

Chestnut Roast.

1 cupful of mashed chestnuts, 1 cupful strained tomatoes, 1 cupful bread crumbs, a little sage or chopped celery. Mix all together, and turn into a baking dish, with a little butter and bake until nicely browned.

Daisy Whiston.

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"Thy Will be Done on Earth."

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Aristophagy.



"Each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun."
Whittier.

"We owe to genius always the same debt of lifting the curtain from the Common and showing us that Divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and pedlars."
Emerson.

I have taken a clean sheet of paper and have written upon it a new word—Aristophagy—and why?

Why? Because the world is always asking me "Why are you a vegetarian?" "Is it because you cannot afford to buy meat? Come with us and we will give you a dinner of fat things washed down with wine freed from its lees."

"Is it because your stomach is weak?" "Well then consult the learned physicians who know the secrets of metabolism and when they have strengthened your digestion come to us in our halls of feasting and we will give you all the good cheer which the hecatombs of the slain can provide."

"Is it because . . . " a thousand questions they would ask, a thousand causes they would suggest, and to all I have but one answer.

I do not vegetare because it is cheaper so to do, or because flesh meat weakens the body and shortens the life, or because I had an inherited repugnance to the taste of it, but I do so because I want my feeding to be in harmony with my aspirations.

I want to eat only the best things.

I have been taught from childhood that if I want my musical taste developed on the best lines I must select only *the best* music to listen to, and if I do not like it and do not understand it at first, I must be willing to patiently wait and listen until at length some of its sweet beauty will creep into my soul and I shall come into joyful communion with the spirits of the higher aether.

I have been taught from earliest youth that if I want to understand *the best* in Art I must not fill my eyes with half-penny Comic Cuts, or with the sensational broadsheets of Police News, but must plead with myself until the mystery of a Turner begins to be revealed to my patient contemplation, or the grand breadth of a Velasquez comes within my power to understand.

So, too, in Literature, it is the sad experience of us all that much of the best and the most beautiful is lost to those whose mental food consists, not indeed of the Newgate Calendar and "penny dreadful," but of that frothy mass of waste mind which is thrown up like scum upon the glowing molten metal of life—novels, novelettes, magazines and serials, of a type which neither teach the ignorant, nor strengthen the weak, nor develop the immature.

To develop the mind it is wise, nay, it is necessary, to study *the best* in literature.

In all these things it is not enough to stand afar off and gaze in rapt admiration, as at some passing god, and then to sit down again in our slime.

He who would understand and develop, must put his own efforts into play in order to copy the master's work, so that he may comprehend it the more perfectly.

Has not Professor Shairp said somewhere "whatever good thoughts or feelings we have, we must try earnestly to embody them in act if we wish to grow," and is not this true?

Where the best are selected for this purpose we are said to be governed by what is called an "aristocracy"—a government by the best.

May I not, then, plead that we may have, too, a class of men and women who shall carry these principles of development, by selecting the best, into the realm of dietary also?

May we not too have our Aristophagists—our eaters of the best—men and women who refuse to eat the common garbage of the undeveloped, and who, in their earnest search for the ideals of life, refuse to be dragged down by contact with the food of the shambles.

I have no quarrel with the man who eats animals because he thinks that otherwise the animals will eat him. He has his place in the economy of Nature, just as hyenas and vultures have theirs.

I have no quarrel with the pseudo-dainty woman who refuses to go into a slum cottage because it is not clean, and yet who calmly sneers at Vegetarians as faddists, and

eats food which is much more unclean than the most neglected of living gutter children made in the divine image.

These children are alive—the meat is dead, and so it will remain unclean, be it spiced ever so highly, until it has been received into the mystic cauldron, resolved into its atoms, and been taken up into the whirl of vital force again. I have no quarrel with her, she has her place in Nature.

I have no quarrel with the blind that they cannot see nor with the lame that they cannot walk, but I have a message to those who are of high lineage and noble blood but who are bound down by chains of ignorance into a life that is not theirs.

Men and women of the highest caste who have been brought up to feed with the hyenas and wolves of life and have been taught that their dietary was the dead bodies of the slaughtered.

Unconscious of their divine origin and of their kinship with the princely host whose food is purest manna, they live in Egyptian bondage and believe themselves to be the slaves of Egyptian masters.

The Heralds of the Dawn, The Heralds of the Golden Age, The Heralds of the Century of Promise, come like Moses and Aaron of old to sound the clarion cry, to wake the sleepers, to call into responsive being that inner conscience, that silent but ever present string which waits but the right note to respond to.

The earth is full of princes of royal blood going about clad in the garments of the peasant. It is for us to proclaim to these their royal parentage and then they will cast away their torn rags and don the vestments due to their rank.

The call is not to all; it is only to those who are conscious within themselves of its truth and beauty when once they have been told that

Man's best food does not consist of the dead bodies of slaughtered animals.

There are thousands who are daily eating their bit of meat under a sense of duty mingled with a deep down loathing.

They have been told that it is necessary for them to eat it, and in sweet docility they have trodden down their higher promptings and have eaten daily.

To such I would proclaim in no uncertain voice the day of deliverance and of freedom from their bondage.

Flesh food is not necessary to the highest development of mind or body.

There are still thousands more who turn with tender pity to the lowing herds of thirsty cattle, driven to their doom, and vainly wonder what should be done.

With deep sympathy for all that sorrows and suffers, they turn away their faces from the slaughter-houses and shut out the terrible taint of blood-shedding from their dinner table.

With simple piety they take their mutton and forget its connection with the sheep playing in the meadows with the lambskins.

With simple piety they carve the beef and will not think of the gentle mother cows they often and again have milked and kissed and patted.

They dare not contemplate the *via dolorosa*, that sad lonely path of darkness and suffering, which leads, thorn-capped, from the happy fields to the black chamber room of death.

They would dream terrible dreams, or lie long nights sleepless, if only they allowed themselves to *think*.

So they sorrow and sorrow, and wonder what it all means, and pray for the time when all this terrible chapter of agony and sorrow will be ended and a new leaf will be turned, and the millennial joys will come.

To those myriad gentle longing souls I would say—your millennium is at hand:

No distant far off shores to seek,
No wondrous heights to climb;
No heaven of heavens impossible to reach,
Nor hopelessly sublime.

The light is shining even now within your breast and your own soul is trying to show you that here and now and to-day the joy of sacrifice may beautify your life.

These, then, are some of the types of the unknown kings and of royalty chained to common clay.

These are they who are called to be deliverers, to be Joshuas, to be Aristophagists.

And so I return to the place from where I started. Aristophagy—the eating only of the best—is, like Aristocracy, confined to the few. Many there will be who will come to vegetarian meetings; many there will be who will ask for literature; many there will be who will jeer and gibe and scoff; but few—only a few—are fitted to enter the narrow gate of the sacrificial fold, and who being so fitted, will be able to see the beauty of the land of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of harvests and of orchards, a land of vines and of pomegranates, a land of corn and of wine, a land of olives and of nut trees.

And even of the few who are caught within the golden doors there will yet be some who have come there by glamour only, and who will tire of food celestial, and who will long to go back to old Egypt with its caldrons of stewing flesh.

What matters it? If any hasten on too rapidly for their strength, what wonder if sometimes they sink by the way and flag. There is no need to be disheartened by these so-called failures. It is better to have aimed high and failed, than never to have aimed at all.

Some have entered upon the race and have broken down, and they have excused themselves upon the plea that the prize was not worth having, that its gleaming gold was but glittering glamour and its form of beauty but an empty mirage.

What has this to do with those who are still running stout and strong, and who are beginning, here and there, to see glimpses of the land itself. Their faith in the right is being already crowned with the sweet assurance of sight, and what matter it to them if thousands fall by the way. They know what they have believed and are satisfied.

Our duty to the weaker ones, who fall by the way, is to comfort and cheer them, and with helping hand assure them that "sometime, in His own time" they will be able again to take up the cry to victory.

My message is to those who can, to those who are conscious of the rightness of it all, to those who are Aristophagists by birth and breeding. To them, and to them only, do I send out the invitation to come and join The Order, for they alone are eligible.

Joshiah Oldfield.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES.

Rot many of us at least are living at our best. We linger in the lowlands because we are afraid to climb into the mountains. The steepness and ruggedness dismay us, and so we stay in the misty valleys and do not learn the mystery of the hills.

We do not know what we lose in our self-indulgence, what glory awaits us if only we had courage for the mountain climb, what blessing we should find if only we would move to the uplands of God.

J. R. Miller, D.D.

How to Grow Beautiful.

The late John Ruskin, in the second volume of his "Modern Painters," where he discusses the principles of beauty, puts great stress upon the importance of the intellectual element—"the operation of the mind upon the body, . . . the intellectual powers upon the features, in the fine cutting and chiselling of them, and removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth, by which they are blunted and deadened." The mind, he urges, gives "keenness to the eye, and fine moulding and development to the brow."



Many a young lady of twenty dreads to grow older for fear her beauty will wane and thus she will become less attractive. Alas, the fact that she thinks of beauty as only physical shows that she probably will grow less attractive as she grows older. But what a pity it is that she does not understand that the finest beauty is of the soul, and that this she can have and keep and get more abundantly, and thus be more attractive at thirty than at twenty, and preserve her charm right on, spite of the years! That beauty that draws its deep life from the active mind and the noble soul is almost independent of years; nay it is likely to rise to its perfectest only with considerable fulness of years.

It has long been known that the most attractive women of history have not generally been young women. It seems also to be true that they have not usually been women of great physical beauty. Their power has oftenest been mental. Even Aspasia and Cleopatra seem not to have been so handsome as many another Greek or Egyptian woman. Their fascination was pre-eminently of the mind.

Closely connected with the intellect as a source of beauty stands the *moral* nature.

It is not simply the intellect that speaks through the face; the whole *character* speaks through the face. We have an old proverb, "Handsome is who handsome does." This is more than a neat way of saying that a good deed makes us forget whether the doer is handsome or ugly. There is something in the habitual doing of good deeds, at least there is something in the habitual doing of good deeds coupled with the habitual thinking of good thoughts from which good deeds spring, that tends to make the face grow kindlier, more refined, more spiritually attractive and beautiful. I am sure this is so.

Many a young person longs to be beautiful with a passionate longing. Many a young woman feels her life cursed because she is not beautiful. But it is the shallow beauty of the external that she thinks of. The deeper beauty which comes from intelligence, and specially the deepest, highest, most captivating, most enduring beauty of all, that comes from the graces of the spirit, she forgets. Yet this highest beauty waits all the while to be hers if she will have it.

There is a simple German story, entitled "The Fisherman's Daughter, or How to be Beautiful," that explains well what I mean.

Runs the story: By the Great Northern Sea there once lived a fisherman with his wife and children. The oldest child, a daughter, had always wished very much to be beautiful, but now that she was almost a woman this did not seem to have been the will of the Lord, for she had hardly ever been

well a whole week in her life, and sickness is an enemy to beauty. It is true the neighbours said that she was well enough only that she had been cosseted and kept so tenderly that she was like one of those potato vines one sees in a cellar sometimes, that has grown in the dark. But neighbours often say things without knowledge, and so while her father and mother and brothers and sisters were busy at their daily toil she sat before her mirror and looked at her sallow face, and thought of all the means she had employed for mending her features, and the medicines she had taken for her health, and mourned her hard lot and said, "Oh that I had the health of my brother and the features of my younger sister and the fair complexion of the child in the cradle, for then would I be beautiful, and all would love me and I should be so happy!"

And the Lord in heaven, heard the wish she made, and he said, "her wish shall be granted, only it shall not come as she thinks." For the Lord God sends health and beauty to us mortals as he does to the lily that blooms on the water: they come on the streams that have been flowing from the creation, and in the sunshine that has never ceased shining. So the Lord sent a wind that carried away this maiden's father and mother and her oldest brother, and they never came back, and she was left alone with the little children.

Then she forgot all about her vain desire for beauty, for the angel of duty came and showed her her work. And she took care of her brothers and sisters, and gave her life to the care of them as though she had been their mother.

And it came to pass that the attention of the neighbours began to be drawn to her as it had never been, and by and by they began to say, "See, her labour hath given health, and the love she bears the children shines out through her face and makes her beautiful."

This simple story is a parable for everybody. It teaches how the truest beauty that this world knows comes to human beings. Many persons, especially many women, long selfishly for beauty—the beauty that attracts the eye, and kindles a quick and shallow admiration, and creates envy. But their longing is not answered. God has something better for them. He gives them duty instead. By and by they learn to forget themselves and to bend lovingly to their tasks. Then out of their self-forgetting, out of their love, out of the duty doing, a higher beauty is born for them—ininitely higher—a beauty which all men love, and all women too—a beauty that makes nobody envious; a beauty that endures; a beauty that makes them akin with the angels and with God; a beauty that is of the soul!

This higher beauty it is that the poet hints of when he sings:

"Beautiful faces, those that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair!

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

"Beautiful feet are they that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

"Beautiful lives are they that bless,—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess."

Does any one doubt this? I cannot doubt it. We cannot have really beautiful bodies without beautiful souls. There is no such sculptor as is the spirit within. The mind toils all its earthly years to carve a body after its likeness; and nobody and nothing can defeat its purpose. As a vacant mind

makes a blank and expressionless face, so a sensual disposition carves its sensuality on every feature of the countenance; a cold heart creates a hard and steely look; cherished hatreds make ugly features. Badness and any noble type of beauty will not long keep company. The experiment has been tried innumerable times in all the ages. But the badness in the character ere long becomes a tell-tale in the action and the look, as scrofula in the blood breaks out in sores on the skin.

On the other hand, nothing will carve the lines of a serene and noble countenance so surely as great and noble thoughts. Let a high purpose or a splendid enthusiasm burn habitually in the soul, and how certainly the face will become glorified by it! Let kindness be in the heart and what power can keep the face from revealing its sweet presence? Loveliness is only the outside of love. We are compelled to think of the angels of heaven as beautiful, because we think of them as pure, loving, and holy.

Says Emerson: "Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue."

Says Bronson Alcott: "Were we not sinners we should all be handsome."

"Everybody feels a little wronged if he or she is *not* handsome. Somebody has sinned, and this is the symbol."

Says Thoreau: We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to embrate them."

Sometimes you go to a photographer and sit for a picture. You want it a picture not of your ugliest but of your most beautiful self. What does the photographer do? Does he take a negative and then print impressions immediately from that? Not so. He does what he calls "touching up" the negative before he prints. Very likely in this process he takes out strength lines, character lines, if he be a bad artist. But if he is a good artist he only takes out ugliness lines. He notes those lines and wrinkles and expressions that have been put into your face by passion, by worry, by anxiety, by selfishness, by unkindness, by indulgence of your lower appetites, and these he rubs out, thus giving you as far as possible a picture of your face unmarred by your soul's deformities. But how very serious is the thought that your soul is thus all the while writing its character and its history on the very flesh and bones of your face. The artist can touch up his negative; can he touch up *you*? It is something to get the finger marks of passion, greed, worry, impatience, uncharitableness out of your photograph. But how much better if you can keep the ugly passions themselves out of your *souls*!

Thus we see that beauty is not primarily form or colour, or anything merely physical. It springs from sources deeper. It is life, it is spirit.

J. T. Sunderland.

Charity.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property has he left behind him; but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Mahomet.

Glimpses of Truth.

The realization of the Divine in man constitutes the most absolute and all-sufficient happiness. ARISTOTLE.



Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer, but by my own faults. ST. BERNARD.

Better the sweet kinship of pain than selfish enjoyment; better the sorrow born from sympathy than the ease of indifference. SELECTED.

We must be strong, and know that hatred is death, that love alone is life, and that according to our love, so great is the measure of the life and divinity within us.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

There is no axiom plainer than that the higher should control the lower, and no one but a positive materialist can deny that man is above his body. HENRY WOOD.

The growth and development of the soul is only a process of removing the illusive fogs and shadows which incase its inner principles. ERNEST LOOMIS.

The man who foolishly does me wrong I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. BUDDHA.

Be unselfish; have an ideal outlook; see yourself as you would like to be—healthy, happy, well adjusted to life, helpful, looking for the good, ever happy, ever young, ever hopeful, and never discouraged. HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Dream glorious dreams, splendid dreams, sweet and beautiful dreams only; know them for what they are, give them power by realizing that to you the day will come when those dreams will have taken shape in this world. ALMA GILLEN.

Do not imagine that in your attainment of individual strength, you are to lose all interest in others' affairs. You cannot be strong until you see in other men the same life that is in you, until you view others as one with you. ANON.

In the degree that we are able to get away from the limitations of the senses, and realize that so far as the real life is concerned it is one with the Infinite Life, then we begin to reach the place where we will always have the Divine illumination and guidance. To know this and to live in this realization, is not to live in heaven hereafter, but to live in heaven here and now, to-day, and every day.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Health of body is inseparable from health of mind. Can you have a raging fever in mind, fear and confusion, falsehood and hatred, jealousy and deception, and then be strong of body, calm of nerve, perfect in digestion, thorough and regular in all organic functions? Mind and body are a unit. There must and will be a likeness between the two.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

If we would be calm, quiet, strong and happy, we must live in the present, and not strain out and away into the future. It is a good plan to say: "I will live by the hour to-day; I will postpone for an hour all thoughts of fear and weakness." Then when the hour is up extend the time for another hour, and so keep on, and the result will be that you have a day of living in the present—a day of peace and strength. W. B. A.

To Live Long, Feed Wisely and Well.

By Dr. Southwood Smith.

Longevity does not mean decrepitude: decrepitude cannot be sensibly prolonged, but years of sensitive vigour may be added before it. This is a fact of deep interest. Indeed, the exact age cannot be fixed at which a man becomes old. Some are older at fifty than others at seventy, and there are cases in which a man who has reached his hundredth year is sensibly no older than most men at eighty. To add ten or twenty years to life does not add this term to the time of decrepitude, but to the time of mature manhood—the time in which the human being is capable of receiving and communicating the largest measure of the noblest kind of enjoyment.

We must assume that there is some normal age at which death is natural to man; an age, therefore, which all might attain, if all lived naturally and were born robust. What, then, hinders the attainment of the full period, besides accidents and violence, and disease from external causes? Among evil habits we here give prominence to exhausting diet. There is a certain normal rate at which the decay of tissue ought to go on in the body. When decay is more rapid than is normal, the man is *living too fast*, which must necessarily tend to shorten life.

Liebig infers, from a comparison of the secretions of animals, that the decay of tissues is more rapid in the *carnivora* than in the *herbivora*. The experiments of Dr. Fife on human respiration led to the same inference concerning a man fed on animal as compared to a man fed on vegetable food. His conclusion is corroborated by the experience of Mr. Spalding, a professional diver, who noted his consumption of oxygen in his diving-bell, and learned practically that it was wise to avoid flesh meat and spirituous liquors, as these caused him to need more oxygen. From another quarter we have casual confirmation. Drs. Mercett, Oliver, and other physiologists attest that chyle elaborated from animal food putrefies more rapidly than chyle from vegetable food. The general result that we deduce is, that under the more stimulating diet, the human machine is worked beyond its normal rapidity—a fact which must bring on earlier the time at which the solids become dry, inelastic, rigid, and finally are ossified. This is the term of natural death.

"The more slowly man grows," says Professor Hufeland, "the later he attains to maturity, and the longer his powers are in expanding, so much the longer will be the duration of his life; as the existence of a creature is lengthened by the proportion of the time required for expansion. Everything, therefore, that hastens vital consumption shortens life; and consequently the more intense the vital action the shorter the life. If you would live long, live moderately, and avoid a stimulating, heating diet, such as a good deal of fish, flesh, eggs, chocolate, wine, and spices." Animal food and all other stimulating diet, particularly in youth, do incalculable mischief, though by such slow degrees that in general the evil is neither perceived nor suspected. The stream of life is hurried on precipitately, the passions are prematurely developed, and, like a plant that has been forced too rapidly by artificial heat and stimulating composts, the organism is exhausted, and it becomes diseased and old when it would, under a more appropriate diet, have been in its perfection.

"It has been established on the best grounds," says Hufeland, "that our nourishment should be used in form rather coarse, securing full mastication and insalivation, and a

longer retention in the stomach. Plain, simple food only, promotes moderation and longevity, while compounded and luxurious food shortens life. The most extraordinary instances of longevity are to be found among those classes of mankind, who, amidst bodily labour and the open air, lead a simple life agreeable to Nature, such as farmers, gardeners, hunters, etc. The more man follows Nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer will he live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence. Rich and non-nourishing food, and an immoderate use of flesh, do not prolong life. Instances of the greatest longevity are to be found among men, who, from their youth, lived principally on vegetables, and who perhaps never tasted flesh." "It seems," says Lord Bacon, in his "Treatise on Life and Death," "to be approved by experience that a spare and almost Pythagorean diet, such as is prescribed by the strictest monastic life, or practised by hermits, is most favourable to long life."

It is said that in no part of the world (in proportion to its population) are there more instances of extreme longevity than among the Norwegian peasantry, who scarcely ever taste animal food. In the severe climate of Russia, also, where the inhabitants live on a coarse vegetable diet, there are a great many instances of advanced age. The late returns of the Greek Church population of the Russian Empire give (in the table of the deaths of the male sex) more than one thousand above a hundred years of age, many between one hundred and a hundred and forty, and four between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty. It is stated that to whatever age the Mexican Indians live, they never become gray-haired. They are represented as peaceable cultivators of the soil, subsisting constantly on vegetable food, often attaining a hundred years of age, yet still green and vigorous. Of the South American Indians, Ulloa says: "I myself have known several who, at the age of a hundred, were still very robust and active, which unquestionably must in some measure be attributed to the constant sameness and simplicity of their food." Both the Peruvian Indians and the Creoles are remarkably long-lived, and retain their faculties and vigour to a very advanced age. Slaves in the West Indies are recorded from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty years of age.

We cannot bring the argument to a scientific demonstration unless we could compare vegetable feeders with the feeders on animal food, in regard to longevity, *with all the other circumstances the same*. Nevertheless, it is clear that eminent physiologists and able impartial inquirers have been impressed with the belief that a vegetable diet *tends* to longevity. Flesh-eaters—nay, intemperate eaters and drinkers—are sometimes long-lived; but we are justified in saying that they would have lived *longer still* on a wise diet.

UNTO THE DAY.

Ask not, Lord, that life shall give to me
 All peace, and quiet sheltering from the storm;
 I would not rob my soul's experience
 By asking that the sun shine ever warm.
 I only pray, my Lord, whate'er befall,
 "Give Thou me grace to triumph o'er it all."
 Come storm, come shine, let my life ordered be
 In each degree as seemeth to Thee best.
 I know that every day is destiny;
 My soul's assurance folds its wings in rest.
 Whatever comes, I only ask of Thee:
 Unto the day my strength sufficient be.

Bessie Johnson-Bellam.

Editorial Notes.

I have just been reading a short article in the *Journal of Science*, for 1882, by the late eminent authority, W. Mattieu Williams. He died before *The Herald*



THE BENEFICENT GOURMAND.

Our carnivorous proceedings—he says—are most beneficent in reference to animal life. There are no creatures on the face of earth who lead, from a purely animal point of view, so enviable a life as those which constitute our flocks and herds, and our domestic poultry.

They are provided with food and lodging of the very best kind they are capable of enjoying. The best efforts of science, are devoted to the selection of their food, and prizes are given to those who are the most successful in pampering them. They are supplied with human servants, who tend them with the greatest care, who drive away their natural enemies (flies and maggots included), who watch the state of their health, nurse them when ill, supply them with medicine, and do everything possible for their general welfare.

In all this world of ours there is no other set of animals enjoying so much animal happiness as these, and yet the sentimental vegetarians cruelly advocate the extinction of all this pastoral bliss, which has been a leading theme to poets of all ages.

THE APOLOGISTS OF SLAVERY.

Now this is just the way of old slave owners. How they did puff out their stomachs, and put their thumbs in their capacious waistcoat pockets, and blow out their fat cheeks, and roll their pious eyes, and say that a slave-owner was the pride of God's creation, that he was a benefactor of humanity, and a real father to the negro race.

You might talk about the degradation of character that resulted from keeping slaves, you might proclaim the terrible cruelties and brutalities that in fact existed, you might point to that longing for freedom which is innate in every living breast, but no matter, the slave advocate would always stick to his text—"the animals—niggers I mean, are better cared for, and ought to be happier, as slaves—with food, shelter, doctor, schools, etc., all provided—than they would be as starving freed men. Your advocates of the abolition of slavery are the greatest enemies that the poor niggers ever had!" Mr. Mattieu William's argument is similar in principle.

ANIMALS AS FRIENDS, NOT LARDERS.

As to wild animals, if they are happier in a cage with food and water and shelter provided, why do they die sooner than in their natural habitats?

As to domestic animals, we look after our dogs and our horses as well as we do after our cows and our sheep, but we do not demoralise ourselves by looking on them always as so much carcase. In a way, the former are our friends and not merely our larders.

DEATH IS A LAW OF NATURE.

But perhaps it will be replied—Mr. Williams goes on to say—we undo and reverse all this by killing them at last. If we are to be denounced for giving life and happiness to each individual for a limited period only, then must vegetarians similarly denounce the Creator and ourselves, and all the rest of the animal world, for giving us life, and at the same time making death one of its necessary conditions.

THE WHOLE THING IS WRONG.

What I object to is not the mere act of killing animals, but the whole tone of human opinion, which looks upon animals as only so much flesh and so much offal, and allows market exigencies to be the criterion of treatment,

Some animals might not be benefited by the abolition of flesh-eating, but all humans who voluntarily abstained from feeding upon flesh from motives of pity, of compassion, or of justice to the animal world, would thereby bring a benefit upon themselves and upon the human race as a whole.

SCIENCE APPROVES.

The vegetarian—who continues—who bases his system of diet on pure and unaffected selfishness, without any goody-goody pretences, may be perfectly consistent in believing that it is better to prepare the organic compounds and vegetables by the aid of scientific cooking, than by passing them through the digestive and assimilating organs of animals.

INSTINCT APPROVES.

He has, within reach, physiological arguments that are not easily refuted, especially in a warm climate, and he may fairly add to these the natural instinct or sentiment that regards the carcase of a red-blooded animal as a very repulsive object; but from the humanitarian point of view he is far more cruel than the flesh-eater, not only for the reasons above stated, but on account of the number of individual animals he slaughters, if mere killing is to be regarded as cruelty; for the boiling of a cabbage involves the immolation of innocent slugs and caterpillars, and tens of hundreds of thousands of aphides are sacrificed in topping a row of broad beans, to say nothing of millions of Colorado beetles that have been mercilessly murdered in order that ruthless, selfish man may satisfy his greed for potatoes.

STILL UNNECESSARY.

He admits that Science has much to say for us, and that a refined instinct revolts against the idea of eating the red flesh of a highly developed animal, but he fails entirely in his idea of proportion. A vegetarian does not eat more cabbages or broad beans than a meat-eater, and therefore does not kill more slugs or caterpillars or aphides.

PROPORTION.

I will write an article shortly on this interesting subject, for it is a stock joke of the irreverent scoffer that because a vegetarian of necessity destroys the lives of countless animalculæ in the air and the water that he breathes and drinks, he ought therefore of logical necessity to voluntarily go and cut the throat of a gentle, sensitive, highly developed mother cow, and eat her red flesh for his dinner! What nonsense!

THE LAW OF FORCE.

If the Scheme of the Creator—Mr. Williams continues—were based on the principle of sacrificing the higher animals for the benefit of the lower, and the race for the individual, the anti-vivisection, sentimental, and the vegetarian sisterhood, would be in harmony with Nature; but as it is they should open their meetings not with prayer and praises, but with the denunciation of the Omnipotent, who has constructed this world and all its inhabitants on a principle diametrically opposed to their superior ideal.

They should revert to the ancient idolaters, who worshipped bulls and snakes and beetles in temples erected to their honour.

THE DIVINE IDEAL.

Surely one may leave these last sentences to answer themselves. There is hardly anyone who believes in scientific religion who thinks that the law of force is the ultimate.

If Science teaches anything at all in the region of morals, it teaches the eternal supremacy of co-operation over antagonism, of gentleness over ferocity, and of love over hate. Members of The Order therefore abstain from flesh-eating by the very reason of their belief in the lovingkindness and tender mercies of God.

MISSIONERS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Who is next going to stir up his own town to think about food reform? Mr. Sidney Beard gave a magnificent lecture at Paignton a few weeks ago, in which he dealt exhaustively with the scientific and moral aspects of vegetarianism. At the close Dr. Alexander felt obliged to confess that "There is a great deal of excessive meat eating in this country, and very many people eat more than is good for them . . . in hot countries it is much better to do with less meat; in fact,

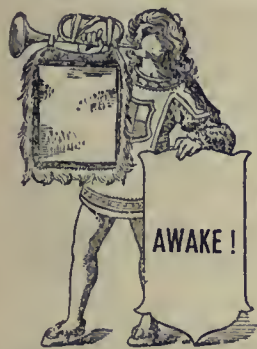
it can be done without altogether. I have never questioned," he added, "the fact that man can live without flesh food, and very well."

These are not bad admissions for the chief critic of the lecture. The editor of *The Paignton Observer* gave over two columns to a report of the lecture, and in his own notes upon it said "The local question of the hour seems to be vegetarianism. Mr. Beard is a master of his subject . . . and his address was eagerly anticipated. Mr. Beard makes no bones about condemning meat eating, which he considers injurious and unnecessary. The latter it undoubtedly is!"

This concedes all that I have ever asked from an opponent. If flesh-eating is unnecessary, why eat it? I have never had this question answered yet.

* * *

Not on the platform only but in the press too are the pioneers of the dawn to be found speaking straight and writing true.



Readers of the *New Age* have had a clarion call from the Rev. Arthur Harvie, and some of them are waking from their slumbers and calling for armour and weapons to fit them for the fray.

Stay not, spare not, rest not, the battle is not to the weary, nor the victory to the idle ones. Up and ever doing, in some way, in your best way, is the only way in which you who have seen the light can fulfil your duty.

The million daily readers of newspapers are willing to listen, to read, and to learn. Hold not back, then, but speak out, sound the right and the true. Here is an example—a few extracts from Mr. Harvie's letter. Take up your burden, too, and emulate his zeal:—

Many have caught themselves wishing that their lot had been cast in an age when some great moral crisis had been reached and martyrdoms were the order of the day. They have looked back at the times of the Reformation, the Puritan Revolt, or the Anti-Slavery Movement, with longing eyes, feeling that the present contains no such possibilities as those past days for splendid heroism on behalf of unpopular but Divinely inspired reforms.

A hundred years from now men will be envying this generation its opportunity of doing pioneer work in the greatest reform the Western world has known; I refer, of course, to the humanitarian movement in favour of a change in our present methods of diet.

A mere handful of men and women have perceived that flesh-eating is immoral, and consequently they abjure the practice. The great bulk of the people are against them, these new Reformers find just as much opposition in the Christian Churches as in any other collections of men; the Press is against them; orthodox medical science is against them also; few men of power and influence are on their side, while wealth, fashion and "Demos" ignore them entirely. Here is the Reformation over again, here is the Anti-Slavery campaign paralleled in our own day only with this difference, that the matters involved are a hundred-fold more important.

The rights of animals to enjoy their life to the full and to be spared the tortures of the cattle-market, the cattle-ship, the cattle-train, and finally the slaughter-house, are—in the eyes of these food reformers—sacred, and all the more so because our lesser brethren are incapable of asserting and securing them for themselves.

The inevitable degradation of thousands of men, and alas of many women, in connection with the provision of flesh-food, weighs heavily on our hearts and is alone sufficient to determine our course of action.

The fact that a bloodless diet is not only practical but when once adopted pleasanter, healthier and cheaper than the ordinary, is a small matter compared with the ethical imperative by which so many of us are driven to what the world calls "Vegetarianism."

The day is near when flesh-eaters will have to act on the defensive and Christians be called upon to explain why without necessity they shed innocent blood.

* * *

A word of kindness to a worker is like oil to a wheel. Both work on more smoothly and beautifully for a long time after.

HELPFUL LETTERS.

Here are just a few extracts from numberless letters that come to hand and gladden the hearts of the Executive. They encourage and cheer and strengthen, and where heads are weary and hearts are aching in despair,

a warm letter of appreciation comes like balm to the soul, "and hearts are brave again and arms are strong," and once again the shout of Alleluia "can ring out clear and loud.

A correspondent from Airdrie, N.B., writes:—

For some years I was a slave of Determinism and Agnosticism. I found them very unsatisfactory with respect to a philosophy of life, and they gave me a most unhappy time, for my sympathies were all the other way; but your writings (i.e. Mr. Beard's writings), opened my eyes to the fact that there is a God with whom we may be in communion.

You have shown me that there is a spiritual life when I thought a correct moral life the highest ideal.

Another correspondent from Hampstead writes:—

"You cannot think how greatly *The Herald* helps and strengthens me each month, and what happiness it gives me to receive it. Tremendous, indeed, would be its influence in the world if all alike were spurred onward and uplifted, and brought nearer to God . . . I will do, as a sacred duty, all that I am able to do to make it known."

* * *

Here is a charmingly earnest and helpful letter from India.

WHO WILL OFFER A PRIZE?

Who will help to raise the requisite fund for offering prizes?

Mr. Laxmidas is quite right; if you want the young generation to understand vegetarianism and to be well grounded in its tenets, it is no good handing them tracts or books to look at. *They must study the subject.* To induce them to do this, prizes may well be offered. One prize of a guinea, ten prizes of half-a-guinea, and ten prizes of five shillings, and a couple of pounds spent on bringing the competition before the scholars of a thousand schools, would be ten guineas well spent.

Who will help to cover this sum?

This is Mr. Laxmidas' letter.

I have read your Order's pamphlet *Is Flesh-Eating Morally Defensible?* by Mr. Sidney H. Beard. The learned and humane hearted writer has so well advocated the cause of vegetarianism that I venture to make the following suggestion to you, in order that the light shed by Mr. Beard may be spread far and wide.

If you will advertise two cash prizes of, say, five pounds each, for the best summary of the pamphlet, not exceeding one hundred lines, a large number of school and college students will be tempted to carefully study its contents, and this may result in the conversion of at least a few of them. In my opinion, this plan will be more effective than mere distribution of humane literature which may, or may not be read carefully.

I am a poor man, and have to send trifling sums every year to certain humane societies, so I am obliged to send you only one shilling towards the raising of the ten pounds for this year. If you cannot agree with me as to the plan above suggested, I beg you to keep the shilling as an humble donation to your Order for this year.

* * *

NINETEEN CONVERTS.

It is a far cry from India to America, but even thus far has the fire spread, and the flame is carrying into men's hearts the bright beauty of the sacrificial life.

Here is a message from Miss Lydia Irons, of Idaho, which gladdens one to read:—

"It is really wonderful how our cause is spreading out, even to the support of strictly vegetarian restaurants in almost all cities of any size in the U.S.A. There is very much to encourage the workers, yet the field of labour is an immense one, and there seems no end to the work that needs to be done. If I could take time to give you a detailed account of the growth of sentiment as I observe it, just within the past six or seven years, I know it would rejoice your heart. One incident will show you how the least little influence will spread. Five years or more ago, while in the field lecturing on the abomination of vivisection, I was entertained by a lady of high social standing. She gave a reception for me, and out of respect for my feelings, as I afterwards learned, she served only a light lunch, with no flesh foods or wines. To some of her intimate friends she explained that I was a total abstainer and "ate no meats." At the time I had no idea that I was the cause of the beautifully served lunch of fruits, nuts, wafers, etc., and hot and cold lemonade; or that I was the object of great wonderment that I could go through three lectures daily, with receptions thrown in, and look plump and hearty and able to tire them all out climbing to mountain peaks, and searching the ocean beach for miles for shells. But it seems I was a conundrum to the whole party, and after my departure became a subject of discussion, and only a few weeks ago one of the party told me that out of that social event NINETEEN people had grown to be vegetarians, and all claim that as their first awakening, while many more are almost persuaded. I was unconscious of the fact that I was making any impression. I simply said at the breakfast-table the first morning that "I ate no flesh food because I did not believe I had any right to take life, or cause it to be taken, when the earth was full of better and healthier food." So, verily, "how great a blaze a little fire kindleth."

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS. You cannot make a watch without a mainspring, nor create a local society without pre-existing enthusiasm.

Where the spirit exists it will sooner or later clothe itself with the material gown of a bodily organization, and, if the spirit be right, the body will be full of vitality, whatever its gown may be.

Miss Redfern, of Hanley, has felt the mission call, and, unable to sit still and enjoy her treasure in solitude, she is setting to work to spread the light in an eminently practical way. She writes:—

Being an Associate of The Order of the Golden Age, as you are aware, I have been considering for some time how I might help to assist the above Movement in a practical manner, and after a careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that with the aid of a few friends a small organization might be formed amongst ourselves, which would attain this end.

Miss Redfern has drawn up the basis for a local Club, and its high aims are manifest from the rules which she suggests.

Here are one or two:—

1.—That we bind ourselves together in order to support to the utmost of our ability the efforts of all Humanitarian and Food Reform Movements, and that we therefore agree to abstain from flesh and fowl as food, and from all fish, the preparation for the sale of which involves cruelty and suffering.

2.—To regard it as our bounden duty to make ourselves acquainted by observation and reading with the suffering and misery going on around us, particularly that touching the lower animal creation as being the least protected. To assert our own individuality and the right to think for ourselves, never hesitating to make known our principles on right occasions, and when opportunity serves. To study the Bible with the object of more clearly understanding its precepts, and to submit all the facts we glean to the test of our own Consciences, the Christian Faith, and Common Sense. And having made any decision after such careful consideration, to see that we carry it out in ourselves both according to the letter and the spirit.

3.—To make known to all our friends, acquaintances, neighbours, and whomever else we may come in contact with, our principles and work. To refer to the same in all our private letters, and to enclose in the same Pamphlets, Leaflets, etc., likely to awaken thought in those who may be in ignorance of the facts we bring before them, and who may not have hitherto given the matter consideration, nor looked upon it in the light of Humanitarianism, etc.; and to consider it absolutely wrong to withhold anything which may tend to change for the better the current of a person's thoughts, and consequently his life.

4.—That the result of the above efforts be to induce others to either subscribe to *The Herald of the Golden Age*, or to become Members of The Order.

* * *

The effect of such work as this is incalculable. I have already received a letter from one lady who has joined herself to the mission, and who writes:

A few of us have joined our forces together to spread the glad message of *The Golden Age*. We have encountered many to whom the idea of killing animals for food is repugnant, but who like myself find it so difficult to procure vegetarian food. We are distributing pamphlets and leaflets and doing all in our power to enrol others on the side of Justice, Mercy and Love, and by shewing up the evils of butchery, to induce them to adopt a pure bloodless diet.

I hope next month to be able to give a report from Miss Redfern of what has been accomplished.

Who will follow in this lady pioneer's footsteps, and institute local missions of The Order in their own towns?

* * *

A GREEK ENTHUSIAST.

Mr. Nemati, the Secretary of the Budapest Vegetarian Society, is now in London studying Egyptology and folk lore at the British Museum.

He is a keen and ardent disciple of the scientific and spiritual bases of food reform, and is eagerly anxious to spread the Gospel throughout Hungary.

He is the author of a number of scientific works tracing the relationship between the Magyar language and the Cuneiform inscriptions. He has original ideas about the mystery meaning of the Sphinx, and I believe he intends to deliver to the world, in due course, his views on the subject, and to unfold some of the secret wisdom of the ancient sages.

He is trying to discover the fountain of their knowledge on health. He is not seeking to discover the cause and cure of Disease, but to solve the secret of Vital Health and of Life.

Mr. Nemati does not yet speak English, but vegetarians who speak German or French will find him a delight-

ful enthusiast, ready to talk, and anxious to learn. As Mr. Nemati purposes staying in England some time, I hope many members of The Order will have the opportunity of making his acquaintance.

* * *

THE SALISBURY TREATMENT.

Vegetarians sometimes have the Salisbury treatment thrown at them as if it were one of the most valuable methods of curing disease. People talk about the Salisbury treatment as if it were a weighty

argument against the adoption of a reformed dietary. But it is nothing of the sort.

* * *

THE ISLAND CHIEF'S LOGIC.

I remember hearing the story of a South Sea Islander who told a missionary in all good faith that his child's life had been saved by human flesh, as that was the only thing the little girl could be tempted to eat when she was so ill.

To the good chief this seemed a perfectly sound argument. The life of a chief's daughter was worth many slaves, and why should they not be sacrificed for her sake?

It was useless for the enthusiastic missionary to point out that there was no special nutriment to be got out of human flesh that could not be got out of other forms of meat, and that therefore since cannibalism was not necessary it was *wrong*.

The Island Chief would have his way—"The child was ill. Human flesh had saved her life. Cannibalism, therefore, must not be abolished."

* * *

THE DYSPEPTIC'S LOGIC.

The arguments of to-day, based upon the value of the Salisbury treatment, are just as primitive, just as selfish, and just as materialistic. "A friend of mine had very bad indigestion. She could eat

nothing. She was put on chopped beef and hot water. She made great improvement. Vegetarianism, therefore, is impossible!"

What an absurdity, when you come to think of it. As if every remedy, orthodox or quack, pills, powders, ointments, dietaries, systems, or what not, could not all produce scores of cases where the sufferers had previously tried everything, and all without avail, until at last the one thing which is being advertised is found efficacious!

* * *

THE VALUE OF THE CURES.

It is quite true that a large number of people have been physically benefited—and very materially benefited—by a more or less exclusive dietary of beef

and hot water.

In the same way, too, many lives have been saved by the prompt and judicious use of brandy.

Yet these facts destroy neither the scientific nor the moral basis of teetotalism. They destroy neither the scientific nor the moral basis of vegetarianism.

The records of the Temperance Hospital show that there are many other non-alcoholic substitutes equally efficacious with brandy.

The records of the Vegetarian Hospital show that there are plenty of other substitutes equally efficacious with beef!

* * *

IS FLESH FOOD NECESSARY?

Like the human flesh for the chief's daughter; no one disputes its value, but everyone disputes its necessity, and many therefore declare that cannibalism not

being necessary is *wrong*. I do not for a moment suggest that animal flesh-eating and cannibalism are in any way comparable from a moral point of view, but I give the illustration to press home a no less real truth, that no flesh-eating is necessary, and, therefore, to those who are conscious of this knowledge it is *wrong*.

Health Advice.

"It is better to keep well when you are well, than to risk being cured after falling sick."

There is so much interest being taken in the hygienic cure of consumption that the words of a medical writer in *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal* are worth reproducing. They show how far common sense is now beginning to dominate old customs, and how the mischievous coddling of our grandmother doctors is being replaced by a vigorous attempt to increase vitality by the influence of sunshine and fresh air, and simple nutritious feeding.

* * *

Since vitiated air, says the writer, and all that makes air vitiated, favours the growth of the bacillus, we must place our patient in good *fresh air*. Since it is a lover of darkness, we must give our patient as much *sunlight* as possible. Since it thrives best when the patient is inadequately fed as regards both quantity and quality of food, we must *feed* our patients well.

* * *

Then the influence of the mental condition of the patient is very striking. In no disease is the interaction of body and mind more noticeable or important. Excitement of all kinds is favourable to the bacillus; and hence comes another indication for treatment—*mental and bodily quiet*. Then there is a characteristic which has been long recognised, viz. *hopefulness*, and this in spite of all that might tend to make the patient the reverse; and recognising this characteristic helps much in the treatment. It is a trait that must be encouraged; and, given the conditions for successful treatment, we can confidently do so.

* * *

As regards the *climate*. I believe we shall need to do away with a good many preconceived ideas about this, as also about other features of the treatment of tuberculosis. Our prejudices are very deeply rooted; and this has many advantages, and no doubt prevents us from running hastily after every new thing that turns up; but still it has its drawbacks. We think at once of the great superiority of mountain air, where a maximum amount of sunshine is; and doubtless this sort of climate is suitable for certain forms and certain stages of pulmonary tuberculosis. On the other hand, this sort of climate is positively injurious to some, and they are better suited, as experience has shown, by a less elevated, moist, and humid climate. I believe that the future will show that, taking all cases together, our own much-abused climate will not be found so unsuitable after all.

* * *

The main essentials of the *site* are easily summed up:

1. The *air* should be pure and absolutely free from all soot of large towns and from dust.
2. The *soil* should allow the water readily to drain away.
3. There should be *shelter* from prevailing winds, best obtained by building on the slope of a hill, so that the summit affords the shelter; or it should be obtained by a bank of trees.
4. There should be a maximum amount of *sunshine*.

* * *

We need to look boldly upon a very large number of cases of pulmonary tuberculosis as being curable, and not merely those which we term incipient phthisis.

A patient is cured when there are no longer any signs or symptoms of active disease.

* * *

Some patients may be cured, and remain cured, after six months under treatment; others say after a year, others would need a considerably more prolonged stay. For a large number this will obviously not be practicable; but if we cannot cure them, we can do the next best thing—teach them

upon what lines they must proceed if they wish to become cured; teach them how to manage their lives. They must be drilled—drilled into a mode of life the exact opposite in many cases to that to which they have been accustomed—and they must be so effectually drilled that the new mode will become to them a second nature.

True Hygiene.

(For the Meeting of the National Sanitary Association, 1860).

What though our tempered poisons save
Some wrecks of life from aches and ails;
Those grand specifics Nature gave
Were never poised by weights or scales!

God lent His creatures light and air,
And waters open to the skies;
Man locks him in a stifling lair,
And wonders why his brother dies!

In vain our pitying tears are shed,
In vain we rear the sheltering pile,
Where Art weeds out from bed to bed
The plagues we planted by the mile!

Be that the glory of the past;
With these our sacred toils begin:
So flies in tatters from its mast
The yellow flag of sloth and sin.

And lo! the starry folds reveal
The blazoned truth we hold so dear:
To guard is better than to heal,—
The shield is nobler than the spear!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Should Women Shoot?

It seems almost a contradiction in terms to ask this question, so inconsistent is any form of butchery with one's idea of a womanly woman, whose mission,

surely, it should be to cherish life rather than to destroy it. Within the last few months I have asked many of my women friends the question, "Would you eat animals if you had to kill them yourself?" And in every case I have met with an unhesitating "No," in reply. But custom renders one callous, even to killing.



We have had to grow accustomed during the last few years to women

in all sorts of masculine positions, but it is to be hoped that women as a body will make a very strong protest before they accept their sex as butchers or sportswomen.

Miss Isabel Savory, in her painful and repellent article, "In the Himalayas with a Rifle," says: "Women do not shoot with their husbands and brothers nearly as much as they might do, provided they are the right sort of women." One is inclined to ask if the authoress did not make a slip there; surely she must have intended to write, "if they are the *wrong* sort of women?" Women who can gloat over the dabbled plumage of beautiful birds, over the pain and terror of wounded beasts, must be entirely destitute of the tenderness of heart and daintiness of feeling that have hitherto been linked with their name.

"What a good feeling it is," says Miss Savory, "to be fit and well, to have your nerves steady and your head cool, to awake every morning simply revelling in being alive in the almost "fizzing air." And yet Miss Savory's keenest delight is to rob others of this great enjoyment, to risk the necks of herself and her party in order to attain some vantage ground where, sneaking in a tree or behind a rock, she may shoot the unsuspecting creatures that are harming no one, but enjoying their rightful heritage, the "fizzing" air, as much as she enjoys it herself. Does Miss Savory ever remember that the rainbow she so much admires across the hills was placed there in token of a covenant—not with herself alone or with her species alone—but with "*every living creature*?" The splendid great goats feeding quietly on their remote native hills, unsuspecting of harm, fill her with no admiration, only with chuckling delight that she should carry home their maimed heads and mangled skins. If she missed her shot she felt "inclined to commit suicide," if on the contrary she came across blood marks showing that she had wounded the poor beast her "spirits went up mountains high!"

Miss Savory shows her public very plainly in this article what the mothers and daughters of England will become if they follow her advice, and go shooting with their husbands and brothers. We have not yet become reconciled to the woman in knickerbockers on a bicycle, there are still many parts of the country where she is most unwelcome; but the woman in knickerbockers, standing safely up in a tree with a gun, whilst beautiful wild creatures are driven out for her to shoot, is a spectacle that it is devoutly to be hoped may not be seen twice in one century on this planet, and that it is still more devoutly to be hoped we shall never encourage.

But who can say when one learns that ladies welcomed here in high society are skilled pig-stickers!

What has become of the delightful tender hearted woman, in soft swishing skirts fragrant of roses and lavender, who screamed at the sight of a gun and cried if her cat caught a mouse or a bird. Are we to lose her altogether?

Ellen Tighe Hopkins.

Our "Difficulties" Column.

I was so glad to see that you had commenced a "Difficulties" column. It will be most useful and helpful, and I hope that scores of friends who feel perplexed will apply to you for help in their troubles.

Now I am going to accept your invitation, and tell you how many difficulties were smoothed away from me in my early days by the wise advice of a vegetarian of many years standing.

I was anxious to give up meat-eating, but somehow hung back from making the final plunge, and so I kept beating about the bush, like a good many others do, and made a great fuss about my difficulties. "What," I asked, "would become of the animals if everybody gave up eating their dead bodies?"

"In what way can I get enough nitrogen if I don't eat flesh?" I kept repeating as I continued my attack on the cold joint.

"What shall we do for leather for our boots if animals are not eaten?" was another pet question that I felt proud of trotting out.

Now, I wasn't really frivolous, and I didn't keep advancing my problems merely for the sake of argument.

I was really in earnest in my spirit, but my body pleaded with me for meat, and I hardly dared to think of giving up all the things I was so fond of.

I hardly felt as if I *could* give up my ham and eggs for breakfast, and then smoked haddock was a special weakness, while I hardly liked to think of what my Sunday's dinner would be without the roast beef.

Yesterday, too, I had some fried sausages for dinner, and at the picnic in the afternoon there was cold pork pie, and, as I ate and enjoyed, I asked myself whether I really *could* bid good-bye for ever to these toothsome dainties.

So I eased my conscience by leaning hard on my "difficulties."

I might have gone on from that day to this, always drawn *forward* by my conscience and *backward* by my appetite, and always satisfying *both* by giving the one "difficulties" to tackle and by giving the other the meat it craved for, only that one day I was talking with a sweet, genial old clergyman, and was, as usual, trotting out my well-worn objections with my usual complacency, when he stopped me.

"Do you believe in God?" he queried.

"Certainly," I answered.

"Well then, how do you account for evil in the world if God is Omnipotent, Omnipresent and All Good?"

"Well, to be quite candid with you, I've heard heaps of explanations about it, but I confess I never could quite understand it."

"Then don't believe in God till you can," he replied, very shortly and sharply.

"Oh, come," I answered, "don't say that. Don't you remember Newman's famous dictum—'difficulties are not doubts.' The arguments *for*," I went on, with some warmth, for it was a favourite line of dogmatic argument with me, "must be weighed side by side with the arguments *against*, and if I find the arguments in favour overbalance those to the contrary, I must accept them and be willing to wait for a wider knowledge and a greater light to enable me to solve the difficulties which I do not now understand."

"Quite right," he answered, "do the same about vegetarianism. You know that flesh-eating is somehow wrong; you may not know quite how, but that does not matter, give it up, and perhaps sometime you will understand the answers to your present difficulties—and perhaps not—and even if not, what does it matter? We are not sent here to solve abstract problems, but *to do good and to be good.*"

I gave up eating meat the same day. Some of the difficulties I have since solved, and for the solution of others I am still waiting—patiently waiting, for I know that I am in the right, and so can afford to wait. Yours faithfully,

Malachi Moss.

Can anyone advise whether a nurse in an ordinary Hospital could be a vegetarian?

R. Enners.

Would one of your readers who understands children explain why it is that they put on flesh and colour so much more rapidly on a vegetarian dietary, and why it is that meat-eating children have such a high mortality and suffer so largely from rickets and other diseases?

Country Farm.

Mr. James McErrol sends a further contribution to the Biblical Difficulty Problem, but it is unavoidably crowded out for want of space.—Ed., H.G.A.

The Gospel of Humanity.

By the Rev. Prebendary Moss,
Head Master of Shrewsbury School.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."
Deut. xxv. 4.

This is something more than a moral precept; it breathes the spirit of chivalry. It reads like the product of a far later age than that in which it was framed. For, that animals have rights, is a modern idea—an idea which even in our own day is recognised only partially and imperfectly. The words read as though the lawgiver's conscience were illuminated by a sudden flash of insight. "It is fair that even the poor labouring ox should partake of the food which he is preparing for the use of man: let him receive as well as give." St. Paul quotes the words of the text twice, in the first Epistle to the Corinthians and in the first Epistle of S. Timothy; and in both passages draws from it the inference that Christ's ministers have a just claim on the laity for support. When writing to the Corinthians he rushes, in his impetuous way, straight at his immediate object, and asks the question—"Is it for the oxen that God careth, or saith He it altogether for our sake?" replying to himself thus—"Yea, for our sake it was written." But let no one make the mistake of supposing that St. Paul here denies the direct and natural application of the commandment. It is only his way of throwing his own use of it into strong relief. The same mode of speech is found elsewhere in Scripture. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," does not forbid sacrifice; it lays the strongest possible stress on the duty of mercy.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." The Jew, then, was to be grateful and generous to the animal that helped him, not to treat it in a grudging and churlish spirit. As we read, it is impossible to help wondering which object was more prominent in the lawgiver's mind, the good of the ox, or the refinement and elevation of its master's character.

Surely, few things are more mysterious than the purpose and destination of the animal life which abounds around us. In its higher forms its framework is curiously like that of human beings; its sensations are similar to our own; it is capable of pleasure and pain. There are animals which appear to share some even of our moral qualities—fidelity, dutifulness, sensitiveness to praise and blame, reverence, affection. The affection of dogs for their masters sometimes outlasts human friendships. Some will remember the scene in the "Odyssey," where Argus, the dog of Ulysses, recognises in spite of his disguise, the master whom he has not seen for close upon twenty years, and then dies instantaneously, as though in an ecstasy of joy. Very likely, this touching picture is drawn from life.

No doubt, there is a clear line of demarcation between the highest development of animal faculty and the lowest type of manhood. Man claims as his own a larger world of thought, imagination, and hope, into which no animal can follow him. He believes that he is destined for another life, where he may work out the innermost law of his being under new and more favourable conditions. He has faith in God's justice, and is confident that the Almighty will right the scale hereafter, if it has inclined against him here. But, quite arbitrarily, so far as I know, he ruthlessly shuts animals out from this loftier sphere of compensation.* Whenever *man* suffers unjustly, an

ample atonement awaits him in another world. The life of a *horse* or a *dog* may be one long misery, but it must terminate here, with its wretchedness unrelieved, its wrongs unredressed. Whether there is room for such redress in that eternal order which Christ has revealed, who shall say? Certainly he is a bold man who presumes to make his own narrow ideas of what is possible the limit of God's intentions. Is there not a truer wisdom as well as a deeper faith in the ancient utterance—"Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

You must not suppose that these reflections are unnecessary. It is said that, when Italians of the lower classes are remonstrated with about their cruelty to animals, the reply is almost invariably, "Oh! an animal has not a soul." As though that fact, if it *is* a fact, excluded the brute creation at once from the range of man's sympathy and God's pity. What a different spirit is displayed in our Lord's words—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father."

Men are the earthly providence of any animals which they have attached to themselves. We exact from these animals such service as they can give, and, so far, we are within our right. Is it only quixotic—or is it not rather the natural impulse of a generous mind—to extend some little kindness to these poor servants of ours? They have been deprived of their inheritance of freedom in order that they may minister to our needs. It seems only fair that we should recompense them in some way for what they have lost.

"Oh! but," it is sometimes urged, "why should we treat animals better than Nature treats them? The weaker animals are often the prey of the stronger: they can hardly suffer more from human ill-treatment than they suffer in their natural state: think of the cruelty of the lion, the tiger, or the wolf; and, if they escape the persecution of such enemies as these, they are only too likely to experience untold agonies from cold, disease, and starvation, before death finally relieves them from their misery." In the first place, I would answer, it is hard for us to judge, how much the loss of liberty means to a beast or a bird. It is highly probable that these creatures never enjoy the same degree of happiness under any artificial conditions, however favourable, as in their natural environment. But, in the second place, why should we invoke, as a justification of our behaviour to animals, a principle on which we should be ashamed to act in relation to human beings? If Nature is permitted to work out her will without let or hindrance, she will visit whole regions with famine or pestilence, and exact millions of victims, before her wrath is appeased; she will strew long reaches of coast with the fragments of the vessels which she has destroyed, involving in a common doom young and old, rich and poor, good men and evil. Mercy, sympathy, kindness—she is a stranger to them all, at least in her harsher moods. But man owns a nobler, a more exalted, law, than that of Nature. Even the heathen poet could speak of tenderness of heart as the special prerogative of the human race. And Christianity has fortified the sentiment of brotherly kindness with a divine sanction.

What would be thought of one of us, if he refused to help a shipwrecked sailor, or a workman crippled by an unavoidable accident, because, forsooth, his misfortune was only the result of a natural law? It is in order to *counteract* natural laws that refuges, hospitals, orphanages, asylums, and multitudes of similar institutions, have been founded in our midst. I confess that I fail to see, on what logical ground, while we so often decline to accept the pitiless awards of Nature, where

* For a further discussion upon the question of a future life for animals see "Are Animals Immortal?" 1/- per 100.

we ourselves are concerned, we can appeal to the operation of natural law as an extenuation of human neglect, or human ill-usage, of animals.

We have no right to exclude anything which God has made from the benefits of Christ's redemption. In a very different degree, of course, but not the less really, the brute creation must have its share in that immeasurably great event,—must have its share, directly perhaps, but indirectly beyond all doubt. It is simply incredible that anyone whose spirit has been enlightened by the spirit of Christ, whose will has been brought into living contact with the mind of Christ, could deliberately act with cruelty or selfishness or want of consideration—even to an animal. Ask yourselves this question. However high an opinion you might have formed of the character of anyone, would he not instantly sink in your esteem—would you not feel at once, and rightly feel, that you had been mistaken in him—if you ascertained that he had been guilty of cruelty to a brute beast that was dependent upon him, yes, or to any animal under any circumstances? You would know at once that he could not be a genuine Christian.

No sentient being is outside the scope of God's loving compassion; and those are most like God who discern a sanctity in everything that He has made—whose kindness of heart refuses to shut itself up within any conventional limits.

Household Wisdom.

A word about soups. It is not difficult to make very good vegetarian soups, but there are one or two little hints which make all the difference in the result obtained.



One is always to fry in nucoline or butter, or some other fat, the vegetables of which the soup is to be made, for ten or fifteen minutes, before adding the stock or water.

Secondly, if possible, have some vegetable stock, *i.e.*, water in which vegetables have been cooked, to use, instead of plain water. Rice water, barley water, or oat-enade, too, will help to make a better soup.

Thirdly, always make your soup a day before it is wanted. If you have not tried this you will be surprised at the difference in the flavour of the soup after it has been standing (before straining), for 24 hours.

A great many people find a difficulty in beginning a pure diet, because their appetites crave for what they describe as "something tasty." May I suggest to these that it is generally the innocent and pleasant "Accompaniments" which add relish to the meal, and there are many dishes which may be improved—almost out of knowledge—by being served with good brown gravy, bread sauce, apple sauce, forcemeat balls, or even sage and onions.

A real Yorkshire pudding (not the stodgy batter pudding, which so often masquerades as "Yorkshire,") served with greens, potatoes, brown gravy, and apple sauce, provides a dinner, satisfying, and at the same time delightfully full-flavoured and tasty, and rich in the most essential elements of nutrition.

A real Yorkshire pudding should be light, as light almost as custard, and not thicker than a quarter-of-an-inch. I will give the recipe below, with directions how to make it.

Dried mushrooms are a great help in vegetarian cookery, but they are not to be procured at the shops. They are, however, so little trouble to prepare, and so *very* useful, that I can only advise my readers to lay in a good stock when mushrooms are cheap. Each time that I buy mushrooms for use, I take just a few of them, put them in a wire sieve in a warm place (not hot), and leave them until they are apparently shrivelled up and quite dry. They can then be put away in a bag or box until wanted. I must, however, warn you that they will smell somewhat strong during this drying, and even when dried the odour of them is by no means so pleasant as that of fresh mushrooms, but that will not affect the flavour when cooked. They are a delightful addition to vegetable pies, and invaluable as a flavouring for soups and gravies.

* * *

Yorkshire Pudding.

Ingredients.—4 level tablespoonsful flour, 1 pinch salt, just cover tin with Nucoline, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk.

Method.—Mix the flour with a little milk to a stiff paste, break the eggs into it and beat for ten minutes with the back of the spoon, add slowly the rest of the milk and the salt, stirring it well all the time. (It is better to make the batter at least an hour before baking it.) Put the Nucoline into the baking tin and make it quite hot, pour in the batter (which should only fill the tin to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch), bake in a quick oven for 12 minutes and serve at once.

A very savoury dish may be made by laying a few small forcemeat balls on to the batter after it has been poured into the tin, and then baking as above.

* * *

Plain Vegetarian Pie.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, onions, eggs, pepper and salt, pastry.

Method.—Boil the potatoes and onions until tender, boil the eggs until they are hard, cut the potatoes into slices and put alternate layers of potato, onion, and hard-boiled eggs. Add pepper and salt, and some of the water in which the onions have been boiled, cover with a good short crust, and bake until the pastry is cooked. This pie is very good cold.

* * *

Stewed Chestnuts.

Ingredients.—1 lb. chestnuts, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 pint milk, 1 yolk of egg, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the chestnuts for a quarter-of-an-hour, then place in a hot oven for five minutes, when the skins will be quite easy to remove. Put the butter into a saucepan, and in it fry the chestnuts for a few minutes, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, add the milk gradually with pepper and salt, and let the whole simmer gently for half-an-hour. Just before serving, stir in the yolk of an egg and the parsley, chopped fine, but do not let it boil again.

* * *

Orange Marmalade.

Ingredients.—Seville oranges, sweet oranges, lemons, equal parts. $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar to each pint of fruit when boiled.

Method.—First weigh the fruit, cut the fruit into fine slips, carefully taking out the pips. Place in a vessel with 3 pints of water to each lb. of fruit, and let it stand for 24 hours. Then boil it until the fruit is quite tender, and let it again stand for 24 hours. To each pint of the mixture add $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sugar, and boil for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Cost $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.

* * *

Mushroom Patties.

Ingredients.—Mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint milk, 1 oz. butter, 1 dessert-spoonful cornflour, seasoning, pastry.

[A dried mushroom to be calculated as being equal to a fresh one, because after stewing it swells out again.]

Method.—Stew the mushrooms gently in the milk, with the butter, pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg, for twenty minutes, take out the mushrooms and chop them, thicken the milk with cornflour, and add the mushrooms. Line your patty pans with good pastry, fill with the mushroom mixture and bake in a sharp oven till the pastry is done.

Gertrude Oldfield



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Harmonies.

Love took up the harp of Life and
Smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight. *Tennyson.*

Each one's world may well be compared to a harp, of which some of the strings have got out of tune, and some have never been brought into



tune, but of which the keynote in each has through all ages been kept up to a certain pitch by the great Creator. Getting his own harp in tune, and helping his neighbour also to get his harp into tune, together form a great part of life's work.

Does it not help much to know that harmony is the great test of being in tune? Each string may have been tuned up, one by one, by tones or semitones, or slightest alteration, but it is not till the octave is reached and found correct, and the

various chords have been struck and the harmony proved, that there is the assurance that all is well.

Supposing, however, that we start and tune up from some other note than the keynote, then we may get a beautiful harmony of our own, quite perfect so long as the keynote is not included in the chord, but a hopeless jangle whenever it is.

Is not this so often the case? We set up some standard keynote of our own, and make up our harp strings all complete, and daily play our little tunes, and delight ourselves in our music, and carefully put a little cotton wool round the precious keynote and never touch it by any chance. Nay, further, we know what a discord it would make if it were struck; how it would show up the whole wrongness of the tuning of the harp, and what a labour it would entail to set

to work to pull our beautifully tuned strings all to pieces again, and retune them by this standard.

It is this knowledge, and this fear of the consequences it would entail, which makes us fear to have our keynote, Moral Conscience, struck; and so we carefully avoid those unpleasant people, or those uncomfortable books, which want to test the tunefulness of every string—the rightness or wrongness of every new work undertaken—by striking it with the keynote.

In a concert of any sort it is so very awkward if any instrument is tuned up to a different pitch to the rest, so Conventionalism is the commonest and easiest plea to make to oppose change. Why should I tune my harp differently to anyone else? I should be so conspicuous and so uncomfortable, and I should make everybody else uncomfortable. They have their harps all tuned to the strings *£ s. d.*; why should not mine be the same? I was taught from childhood to be *in* the fashion or I should be *out* of the world, and since I cannot bear to think of the latter, I must really be in the former.

Besides, it is a fuss about a trifle. The blame is not mine. When the other harps are all attuned to the same string then I will alter mine.

It would be really presumptuous in me to do so first. It would look as if I wanted to be better than anybody else.

No, no; go away. Don't bother me about conforming all my practices to my string of Moral Conscience. I have a few strings of theory which I have tuned to this, and I always play on those on Sundays, and they are very pretty. Hymns go very well on them; and the choir, and the organ, and the preacher all play on the same strings on Sundays, so I take my harp to church, and play on these strings, and find myself playing away in tune with everybody, and then I come home and wrap up these strings and play away on all the others, and still find myself in perfect harmony with the music of the world. What more would you have me do?

We have to learn that the ultimate of man is harmony with the Divine Will; a perfect harmony of every string with the keynote.

We have to learn, little by little, by lessons of failure and success, by daily training, by a life training, by a training extending over many lives, what harmony is and how to attain it. Again and again we shall have to pull our pretty chords to pieces because they have been carelessly or wilfully

set to a wrong pitch. Again and again the labour of years, or of a lifetime, may be found to be all in vain, because the fundamental basis has been forgotten in our work.

We can have no excuse for our own discord in the want of harmony in others. We can plead no false keynote in the world's customs as a reason for our being wrongly set. We have each this work set before us to do, and whether we take long or short, whether we take years or centuries, whether we take one life or many in which to learn the lessons, we have them to learn ere we can join in the choir of the blessed.

It is because we are out of tune with the Creator that we jar so with Creation and Creation with us.

What says the blessed Thomas à Kempis, "If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be unto thee a living mirror, and a book of holy doctrine."

Our hearts are not in harmony with that divine mercy which made all things for joy, and so we can only think of killing instead of giving life, of destroying instead of creating.

I see the gentle cattle in the fields grazing in happy innocence. I see the dappled cow, in the proud joy of motherhood, licking her offspring as he sucks her rich teats.

I think of the frail human babies who by the hundreds and the thousands come to the mother cow and ask to share with her calf the bounteous meal.

When the rapidly growing calf turns to the tender grass and takes his fill thereat, the mother cow still goes on giving to the grateful world of human mothers food for their starveling babies.

The whole scene is beautiful, and tender, and sweet, it is Eden back again. It is men and animals walking together in a fellowship of mutual confidence.

It brings to mind that wondrous saying which went out over the new born world "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."

And now there creeps into the fold of peace a serpent; full of subtle pleas and high sounding phrases, tipped with glamour.

The spirits of Cruelty and of Fear do not come in their naked demon shapes, but none the less they come.

Into the Eden of mutual trust and gratitude there comes a blood stained knife.

Crawling along, and creeping by stealth, it drives away the happy calf from its meal, and bringing up forms of terror, loneliness, and hunger, in a dark den it jumps to its throat and calls dread Death to his prey.

Unsatisfied, unsatiated, growing greedier as it feeds, it goes again to the field.

The mother cow has given of her best year after year, given of her offspring to the slaughterman, and of her milk to the wailing children, but her sacrifices shall not save her.

Stomach knows no gratitude and appetite no tenderness.

The knife is sharp and smells of blood, but it is not like the panther or the tiger.

From a branch and with a bound *they* leap, and in a moment the sunshine of a free life is over, and swift death has come as we all would like it to come.

But the knife is cruel, it drives the mother cows away by long roads and streets, by overfeeding and overcrowding, by agonies on ship and rail, by hours without water, by blows from sticks and prods from pikes, by tail twisting and rope pulling, by days of misery and nights of weariness the relentless knife drives them on to their doom.

Is not the presence of this blood-stained knife a terrible discord in life's harmonies? Who will dare to be its champion or stand up as its apologist.

Can we contemplate Creation and rest satisfied with its presence thus among us?

It may not be easy to find a remedy, and the task of reforming a world may appear hopeless, but our duty is to face the hopeless and to conquer the impossible.

I have nothing to do with difficulties. I have only to press home this question: Is the presence of this blood-stained cruel knife in harmony with our divinest concepts of Heaven?

If not, it is not a thing of eternal necessity, but only of transient existence.

There will then be a period to its tyranny, a limitation to its career.

The responsibility at once comes home to each age. Shall this age suffer its sway, or shall we rise in righteous revolt and destroy its tyranny, and proclaim again a kingdom of peace and of love.

I, for one, stand up and proclaim that the reign of the blood-stained knife is over. The kingdom of Joy is at hand.

There comes a message from the far off fount of music where the golden harps are ever playing, that in this world of ours the pitch shall be raised one tone higher.

Slavery once was moral. One higher tone is reached, and slavery becomes immoral. Butchery is still moral. One higher tone is being reached, and butchery shall become immoral.

Pan (the god of natural forces) wrestled with Cupid (the god of divine compassion) for the mastery, but the victory lay with Cupid.

Josiah Oldfield.

The Daydawn.

What is this—the vague aspiring
In my soul towards unknown good,
For no selfish end desiring
Blessings dimly understood?
Tis the World-Prayer drawing nearer,
Claiming universal good,
Its first faint words sounding clearer,
Justice, Freedom, Brotherhood.

What is this—the strong' emotion
Pulsing in my heart to-day,
Sweeping like th' inflowing ocean
Time-wrought barriers away?
'Tis the World-Hope drawing nearer,
Planning universal good,
Its first faint thoughts shewing clearer,
Justice, Freedom, Brotherhood.

What is this—the tender shining
In the eyes of those I meet,
As they turn to me divining
All my visions strange and sweet?
'Tis the World-Bond drawing nearer,
Pledging universal good,
Its first faint signs showing clearer,
Justice, Freedom, Brotherhood.

Isabella M. Croal.

KINDNESS.

See how, turn which way we will, kindness is entangled with the thought of God! It adds sweetness to everything. It is kindness that makes life's capabilities blossom, and paints them with their cheering hues, and endows them with their invigorating fragrance.

T. W. Faber.

Glimpses of Truth.



very intellectual step is a step out of one's self.

ORVILLE-DEWEY.

Let the senses of the mortal sleep, that the finer, truer senses of the immortal may awaken.

ANON.

Man's true good never comes from without, but only from the depths of Divinity within him.

HENRY JAMES.

The perfect man has no thought of self; the spirit-like man none of merit; the wise man none of fame.

ANON.

Where Love dwells there is contentment and peace; were Love the schoolmaster, wars would cease.

J. F. D'ARCY.

Cannot we live as though we always loved? It was this that the saints and heroes did; this and nothing more.

MAETERLINCK.

Man is at liberty to turn within and receive and follow the leading of the spirit, or free to yield to the solicitations of the animal nature.

J. H. DEWEY, M.D.

Man as a soul should affirm his rule and dominion over his body as distinctly as over any other machine he uses.

HENRY WOOD.

Stop finding fault with the weather, and speaking of every change of atmosphere as though sickness was contained therein.

SELECTED.

Rightly understood, pain is the conflict of two elements—a higher and purer element coming in contact with a lower, and trying to restore equilibrium. It is remedial.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Through overcoming the flesh and the errors that the great thought waves of humanity sweeping o'er us give to us, we come into the great, calm, peaceful ocean of Truth. As individuals, we see the Father's face and know Him.

ANON.

As the soil holds lovingly the seed implanted in it, clasping it close and feeding it silently, so you are held in the warm embrace of Nature and of God and fed silently from the exhaustless supply.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

What is it that has come to be recognised as evil? It is simply absence of good—the blank occasioned by withdrawing the light; the chill by which the lack of heat is detected; the sense of suffocation when free air is excluded.

L. M. MARSTON, M.D.

Let us lay a good foundation, and build fearlessly, for it is in so doing that we make real our ideal—by living in that ideal; not living in the ideal and ignoring the every moment's needs; but uniting the two every moment, utterly believing in the great truth that the so-called ideal is, in fact, the ever-present and actual reality.

MRS. GILLEN.

Tell me how much one loves, and I will tell you how much he has seen of God. Tell me how much he loves, and I will tell you how much he lives with God. Tell me how much he loves, and I will tell you how far into the Kingdom of Heaven he has entered, for "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Even sin, which is the sting of Death, must have its reconciliation with eternal Life. We turn from the raggedness, the vileness, and the emaciation of the Prodigal, and regard only the unseen bond which brings him home, while we hear a voice saying—"This my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost, and is found."

HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

Blots on Life.

By Mrs. Fairchild Allen.

(Read before the 3rd Annual Meeting of the American Humane Association at Columbus).



ew, even for reform's sake, but would plead nerves too weak to listen to the description of the indecent haste and cruelty that characterise the deeds enacted in the shambles, where the strong-nerved visitor grows ashen pale at undreamed-of horrors, and

almost faints before escape can be accomplished.

He who can kill and dress—often while the animal is still living—in the shortest time, is the slaughterer counted most worthy of his hire, and so pitiless are the accepted methods, that many hides are not marketable, so numerous have been the repeated thrusts and stabs of cruel goad and pole-axe.

The cruelty of the journey thither almost outrivals that by sea. Whereas the animal, if only for human health and safety, should be conducted thither, not frantic with thirst and fear, but quietly, well-fed, and without excitement or distress—and should be killed quickly, painlessly, and without foreknowledge—foreknowledge manifested by deepest distress—of its impending doom.

The historian of the future will have an incredible array of facts to present as he describes this cannibalistic age, which demands on two continents alone, according to statistics presented by Sir. R. Giffen to the British Board of Agriculture, over one million animals for food daily.

The occupation of a large number of murderers confined in our prisons, according to a recent United States census, pertained to blood-letting and the taking of life.

Statistics recently gathered state that while in 1885 there were one thousand eight hundred and eight murders committed in the United States, in 1895 there were more than ten thousand.

And just here it is not inappropriate to recall the gentle admonition, beginning, "If meat maketh my brother to offend!" for it requires no persuasion to believe that no gospel message, no appeal to reform, can be successfully received by men and boys long grown deaf to the unheeded moans and cries of those they slaughter by methods brutal and revolting; men whose ostracized future is being forecast by such immoral occupation, not only for themselves but in inherited tendencies, blood-stained, in generations yet unborn.

This occupation has created a pariah class of men, whom we maintain to do this work for us—a class practically apart from their fellow beings, marked out by the police as the most dangerous portion of the community; among them are committed most crimes of violence, and the most ready use of the knife is found; "the slaughterer's twist of the knife," says an authority on the subject, "being characteristic of most crimes committed with that implement amongst our Chicago population."

Certain it is that this Reform is fraught with meaning no less momentous for human beings than for the dumb sufferers now claiming our attention.

The vegetarians claim there are neither drunkards nor murderers within their ranks, the exciting qualities of meat (and the condiments used to disguise), being replaced by food less stimulating and more nourishing, which, sustaining, cures

by preventing the dull craving which calls for frequent stimulation.

The growing belief in thought transference puts us in more willing touch with their belief that "meat diet feeds incarnate folly, vice and crime," transmitting to us as it does the passionate fear and frenzy of the tormented creature of whose existence we partake.

The number of men and women is daily increasing who testify to the delight and wholesomeness of their nerve-and-muscle-building fare—offered on their generously laid tables made beautiful and attractive by nature's lavish gifts—giving health and natural delight far greater than epicures ever enjoyed when indulging in tongues of nightingales or more substantial feast—escaping grave dangers also, incurred by those accustomed to a diet falsely valued for its over-estimated qualities of nutrition.

Three-quarters of the human race are non-meat eaters, and among them some of the finest specimens physically and mentally that the world can boast of. This Reform is attracting the attention of many thoughtful men and women, loud in their praise of their pure, simple fare; the "open secret" of their new found way bringing them rich reward in results hygienic, æsthetic and humane.

The subject of meat eating is exciting grave apprehensions in scientific circles abroad. At the recent reunion of the British Medical Association held at Barnstaple, the President remarked as follows: "It is admitted in a recent book on cattle tuberculosis, that among dairy cattle at the present time it has been estimated that at least twenty-five per cent are more or less diseased. This estimation has been made as the result of post mortem examinations of herds of cattle which have been slaughtered under the pleuro-pneumonia regulations, and as a result of observations made at public slaughter houses. . . . I may remind you," he continued, "of the facts made public quite recently of the examination of the Queen's herd of cattle, where, out of forty animals, thirty-six were found to be affected. If this be the case in the Royal herd, it is probable that tuberculosis is scarcely likely to be less prevalent in herds less constantly under supervision and not subject to the like care in the selection of breeding stock."

Mr. Gandhi, the Hindoo teacher, recently among us, when asked if vegetarianism did not impair the strength, silenced his interested questioners by saying that when the meat-eating Englishman went to India, the rice-eating Coolie had to carry him!! and when both were wounded in battle, he of the purer diet recovered far more quickly from his injury.

But nowhere, it seems to me, do the eyes of the dumb reproach rest on us with more piercing condemnation than from behind the prison bars where for our gratification we incarcerate them. Cheated and decoyed by our superior cunning away from their loved haunts where, in their God-given instinct, they delight to roam; caged in their cruel limits where in hopeless desperation they pace their narrow prison-house, until nerveless, emaciated, they become to all beholders a pitiable blot on God's great handiwork, and languish for long years a mocking travesty upon their former selves, a reproach to those who capture them and likewise those to whose enjoyment their cruel existence caters.

In their narrow gloomy dens the body lives and lives, but the spirit droops, crushed, hopeless, broken, enduring a life sentence that can never end.

Rather an uncomplimentary picture of our ethics and our progress is mirrored in the fact that in a great city, famed for its active humane work, the Zoo elephant died, staked in his

prison quarters, a prey to tormenting vermin which, as the report suggested, a little thought and a sprinkling cart could easily have removed.

Many of these show animals are tamed and trained (contradictory assurances notwithstanding) by merciless methods into God-never-intended dexterity and wisdom.

It is authoritatively stated that so great is the terror and distress of the wild bird that eight out of every ten die on first caging.

What is more distasteful than the sight of the parrot, long-lived, atrophied to its perch. Are we so dull of comprehension that we mistake its curious prattle as assurance of its cheer?

Every bird singing in its gold barred prison tells forth our selfish desire by which we buy the pleasure of its captive song.

Alas, man in the egoism which envelopes him, whose motto is all for self, whose central thought is that the world and all its contents are for his use, resorts to all and any means to get possession of that which he covets; at naught does his egoism seem to quail or hesitate in dealing with these defenceless beings.

He has thrown a net work of power and device about them; he has outwitted them with his intellectual cunning; no measures are too mean or cruel if in the opposite balance are weighed his pleasure or his profit.

All these dumb sufferers are our accusers, and to their charges we can but answer, "Guilty."

Around the forty millions of our human population is thrown the protection and benevolence of Church and State, while for more than four hundred millions of our animal population, until within the last few years, no law has been enacted, no voice publicly raised in their behalf.

There is no charity under God's just heaven so needing aid.

Every man and woman should help support it, and not a church in this broad land whose pastor should refuse to put himself on the side of God's oppressed dumb creatures; making urgent mention of their claims, and devoting at least one Sunday's annual alms to help us right their cruel wrongs.

No criticism of the Church's silence could be more just or more condemnatory than the following words spoken by one arrested for maltreating his horse—"I have been a church member for over thirty years, but I have never heard that cruelty to animals was a sin."

Friends, the wearied workers need your sympathy, your assistance, and your prayers—that we may hasten the time when the Lower Creation shall look upon the human race not as their oppressors, but as their friends—not as persecutors, but as protectors; when our attitude toward them shall be not that of cruel enemies to dread and flee from, but as friends, worthy of their confidence and trust.

How beautiful to be conscience-free of all offence towards them!

To be able to stand face to face with these our "lesser brethren," and say—"Golden in all things shall be my rule of conduct towards you. Your fur and feathers I will not covet for my adornment; neither will I cage you for my pleasure, torture you because of my self-induced diseases, nor devour your bodies for my daily portion.

This some day will be our great Peace Conference with them, whose whisper of harmony and sweet accord, promising mutual benefit from each to each, shall be loud enough to be heard throughout the world.

Chivalry Amongst Animals.

(Reproduced from an article in the "Contemporary Review," by kind permission of the Editor).

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

One of the most delightful things about our own species is its colossal, but quite unconscious conceit. Until within the past few generations it would



scarcely have occurred to us to doubt that we were the central figure of the universe and that our fate was the chief concern of the gods. With an equally naïve self-satisfaction we have arrogated to ourselves the sole possession of a moral sense. We cannot deny to our animal cousins the possession of many, indeed nearly all, of the primitive virtues—affection, courage, loyalty, and faithfulness to death; but we do deny them the moral credit for them, on the ground

that they are the result of "mere instinct."

The position is one which, for the sake of our own peace of mind, it were best not to pry into too curiously, as we should, I fear, find ourselves face to face with the discomforting fact, that not only are many of the best and noblest things of which we are capable done purely on instinct, but also some of our worst and cruellest actions from a sense of duty, or for "conscience sake."

There is, I think, little question that in the main there runs a sort of underwritten law through the animal kingdom, that infancy, and even childhood, are entitled to certain rights of immunity which must be respected. . . . The attitude of animals toward the young of their own species is, we think, almost uniform, most of us having probably seen instances of it. I was once the proud possessor of a fine English setter, a dog of handsome presence and a most Hibernian delight in the "fog o' fightin'," and extremely jealous, to the degree of quarrelsomeness, of every rival that came about the place. He would face any dog, and, indeed, had thrashed and been recognised as the master of most in the neighbourhood, but if a young puppy or kitten were suddenly presented to him, he would turn tail and flee in apparently abject terror. Upon several occasions I tried the experiment of holding him with one hand by the collar, and presenting the sprawling and whining object with the other, and it was really comical to see how he would shrink and shut his eyes, turn his face aside and whimper, just as if I had been thrusting a burning brand into his face. . . . It is, of course, possible that the feelings of the big dog are merely comparable to those of the average bachelor when suddenly brought into the presence of a wee infant and asked to "hold the baby."

There are few prettier sights in the world than to see a great, dignified, battle-scarred wolfhound lying in the sun, with an impudent, little doll's-doormat-on-four-legs of a terrier puppy yapping in his face, tugging at his ears, and tumbling all over his back. If you can come upon him unawares, so that he does not know you are watching, you will see that he

is not merely submitting with passive toleration to these indignities, but is actually entering into the sport of the thing, taking the puppy's head, and even half his body, into his great mouth, flattening him down gently with a stroke of his huge paw, and I have actually seen him get up and follow the little chap as he toddled about the yard, as if loth to relinquish the sport.

This flag of truce is extended even to their natural enemy, the cat, while in the kitten stage. I have never had the slightest difficulty in bringing up kittens to cathood on terms of intimacy, even of warm friendship, with from two to a dozen dogs (any one of whom would have instantly flown at a strange cat) merely by introducing them as very young kittens.

But in my association with dogs I have found that it is only a very morose and ill-tempered dog who will seriously attack young kittens, and usually even he requires to be urged on by the "higher" (?) animal, man. . . . It might be mentioned in this connection that, as a rule, no dog of size or courage will condescend to attack a smaller or obviously weaker dog, unless the remarks and actions of the latter become insulting beyond endurance. The little dog seems to realise this thoroughly, so that it may be almost taken as a general rule that the smaller the dog the more quarrelsome and abusive he is. . . .

The sense of obligation to interfere actively on behalf of the younger or weaker members of their species is widely spread throughout the animal kingdom. In attempting to capture young pigs, which have escaped their pen, and are running at large among the herd of perhaps fifty or sixty full-grown hogs, it is necessary to be most circumspect in your method of picking up a youngster, for if once his shrill little squeal of distress is raised you will have the entire herd down on you at once, bristles up, tusks gnashing, and fierce, barking war-cry ringing. It would be most unwise to await the onset, for a half-wild pig, when his blood is up and that danger-cry is ringing in his ears, is one of the most reckless and ferocious fighters that can be met with. . . . Cattle have the same curious susceptibility to the cry of a frightened calf, especially in their half-wild condition, up on the ranges. To startle suddenly a young calf from its nest in the long grass or the sage-bush upon the plains is one of the riskiest experiences that can fall to your lot, if on foot and at any distance from your horse or waggon. The little goose is almost sure to do one of two things; either to trot confidently towards you and shamble along after you as though he were your dog, which means that he does you the compliment of mistaking you for his mother; or with head and tail erect, and rigid with terror, he will give voice to an appalling succession of barking "blarts," totally unlike his ordinary dinner-cry to his mother; and every horned creature within three-quarters of a mile will go fighting-mad at once and come charging and bellowing down upon you. And woe betide you unless you can reach your horse or waggon before they arrive on the scene.

Animals, I am thankful to say, have never yet succeeded in absolutely steeling their hearts against the cry of infantile distress. Man alone has reached this pinnacle of virtue. And it is not the only elevation of the same sort of which he has a monopoly.

The toast of the "ladies" would be cordially received at any canine banquet, and the courtesy with which the privileges of the sex are respected is a most creditable feature of canine conduct. I do not, of course, refer merely to the elaborate display of politeness and fine manners seen everywhere during the period of courtship. Courtesy to and respect for the weaker sex goes far beyond this. No self-respecting dog will bite a female, except in the extremest need of self-defence. . . . So strong is this unwillingness to "strike a female," that it really becomes a most annoying obstacle in attempting to clear a neighbourhood of wolves, as few male dogs will attack a she-wolf, or in some cases even her trail.

Editorial Notes.



ould "fear" be excluded, what a beautiful world this would be—a world without fear! What is the most terrible experience of childhood? The heart beating almost to suffocation, and rendering one almost powerless to move, the shaking limbs caused by an overpowering sensation of "fear." What sight so terrible as the frightened eyes of a child or an animal!

On the other hand, what is more beautiful than the fearless trust of a little child, or a dumb animal? There are few people who are not secretly flattered by its manifestation towards themselves.

Here is a description which reads like a Visit to Eden, or a Picture of the "Golden Age"—

"I remember," says Dr. Barrows, "that when I was a student in New Haven, I heard the famous naturalist, Professor Dana, of Yale College, deliver an address before the students, on his voyages and explorations in the South Pacific seas amid the coral islands. But only one thing that he said remains now in my memory. He was describing a visit made by his ship to an island which had never before been touched by the foot of man. He went ashore in the early morning and beheld a scene of tropic loveliness, brilliant with beauty and abounding in life. A great flock of tall, white birds was on the beach, and as he walked toward them they looked at him with no fear and with nothing but a gentle curiosity. They never had been frightened by powder. They knew nothing of the cruelty of man. He walked among them and placed his hands on their tall, downy heads and necks, and stroked them as if they were pets in his own family. Then he planned to take one of them home for his museum; and selecting his victim, he took out his penknife, and stroking the head of the beautiful bird, pressed the keen point through the white plumage into the neck until the feathers were spotted with a single drop of blood. The bird turned his head and looked into the great naturalist's eyes with an almost human gaze of wonder and appeal. The knife was withdrawn. A deep fountain of pity and love was opened in the good man's soul, and he turned away and left these unfrightened creatures of God upon the beach."

* * *

ARISTOPHAGY. It was with some hesitation and searchings of heart that I launched last month the new word Aristophagy.

It is always a responsible thing to create. It is better not to create at all than to bring into being some starveling, undeveloped and unwanted, which will soon pass again into the dim limbo of death.

I do feel, however, most strongly that the word Vegetarian—beautiful though it is in many ways, and hallowed by many a battle and many a victory—is not always the word one wants to use.

To so many people it smacks of cabbage and "three courses for 6d." and the feeling of a bloated void.

Vegetarianism is associated in many people's minds with crankiness and faddism; with back alley meetings and with the great unwashed.

* * *

EATING OF THE BEST. Of course there is always a grain of truth in every bushel of chaff, and there is some truth in all these gibes against our beautiful ideal.

* * *

THE TIME IS COME. The time is come, however, when we should neither any longer sit in the place of the scoffed at, nor offer our cause to the scorner.

The time of hiding in the caves of apology is passed. The time of proud consciousness of the right is come.

* * *

HOW TO USE IT. Every new thought, like every new discovery, is not private but public property; it is the possession of the common brotherhood of man.

How best can it be used? The president of the Oswestry Society (Mr. Thos. Owen) has suggested a capital idea, which

every friend in every town where there is a Y.M.C.A. or Debating Society could carry out.

On the appearance of last month's *Herald*, Mr. Owen promptly issued notices to his Society as follows:—

"The president will read a paper . . . to be followed by a discussion on

WHAT IS ARISTOPHAGY?"

* * *

LOCAL SOCIETIES.

Those of our members who do not feel capable of writing an original paper on any subject may, therefore, very simply take and read my paper on this subject before their local society, and the discussion which will follow will give ample scope for getting the whole question well thrashed out and all of our literature advertised.

* * *

THE PAPER IS REPRINTED.

To enable it to be readily used and read, the Executive of The Order have decided to print 10,000 copies of Aristophagy!

They can be obtained at 1s. per 100, post free, from headquarters, or a little cheaper by the 1,000.

I would suggest that this is a leaflet which might well be sent to that large class of people who profess to despise vegetarians, and who, like Carlyle, treat the subject as if it were only a "potato gospel."

* * *

LITERATURE.

While I am speaking of literature, let me specially urge the importance of being well supplied with a good stock of various pamphlets and leaflets.

I am sure that Mr. Newcombe—in spite of all the cold water he has received—is right. The best way to advertise the Cause is to fill the world with daintily printed, capably written, booklets. Something attracting, something compelling, something convincing.

* * *

SANCTIFIED COMMON SENSE.

We don't want shoddy articles nor hysterical nonsense, but sanctified common sense. Now, one of the most important things which The Order has done is to create a stock of high class literature. This is being gradually added to month by month. It is published at less than cost price.

* * *

AMMUNITION MUST BE FIRED OFF.

It is, however, no use our filling our arsenals with ammunition if the soldiers in the forefront are content to lie under hedges and sleep the livelong day. Ammunition is made to be used, not to be stored or to be forgotten.

* * *

PRACTICAL WORDS.

We are doing our share; will every reader do his and do hers? A P.O. for 1s. sent regularly every month to the Manager, The Beacon, Ilfracombe, or an occasional P.O. for 5s., will bring down a parcel of mixed pamphlets and leaflets enough for the month's use.

* * *

WHAT AN INVALID CAN DO.

I know one lady who is a semi-invalid, and who has not had many opportunities of intellectual or social education. She says she cannot do much, but that she can do a little. So she takes a directory, and every week spends one hour in addressing envelopes. She puts a few leaflets in each and posts them the next day.

By this means she at length gets through all the directory, and then starts a new one.

* * *

THE MYSTIC SEED GROWTH.

This is the unseen, unknown labour of love which is going on beneath our feet and around our path, and which in the hereafter will bring forth beautiful fruit. Men will gather of the harvest and will fill their bosom with the ripe sheaves, and none will remember the poor

invalid who has silently and secretly toiled so long —
Good work never dies.

* * *

INDIA. Messages from distant lands and far off friends come in. From all quarters the cry is the same. *The Herald* is a power for good. It is helping us on. May God bless it.

From India comes a long letter telling of work being done. Mr. Bilmoria has sent me a copy of the new magazine he has started. It is beautifully got up, but I can't read a word of it. It is Greek as well as Gujarati to me.

Mr. Bilmoria writes :—

"I have the honour to send to you a specimen copy of a new monthly, in Gujarati language for the Parsi community, started by me since the last new year, especially for females and children, entitled "*Cherâg*" (*The Lamp*). Its objects, among others, are to advocate vegetarianism, temperance, etc.

I have already got two articles translated from *The Herald*, of course, mentioning the authority, and I intend to translate others in future, for which I hope you will not take any objection."

"Take objection!" Certainly not. The contents of *The Herald* are for the good of Humanity—are free to Humanity. Let those who will, take of the articles and use them freely. It is nice, however, to have the source acknowledged.

* * *

LECTURES. Mr. Harold Whiston is giving a series of Addresses at the Wesleyan Chapel, Langley, on important subjects which closely touch our movement in its higher aspects. April 8th, "What is Man" (body, soul, spirit); April 15th, "In His own image" (the gift and power of thought); April 22nd, "The Three Planes of Consciousness"; April 29th, "Conclusions and Suggestions." 3 p.m. All friends will be welcomed.

* * *

CHEERING WORDS. I like to publish at least one letter each month from among the mass of correspondence received, to show how *The Herald* is appreciated by the most thoughtful and the finest minds in the movement.

What a stimulus one gets month by month to do still greater and better things each month than the month before!

Mr. Light writes one of his characteristic cheering messages, and says :—

"I really have not time to write, but yet I really cannot help it. I have this moment put down your article on "Aristophagy," and cannot do less (although it is midnight) than to thank you for that article. Please coin another word to represent "readers only of the best"—and your readers may well claim that title.

I think this last article is the best of the best you have ever written, and in saying so much it is the highest possible tribute that I can think of. It must appear in pamphlet or leaflet form."

* * *

WORK AT HANLEY. Here are some extracts from a very interesting report. Miss Elizabeth Redfern has enabled me to fulfil my promise by sending me splendid news of what she and her fellow workers are doing at Hanley. Who will start a similar group in another town?

On February 3rd we held our first meeting. There were seven ladies present, including Miss Sylvester, Miss Bennett, Miss Brooks, and others. Having referred to the object of the meeting, and read the Proposal to help forward the above Movement, letters were read, and the parcel of literature kindly sent from The Order of the Golden Age were equally divided for home distribution.

Miss Sylvester reported that she had successfully introduced to numerous people of her acquaintance the all-important questions of Food Reform and Humanitarianism. She believed she had interested her hearers, and made an impression, for, to quote her words: "They want to know more, and I am to return with a still larger budget of information."

* * *

CHANGED HOMES RATHER THAN SACRIFICE PRINCIPLES. Miss Bennett stated that she had introduced the subject in an influential family, which had given rise to discussion. She had enclosed several of the Leaflets in her letters. This young lady finding much difficulty in procuring a vegetarian diet, having to reside in apartments, has since made her abode with us, in order that she may with comfort carry out her principles. She is very sincere.

Miss Brooks is the first and only member of her family to adopt a non-flesh diet. She has met with much opposition, but remains staunch; is deeply earnest, and is doing all she can to help us.

With regard to sister and myself, we have no opposition of this kind to cope with. The letters we write are too numerous to mention, and in one or other some social question forms an important topic. Having pupils also brings us in touch with many people, and we never fail to make the most of opportunities.

* * *

OUR AIM.

Our chief object at present is to make known The Order of the Golden Age and the principles of same, and when this is done, we shall then have a firmer footing. Until then we must only work and wait. When people know things, and are convinced that they are right, it is impossible for them *not* to act in accordance with their knowledge.

It is our sincere wish that The Order shall prosper in every way, for truly it is a mission of love which "Seeketh not its own."

* * *

THE VEGETARIAN MAGAZINE.

There has been a fusion in America, and our old friend *Food, Home, and Garden* has combined with its younger sister *The Chicago Vegetarian* to re-appear in a new dress as *The Vegetarian Magazine*. The number which lies before me is the best vegetarian periodical which the American branch of the movement has yet produced.

I must, however, air one problem which has always vexed me in connection with our American vegetarian Journals. Why are the advertisements so full of books about disease and about shady sex problems? The mass of vegetarian publications surely should have a higher mission than to discuss disease or "amativeness."

* * *

THE BASIS OF PROGRESS.

I would repeat again and again, and, if necessary, *ad nauseam*, that it is not by opportunism that the best moral progress has been made, but that it is by adherence to high principles that the better life is always won for the individual and the race.

The final and the highest touch stone of all things is not "Is it convenient?" but "Is it right?"

This is the basis of The Order of the Golden Age, and it is on this basis that The Order is winning its converts from the very pick of the land, and is asking, and rightly asking, for some token of sacrifice from every member who enrolls in its ranks.

* * *

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

It appears that, in consequence of the strong representations of the Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, that the Court of Common Council will, at their next meeting, consider the advisability of abolishing all slaughter-houses within the area of the City boundaries. Apart from all the deeper questions of morality, there can be no doubt that the existence of private slaughter-houses within the crowded spaces of the City is a blot upon its sanitary administration, and I hope that the action taken by Dr. Sedgewick Saunders will result in their entire abolition, for this will be one step in the right direction, in that it emphasises the fact that slaughter-houses must not come too close to civilised cities!

* * *

THE HUMANE WITHIN.

The sentiment of humanity—a scrupulous, refined sentiment, if you please—"derives from what we have the likeliest God within the soul." William Blake, a poet who wrote in the closing years of last century, expresses that view with much force :—

"Can I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief
And not seek for kind relief?

And can He, Who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?"

PLASMON.

Proteid matter, or albuminous matter, as it is also called, is absolutely essential to human life and human development. Human food, nay, the food of every animal—must, therefore, contain a due proportion of albuminous matter. The old idea that it could only be obtained from flesh food has been exploded long ago, and even the Board School boy knows that an ox or a sheep gets all the proteid matter it wants from roots and grasses and seeds, while the lion and the tiger get it from flesh, and the squirrel gets it from nuts.

In every animal's food there is to be found the source whence it gets its essentially necessary albumen. This may be from the realm of herbs and grasses, or from the realm of fruits, or from grains, or from nuts, or from legumens, or from animal products (e.g., milk, eggs), or from animal flesh.

It used to be thought that for the requisite amount of albuminous matter a man would have to eat a very large amount of vegetable matter if he took no flesh meat, but this has been exploded by observation of races who are and have been, practically, vegetarian for centuries, and who are very moderate and even abstemious eaters.

The majority of vegetarians, however, have to meet the attack of the Philistines, and the favourite stone in their sling is "But what about the nitrogen?"

Very gladly do Vegetarians welcome, therefore, every new nitrogenous food of which the source is pure. Now Plasmon has come upon the market as a scientific triumph, and as a vegetarian treasure. By its means the amount of albuminous food ingested can be gauged to a nicety.

To soups, chocolate, bread, sauces, or what not, you may add your quota of Plasmon, and you have at once a guarantee that the albumen in it will not fall below a certain fixed proportion.

In a later article the source of Plasmon will be dealt with, and some recipes will be given.

* * *

THE HUMANE REVIEW.

Messrs. Bell & Sons, 5, York Street, Covent Garden, have just issued the first number of this quarterly Magazine. Mr. H. S. Salt is the editor.

When you have the unusual combination of a philanthropic publisher and an humane editor, you may expect to have a publication produced of exceptional merit.

In the *Humane Review*, I, for one, am not disappointed.

I am not biassed because an article of mine has been considered worthy of inclusion in the first number.

I have read the first number through from end to end, and I lay it down with the wish that I could send a copy to every reader of *The Herald*.

It is weighty without being heavy, impressive without being dogmatic, and Catholic without being intolerant.

The range of subjects is wide, but they all point to the same goal—a gentleman is a gentle—man.

* * *

I CAN'T SLEEP.

How to antagonize insomnia in a normal way is, perhaps, one of the most important problems which are given to a brain-worker to solve. Blessed are they who can solve it in the right way; and unblessed are they who try to solve it in the wrong way. Let me record a personal experience which has been sent to me, which I endorse.

"After a day of more or less exacting brain activity is done I am in the habit of using some artificial and mechanical means to get the circulation away from the head back to the extremities. I used to think that walking would do this, and it is certainly helpful; but it is by no means always to be relied upon. Here is a little recipe:—Before getting into bed stand on tiptoe, letting the body down slowly as far as possible, then rising again with deliberation. Do this twenty to fifty times every night at least. I have heard of an octogenarian in my neighbourhood who attributes his long life and good health to a faithful observance of this little device.

For another thing I have found the "wassertreten" (water treading) of Father Kneipp to be a most valuable remedy for insomnia. Before retiring, step into a tub, with cold water up to the ankles and tread up and down in it till the feet ache and it seems that you cannot endure it a second longer. Thirty to sixty seconds will suffice, and the result will be that the blood, sent from the feet by the cold, will bound back to them, and relieve the brain from congestion.

A vigorous application of the massage-roller upon the lower limbs will also be helpful. I just give these hints from personal experience to illustrate the general rule that, for brain-workers, some device is absolutely necessary to determine circulation in a downward direction, and educate the blood to a habit of equilibrium."

* * *

THE NEW COMMERCE.

On another page one of the striking difficulties of vegetarian life is put forward for solution: What can shop assistants do for food?"

It is a difficult problem.

Many a young girl has her digestion ruined for life by the bad surroundings under which she has to partake of her bad food.

Employers who will lay themselves out to provide good food, and who will try to teach their employes to feed wisely and well are deserving of all encouragement.

Mr. Franks is trying to solve this problem, and it would be very interesting if some of the readers of *The Herald* will accept Mr. Franks' invitation to call in and see over the premises at 59, Eastcheap, and write a report of how far they find that progress has been made in this direction.

The scheme itself—of which providing good food is only one part—is of far reaching importance.

There is nothing new in it. It is the application of Socialistic principles to daily life. It is an attempt to replace antagonism by co-operation in commerce.

The first aims are to

1. Pay wages above market rate where the market rate minimum does not allow a living wage.
2. Allow no one to work at one work for more than eight hours.
3. Provide light, sun, air, water, and good food.
4. Require every employé to be a shareholder in the Company.
5. Guarantee the high grade of all goods supplied.

There are many debatable points in the scheme as laid down by Mr. Franks, but none the less, if the spirit in which the experiment has been conceived be continued in the carrying of it out, it will be a step in the right direction, and will tend to more honest work and to fairer wages, and a happier and more contented community.

Under these circumstances the readers of *The Herald* will do well to place some of their custom with Messrs. Franks & Co.

* * *

A PRIZE SCHEME.

The capital suggestion of my Indian correspondent has been taken up warmly.

Mr. Glendinning promptly sent me a guinea with a kindly little note of

cordial approval.

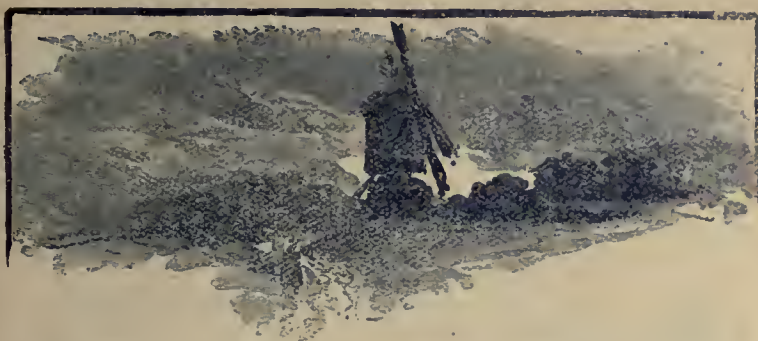
Another correspondent, whose name I have mislaid for the moment, sent another subscription, which will be acknowledged next month, and this morning, amongst my budget of letters, comes the following from Miss M. Tudor Pole:—

"We are much interested in *The Herald* for March, and particularly in Mr. Laxmidas' letter.

I will certainly help to raise the necessary sum to carry out his idea. We shall possibly get up a sale of plants and home-made confectionery in our garden, if you can wait until early summer for the money."

I think we ought to have at least £5 subscribed before we announce the competition in the Schools. Balance needed about £3.

"Light after Darkness."



If there is one thing in this world which men and women need from time to time it is a word of sympathy, a word of hope, a word of inspiration.

There are times in life's struggle when the stress of business, the responsibilities and cares of manhood and womanhood weigh more heavily than at others, and when they seem to knock the very heart out of us, and when, to use a homely phrase, we get into "the dumps."

How especially true this is of all sincere, true-hearted reformers—men and women who are facing with brave hearts and often single handed, the errors and ignorance of our modern life!

Amongst the great number of those who are braving the bitter prejudices of life—who, at personal loss and discomfort are combating the evil habits of society—who are risking the sneer of friends and relatives—who are striving to stem the tide of public vice—who are seeking to abolish cruelty and blood shedding—who is there who has not at some time or other experienced the terrible "I don't care" feeling and found out that:

"—it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon the battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart?"

Who amongst these has not felt the utter hopelessness of the struggle: that soul-weariness and heart-ache which sickens the mind and overwhelms the spirit?

Who has not realized how totally incapable he is of diverting by a hair's breadth the current of public opinion, or who has not felt the horrible doubt creeping through the chambers of the mind, suggesting thoughts which in stronger moments we would scornfully fling aside as unworthy?

That there are many who, at times, suffer in this way is beyond any doubt, and to such I want to offer first a word of warning, and then a word of sympathy, inspiration and hope.

A word of warning? Yes! because there is nothing which will so completely crush out of human life all that is sweet, beautiful and pure, as this "I don't care" spirit—the spirit of despair! It prejudices the mind, it blights the intellect, it warps the memory, it enfeebles the will, and embitters the whole life, and when once a man has allowed it to creep into his experience and to continually find a place in his thoughts, he has raised the biggest devil in his life which he can create, and for whose creation he will have to pay a terrible price. And more than this, the presence in any life of this spirit of "give it up," "I don't care," means that the "angel faces" have disappeared from our view, that the "angel voices" no longer thrill our souls with those eternal fragments of the songs above. It means that the

"thousand unseen hands" which are reaching down to help us to their peace-crowned heights, have been lost to our inner consciousness, and with them has also gone whatever soul-vision was once ours—in a word it means a life without God.

History has on record, at any rate, one terrible reminder of the truth of these words.

There was a Judge, a man of great power of mind, a man whose life work was to raise the Nation from its apathy, its indifference, its despair to a position of national dignity and individual control. Up to a point he left no stone unturned in order to achieve the desired end, but ultimately he allowed his strong manhood to be overcome by the very spirit he had sought to crush in others, and as a result we read of him grinding "in the prison house" with both his eyes put out paying the awful penalty of his own want of persistent effort and unremitting toil.

And so to-day how many there are like Samson who are grinding in the world's moral prison house with both eyes—the eye of the intellect and the eye of the soul—put out by this spirit of despondency, of despair!

Moral blindness is the penalty we have to pay. Without any standard of either personal honour or personal purity—without a conscience keenly alive to warn us of danger—no hungering or thirsting after righteousness—no desire for God! This is the price we have to pay, and human experience every day bears out the truth that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

But I spoke of a word of sympathy, a word of inspiration, a word of hope! Yes! the blackest night is always followed by the dawn of a new day. The crest of the most angry wave is fringed with its symbol of peace. The wildest clouds break up before the sunlight!

Do I speak to anyone who has been "going through the mill" lately, who has been in the shadow recently—in whose life the vision of things Eternal has been dimmed—whose ideal has fallen from its once lofty height—whose soul has been into the outer darkness and there cried aloud for God? If I do, let me say to such:

"Toil on, dear heart, although earth's pathway darken,
Work on, faint not, amid the busy strife,
Earth is not all."

Take fresh courage. Get back into the field again with thy "angel faces," and in the Eternal strength go on. Prejudice, ignorance, vested interests, and indifference to cruelty and suffering may surround us and seek to crush the very life out of us, but what are they when opposed to the great forces arrayed on our side?

For us are Truth and Justice, Mercy and Love, and against these who shall stand? Back again into the fray, brother! Let loose upon the universal ether only thought forces which will strengthen and uplift humanity.

Do not forget that just as every delicate shade produces an effect upon the fabric, just as every thread has its place in the loom, just as every gentle whisper impresses itself upon the wax cylinder of the phonograph, so every thought of power, of hope, of truth, and of God which you create and send forth, influences and impresses other minds, each one finding a place in that almost illimitable extent of mental territory upon which the thoughts of persons, spoken or unspoken, meet in mystic union. Never lose sight of the fact that very often we are doing the most real good when we least expect it, and perhaps the greatest source of all true inspiration is to remember that God is on the field even when He is invisible. To lift, if only *one* soul to higher and nobler

realizations on this side the veil is a work which will make the great army of the unseen shout and sing!

Those whose minds are earth-bound and self-contained never reckon with the silent unseen forces at work in the world. They forget that the mightiest agencies at work in the universe are the silent ones. In Nature that great ponderous law of Gravitation, for instance, came down the ages so silently that centuries of wise men passed away before any ear had caught so much as its footfall upon the Sands of Time.

Likewise in the moral and spiritual world other great silent forces are at work in terrible earnestness and entirely unseen by "Mr. Worldly Wiseman." These forces which make for Justice, Mercy and Truth, are leavening the whole lump. Never mind what "the world" says. Do not let the seeming contradictions around you influence your judgment, or even dim the light within.

Remember that the fool, especially "the learned and scientific fool" will always seek to overthrow our ideals and prove our principles false, but is the peaceful ocean disturbed by the screeching of the gulls? Are there not depths in the mighty deep never touched by storms or tempests? Is the summit of the Himalayas endangered by the weary toilers excavating in the valleys below?

No! the ocean of Truth, and the mountains of Eternal spiritual desire can never be overcome, nor even diminished in any degree, for they are of God, from everlasting to everlasting.

In our Food-Reform Crusade we need never lose heart, even though one here or one there may turn back and desert the ranks, or though the outward results may not be all that we should wish. Nothing can prevent the ultimate success of our Cause. Prejudice and ignorance may delay the work, vested interests may oppose our ideals, and indifference may defy our enthusiasm, but WIN IN THE END WE SHALL.

From all standpoints men and women are being influenced by our work. The beauty and the artistic nature of our diet appeals to the ever increasing numbers of aesthetic minds—the great social changes we shall bring about are attracting the attention of intelligent men—the high moral standard we claim for the work is impressing thoughtful souls everywhere—whilst the lofty spiritual ideals we ever keep in view are becoming apparent to not a few of the more enlightened ones who seek for illumination and Truth, and have the courage to follow it whenever it is found.

Work on, cheer up, my fellow-worker, wherever you are and whoever you may be. Keep your thought stream ever renewed from the Fountain of Life and fit yourself for still higher duties and more loyal service.

Let there ever be before your vision the soul that hath toiled and conquered—always "conquered," no failure. In order to escape from the disheartening and discouraging elements in life's battle, seek for the Great Peace each day. Enter into the soul's deep calm where all is lit up with that beautiful, sweet, pure Light which never was on sea or land.

It is only when stirred by the radiance of this inner Light, remember, that those higher vibrations beat upon the soul and lift it to still nobler possibilities and still greater possessions. Learn to tune your ear to all the worldless music of the stars and to the voice of Nature, and your mind shall be drawn out toward Truth and Goodness as naturally as the plant turns to the sun.

Listen day by day for the music which is swelling all around you on the water and the land, for only by seeking these fuller realizations of life and power can we hope to overcome the depressing influences around us which are created by other minds.

It is only by continually blending, in this way, our lives with the Divine life, that we can bring into practical daily experience those higher forces which will one day disperse the long night of error and give to mankind the Eternal Light in all its fullness, of which, as yet, he has but dimly perceived the first streaks which are ushering in the dawn of the Perfect Day.

Harold W. Whiston.

Our "Difficulties" Column.

"In case of doubt, decide."

This month Mr. McErrol returns to his subject of Biblical difficulties. If any other readers have been perplexed with other Scriptural problems which they have at length satisfactorily solved, their articles will be welcome.



"To be always obstinate or dogmatic, or to deny that difficulties ever exist, is the mark of a low intellect."

Several queries have come to hand about how to vegetate (1) when you are the only one in a large family and all the rest are against it.

(2). When you are an assistant in a drapery establishment where food is provided, and if you don't eat what is provided you have to go without.

(3). When you have been ordered meat by your doctor, and your husband is grieving over your being a semi-invalid and trying to persuade you that you would be better if you only took a little meat once a day.

All readers who have met one or more of these difficulties and have surmounted them, are cordially invited to record their experience for the benefit of their struggling and doubting—and, sometimes, almost despairing—comrades in the great battle for the higher life in food.

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Will,—Your letter in answer to mine on the question of "abstaining from meats" (1 Tim., iv. 3) is before me, and, while thanking you for it, I must confess to a feeling of disappointment at its contents. Not that I am altogether surprised, for I remember the section of the Christian Church to which you belong, and I suppose that of all the various divisions, none take the words of the Bible more literally than do the members of the body known as the "Plymouth Brethren."

You do not take kindly to my proposal to argue out the question on a basis of principles instead of isolated texts, and write, "let me say of men's 'principles' I know nothing which will bear the light of God's word, and have decided that where any course of action is stopped by His word, it is for our blessing to accept His word, and let our thoughts of principles go." Is, then, the quality of mercy for which I pleaded one of men's principles? Surely not; a human being whose heart had not been either directly or indirectly influenced by power from on high would not understand what mercy meant. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of violence," and but for the witness of God to man, both without and within him, we had never known anything else. This, I feel sure, you allow. How, then, are you justified in stigmatising the plea of those who ask for humaneness in the procuring of our daily sustenance as a setting up of men's principles in opposition to God's?

The second point you make has, I admit, a certain amount of weight. Indeed, I noticed it when writing my previous letter, and it was for that very reason that I was careful to say, "the whole sting of this verse as it concerns a vegetarian in his particular capacity as a vegetarian" You remark that we can in simplicity take it to include or exclude

foods obtained from the vegetable kingdom, and it would not alter the character of the admonition. This is quite true, and I should be very glad to have the opinion of a scholar on the exact meaning of the words in our text. A friend of mine did, indeed, suggest that they referred to meats that had been offered to idols, but this view does not appear to me tenable. In the only commentary (Barnes') I have by me, the author arrives at the conclusion that these words may fairly be applied to the Roman Catholic Church, especially when taken in conjunction with the prohibition against marriage. He thus concludes his remarks on this text: "There can be no doubt that in the apostasy here referred to those things would be forbidden, not because they were injurious or hurtful in their nature, but because it might be made a part of a system of religion of self-righteousness, and because there might be connected with such a prohibition the belief of special merit." If you or any of your friends to whom you show this letter can throw any light on the subject, I shall be, as I said, very glad indeed. In any case you will at least admit this, that there are some vegetarians who abstain from flesh-meat from other, and I venture to say higher, reasons than self-righteousness and a desire for special merit.

You now pass on to speak of the killing of the lamb at the first passover, and the sacrifice of Jesus Christ upon the cross. Of the latter, I would submit very reverently that it has nothing to do with the subject under consideration. As to the former, I look at it in this way (I may be wrong, and am open to conviction). God in times past, even as to-day, allowed many things to transpire which were not out of keeping with the standard of morality to which those then living had attained; but as we advance in knowledge of Him and His laws, we are not only justified, but woe might be to us if we failed, in gradually raising our standard and by faithful and careful walking slowly attain to a higher and yet higher plane of life.

Only one other of your objections would I here touch upon. You conclude, "I believe that science is fiction when it opposes God's word in any wise." So do I; but does science ever do so? I do not mean just on the surface, but in the very essence of things. True science I take to be a knowledge of the laws of Nature, and Nature's Creator, and how is it possible that the revelation God gives of Himself in His outward works can differ from that we receive through His written word? The Bible says the earth was formed in so many "days." Geology says the process took not "days," but "ages." Yet I believe that reason and faith can harmonise such apparent inconsistencies as these. Can that which directly opposes the Word of God be worthy of the name of science?

A lady said to me the other day, in speaking of the passing of John Ruskin, "Ah, now he *knows*." Such is, indeed, his blessedness, and such shall by God's grace at the appointed time be yours also and mine.—Yours sincerely,

JAS. McERROL.

BE TRUE.

To self be true, and let the world condemn thee as it may,
Its verdict will not touch thy soul when falls the
Judgment Day:

Love well thy friend, love deep and strong; yea, if thou
wilt adore,

But in thy love's intensest rage still love thine honour more.

To self be true, be ever prompt to speak the word of cheer,
But scorn to use a pleasant phrase with purpose insincere:
Be slow to anger; but be swift to battle for the right,
And when thou deal'st a blow for truth, strike home with
all thy might.

To self be true, though friend and foe appraise thee as a fool,
Let not their wit, contempt, or scorn deflect thy guiding rule:
Let none thy conscience hold in pawn with menace or with
smile,

And from thy loyalty to self let none thy soul beguile.

Harry Cocking.

The Use of Fat.

CHAPTER I.

Fat is of the greatest value in the animal world for at least three distinct purposes: 1, as a food; 2, as a covering to keep out the cold; 3, as an economising agent. If we consider fat in relation to its principal purpose we find that it may be absorbed either as a food for present use, or it may be stored away as food for times of need.

The blood contains about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of fat, the muscles about 3 per cent., the brain 8 per cent., and the *nerves 22 per cent.*, so that a large amount of fat is absolutely necessary to enable the organs of the body to perform their proper functions. Of course it does not follow that all the fat that is required for the use of the body should have been swallowed in the form of fat, because the cells of the body seem to have the power of forming fat from starchy, sugary, and albuminous foods, as well as out of fatty matters which have been presented to them.

It has been shown that a diet of bread after a previous fast has raised the amount of fat in the blood from 2.6 in the thousand to 3.1; a diet of meat has raised it to 3.8; while a diet of suet and starch has raised it to 4.1.

It is important here to remember that though fat is an essential food, it does not follow that an article of diet which raises the amount of fat in the blood is therefore a good food, because it may at the same time provide too great an amount of some other substance which may thus prove injurious.

Bread alone will provide sufficient fat if enough of it be eaten, but if a sufficiently high proportion of what is eaten be not digested, an impossible amount would have to be consumed, so that long before this point could be reached it would be found that too much sugar was being formed, and symptoms of glycosuria (sugar in the urine) would manifest themselves.

In a similar way experience supports scientific demonstration in showing that meat in certain conditions tends to increase the amount of fat in the blood, but at the same time as it does this it also provides a large amount of waste nitrogenous matters which eventually tend to *weaken* to as great an extent as the fat is able to *strengthen*. Ranke has observed "that an exclusively meat diet, instead of producing strength, caused weakness and muscular fatigue, the excess of waste nitrogenous products proceeding from the decomposition of this food in the organism seeming to act as a muscular poison."

We thus see that the requisite fat can be obtained by the body from many sources when it is necessary, but yet that by obliging it to go to these sources we may put such a strain upon it that we are doing it a permanent injury, and this is the reason why we should take great care that our food contains a due proportion of fat in a form readily assimilable, and not in a state when it is accompanied by a great bulk of some other food whose presence is injurious rather than beneficial.

Vegetarians have to be specially careful that they do not err in this respect when they give up those flesh dishes whose chief value lies in the fact that they provide a large quantity of ready-made fat.

Fat is one of the foods which is most often deficient in the food of the poor. The late Dr. Hughes-Bennett used to say the dearthness of butter was a great cause of consumption, and undoubtedly it is a fact that where children are fed on bread and treacle or bread and cheap jam, instead of the bread and butter which their instinct craves for, we find that consumption prevails to a greater degree.

Butter is expensive and olive oil is not sufficiently well known, so that the fat too often supplied is either in the form of fat meat—which the child very usually loathes, and which is either not eaten, or if eaten under such instinctive protest, is injurious or non-beneficial—or in the form of dripping, lard, or margarine, which are open to many serious objections.

It would be well if all vegetarian mothers would see that their children are well supplied with pure fat in a full

proportion, for the organ which needs fat most, and which most readily suffers from lack of it, is the nervous system.

Injured nerves mean a wrecked life, and nerves starved of fat soon become injured nerves. Every precaution should, therefore, be taken to ensure the presence of enough fat in the daily food.

The best ways to take fat are :

1. *Nuts*—and of these, pine kernels are the softest and the most free from cellulose and indigestible matter. Walnuts are always palatable and pleasant, and generally digestible. Butter-nuts are specially soft and fat, and are so rich that only one or two should be eaten at a time; they are very good for old people as they need but little chewing. Brazils, Barcelonas and cocoanuts are improved for most people by grinding them in an *Ida* nutmill, and using them with the sugary fruits, such as Tunis dates or new figs.

2. *Animal Products*—New milk, butter, cream, cream cheese, clotted cream, Devonshire cream, etc., etc., are forms in which fat may be most readily and pleasantly taken, and if a variety of these forms be used there will be little fear of that greatest of nerve dangers—fat starvation. For old people, cream with stewed fruit is an excellent way of taking fat.

3. *Oils*—Amongst these olive oil and cocoanut butter are the most commonly used, but olive oil and cotton seed oil and nut oil are also largely used for salads and for frying and other cooking purposes.

Where there has been a previous lack of oil in the food it is often wise to take a definite dose, two or three times a day, of one of the best and most palatable vegetable substitutes for cod liver oil, such as Vitol oil or Ambrosia.

Household Wisdom.

To those who are just adopting a reformed diet it may be helpful to have a repetition of useful hints which have appeared in this column from time to time.



I think I'll turn Vegetarian. Mice aren't really nice.

In the commencement of this new departure in our lives, it is wiser for the majority of people to modify existing habits gradually, and the process of entirely giving up flesh-eating might be in this order:—

1st: Abandon butcher's meat.

2nd: Poultry and game; and lastly, fish.

Animal food might be excluded from all meals except dinner; next, it might be alternated with a vegetarian dinner; then only resorted to once or twice a week, and, finally, substituted entirely by fish. Fish may then be employed in a similar manner, and continued in narrowing gradation till the

system feels accustomed to the new regime, and offers no resistance to the completion of the change. The trend of thought will greatly help the adaptation of the body, for it is certainly the *fear* of failure on the part of many in adopting the change in diet that causes their ultimate breakdown.

It is a confusion of terms that gives rise to the puzzled query, "But how can one live on vegetables?" As a matter of fact, a food reformer eats no larger quantity of vegetables than before, and could do without them if eating plenty of fruit instead. Such questions arise, to a large extent, from people's ignorance, and if they would only take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the values of simple hygienic foods, and purchase one of the numerous cookery books published, and exercise a little common sense in carrying out the advice given therein, they would soon find a way out of all their seeming difficulties.

One very important step is that baker's white bread *must* be replaced in part at least by wholemeal bread, home made if possible. This proves a great stay in itself, and is frequently a source of improved health. A good home made bread can be made by mixing half of white flour and half of wholemeal, and making in the usual way.

USEFUL HINTS.

Pine Kernels

are a splendid substitute for suet, when run twice through the nutmill. For a plain pudding use the same quantity as of suet, and add a teaspoonful of baking powder, and boil in a cloth 1 hour.

Cokernut Butter

is an invaluable substitute for lard. Some people like it better in the form of "Nucoline." It is a good plan to keep some which has been run through the nutmill in a separate tin, and it is always in readiness for mixing with the flour for pastry, puddings, etc. It makes a nice short pastry if melted before mixing in the flour.

A Nutmill

is indispensable as a time saver for grinding nuts, cheese, bread-crusts, pine kernels, nucoline, etc. Celery salt is very useful for flavouring soup and savouries, and is more wholesome than so much ordinary salt.

Mint Sauce

is excellent with any savoury rissoles, or pies. Some people seem to think that when they relinquish the fleshpots they must let go all the tasty sauces and accompaniments too, which is a great mistake. Bread sauce, onion sauce, apple sauce, tomato sauce, etc., are as much in request as ever, with just a little discretion in apportioning the right sauce to the right savoury. For instance, red currant jelly, though not now wanted for mutton or hare, is an equally appetising addition to nuttose, protose, or lentil or haricot rissoles, etc.

There are those who object to many dishes which necessitate frying. To such, perhaps some of the following recipes for border moulds may give some new ideas.

They may be made of various ingredients, both for border and filling.

First purchase a deep border mould of tin or copper—the china ones will only do for steaming, not for baking.

Border Mould, with walnuts and mushrooms.

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint milk and place in a saucepan with 2 oz. butter, and when it boils stir into it $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of dried and sifted bread-crumbs. Stir constantly until it no longer sticks to the pan, and when cool add 3 tablespoonfuls of ground walnuts, the juice of a good lemon, some grated onion juice, a little ground mace, salt and pepper, 1 egg beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk. Beat hard. Butter well the border mould, and sprinkle with crumbs, turn the mixture into it, set the mould in a tin of hot water, cover to keep from browning, and bake from 10 to 15 minutes, or if steamed it would take rather longer.

For the filling of all border moulds there is endless variety. The recipe given above is very good served with a filling of grilled mushrooms, or tomatoes, or simply with a good *thick* brown gravy in which plenty of chopped celery has been cut in dice and cooked.

A Mould of Macaroni.

Cook about $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. spaghetti macaroni (for very small mould) in boiling salted water. Drain off any water, and add a cup of milk, and cook until it is nearly all absorbed. Then make a thick, white sauce, add a good lump of butter, salt, and pepper, and about $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of grated cheese. Let it come to the boil after adding the macaroni, and when cool add one egg beaten light. Butter mould, and cook about 25 minutes. Serve with filling of grilled tomatoes, or tomato sauce.

Rice boiled in water and then in milk, until the milk is absorbed, and then pressed into border mould and steamed 5 or 10 minutes, and served with a filling of chopped carrots, or green peas and curry sauce, is an easily prepared dish.

Lentils may be cooked and used in the same way, or for variety served with a filling of hard-boiled eggs in white sauce. Spinach border mould is excellent served with curried rice filling or scrambled eggs. Prepare as follows:—Make a little white sauce, season with butter, pepper, and salt, add the spinach which has been cooked, chopped, and the water pressed out. Mix well, and add one beaten egg and a teaspoonful of sugar. After greasing the mould press the spinach in, and cook in a steamer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Daisy Whiston.



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Why Worry?

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band,
One will fall as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain,
God will keep thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Adelaide Procter.



The true Devotee is one who, just because he has no thought nor care for self, has all thought and all care for those around him; and he is able out of the great peace of his own selflessness to find room for all the troubles and strife of his fellow men.

Devotion and the Spiritual Life.

Life is as much more than meat as the body is more than raiment.

Why, then, should we worry about what we eat or drink, or why should we distress our souls about what we feed upon.

Has not the Great Master, with a sweet voice which thrills the ages down, bidden us look at the lesser children of His field and flock, and learn from them the lesson of divine content.

When we see the lilies quietly absorbing the food that has been provided for them in the scheme of the Universe and blazing out into a wealth of dazzling beauty of white and crimson and yellow and scarlet, we may learn to give up our worrying about nitrogen and settle down into a restful confidence that the food of Eden is the best.

Unrest and worry, worry and unrest, tell of the attitude of man to his food.

Restlessly worrying to get new, and strange, and Babylonian dishes, and then restless and in pain when he has eaten them, man is for ever breaking the divine command.

Ye lovers of flesh; ye eaters of the bodies of the slaughtered kine; ye who must have red meat from the

shambles for your daily feast, why do ye break through this teaching of divinest wisdom?

If God can provide enough nitrogen in the grass of the field and in the sweet herbs for the countless herds who flourish thereon, can He not be trusted to fulfil the essentials of the same when He teaches man how to live, in those striking words which have never been revoked:

"Behold I give you every herb of the field bearing seed and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding fruit, to you it shall be for meat."

Why worry about this trifle of food? it is provided in plenty on every hand, the rich harvest of herbs of the field bearing seed is gathered in from every clime.

Wheat and oat, barley and rice, maize and lentil, are all brought forth in richest profusion. "The herb of the field bearing seed" is doing its share right royally in the fulfilment of the cosmic scheme.

In the orchard, too, the trees are singing together their sweet songs of contentment, happy in the to-day, worrying nothing about the to-morrow, but, storing aside the treasure food in root and fruit, they are prepared for the bleak dreariness of winter.

From desert oasis the palms are sending their sweet burden; from tropical climes the fruitful banana comes in rich clusters; from sunny slopes the orange and the lemon, the vine and the olive, the peach and the pomegranate, jostle each other in their eager obedience to the divine command.

From forests stately and wide the precious nuts in their stony shells are poured.

Walnuts and chestnuts, cocoanuts and filberts, fat brazils and rich pecans, bring in their toll and tribute at the heavenly call.

The orchards of home and abroad, temperate climes and tropic isles, all possess their trees bringing forth fruit fit for the food of man.

While all creation is fulfilling the Creator's behest why should man alone fail in his duty and daily worry about his meat and drink?

The one great cry which every aristophagist missionary hears on every hand is a sound of untrusting worry.

"I would vegetare to-morrow, but I am afraid it wouldn't suit me."

"I would vegetare to-morrow, but I am afraid of injuring my constitution."

"I would vegetare to-morrow, only my stomach is too delicate and I can't digest vegetables."

"I would like to vegetare, but I should have to eat so much more, or I shouldn't get enough nitrogen."

These are the wails that go up; the real fears that chastise the minds of those who have lost trust in the allfatherly care of the Creator; manifestations of that unrest which has no faith, but which persists in worrying day and night about the minor matters of eating and of drinking.

Standing here in England to-day with its markets teeming with the rich stores gathered from every land and from every clime, month succeeding month with new dainties as each land follows on with succeeding harvests; shops and markets, barrows and stalls, piled up with the ripe seed gathered from the million "herbs of the field bearing seed," and with the luscious fruit plucked in endless varieties from "the trees yielding fruit"—and yet—and yet—the only answer that we get to our appeal to take no thought for the morrow, but to trust in God's knowledge, is this "If I gave up my meat what should I eat?"

"What shall we eat in this wilderness?" murmured the doubting host. "We shall die of hunger, it were better to return to Egypt and its slavery than perish of want in this stony place."

"What *shall* I eat if I give up the flesh pots of Egypt!"

It is the same old murmuring cry of weary worry about the small things of eating and drinking.

I do not wonder that Moses lost patience, I only wonder he kept it so long. There beneath the canopy of an eastern sky with the hand of God laid upon every star and His finger visible to them, and pointing out the pathway to their destiny, they began to worry about their food and even to sigh in selfish discontent when the banquet of the angels was sent down from heaven to earth.

To-day their descendants are worrying just as selfishly and just as distrustfully—"What *shall* I have to eat if I give up my flesh food? Why I should die of *starvation*" is the echo that repeats itself from distant Sinai.

Here to-day the Divine ordinance gives the food, here to-day the Divine hand provides it bounteously as every Harvest Festival amply testifies, here to-day as the Book of the Revelation of St. John points out, the heavenly food of fruit

is let down to earth, and yet—and yet—the weary worry of restless doubt goes on and men cry out that they are sure they will starve, that they are certain they will die of hunger or malnutrition if they trust God's Word.

Where is the sign of faith? It is looked for in vain.

Where is the voice of the Moses speaking to the congregation? The voices of the shepherds are silent and the flock are wearied with their worry.

The time has come for the Apostles of the *Golden Age* to stand upon the mountain tops and proclaim the age of rest and the century of peace.

Where the pulpit fails to speak, voices from the congregation must read the chapter for the day from the prophet's roll and must proclaim aloud the acceptable year of the Lord.

Tell it out far and wide; to the restless and the wearied; to the doubting and the despondent; to the worrying mind and to the sick body, that the Word of God is sure and cannot fail; that the food He has ordained for His children will nourish and satisfy them to the full; that man need no more worry about the lesser problems of eating and of drinking, but shall possess his soul in perfect peace as he lives on the kindly fruits of the earth which shall be brought forth for him in due season. Upon our altars now their lies a bloodless, endless sacrifice.

Earth's fruits of Bread and Wine
Our Brother brings His Blood to bless,
And consecrate by righteousness
An offering now divine.†

Man shall again walk with God in the garden in the coming eventide and the nightmare of the ages of blood and slaughter and carcase feeding shall have rolled away into an eternal peace.

Joshiah Oldfield.

What of the Night?

What of the night, O Watchman! see'st thou yet
The glimmering dawn upon the mountain heights,
The golden Herald of the Light of lights,
Are his fair feet upon the hilltops set?

Cometh he yet to chase away the gloom,
And with it all the demons of the Night?
Strike yet his darting rays upon thy sight?
Hear'st thou his voice, the sound of error's doom?

The Morning cometh, lover of the Light;
E'en now he gilds with gold the mountain's brow,
Dimly I see the Path whereon e'en now
His shining feet are set toward the Night.

Darkness shall pass away, and all the things
That Love the Darkness, and that hate the Light
Shall disappear for ever with the Night:
Rejoice! for thus the speeding Herald sings.

James Allen.

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

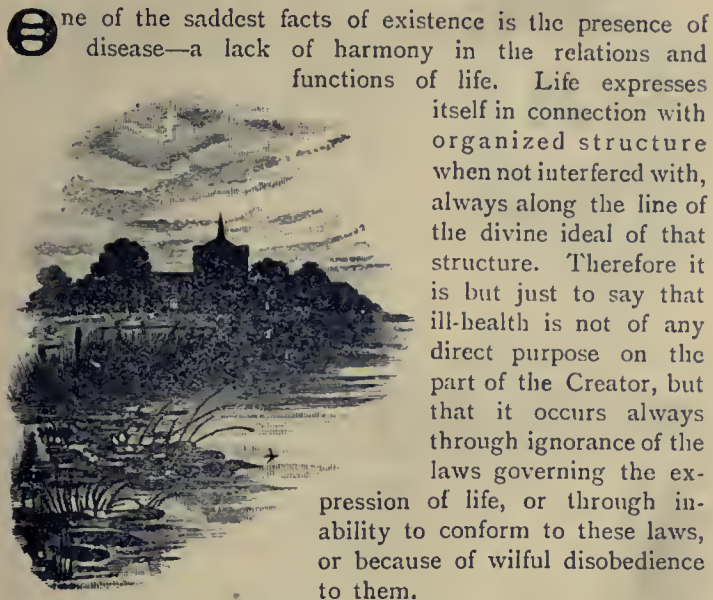
No discovery in physics, metaphysics, or political science, will give half the impetus to the cause of reform, that the discovery of our great need of moral re-adjustment will give. It is a good thing to illumine the mind with science, it is a better thing to instruct the judgment with logic and philosophy, but *it is* a more excellent way still in seeking true lasting reform to reach the conscience.

W. Meikle.

† Edwin L. Blenkinsopp in *Lyra Mystica*.

Latent Self Healing.*

By James H. Jackson, M.D.



One of the saddest facts of existence is the presence of disease—a lack of harmony in the relations and functions of life. Life expresses itself in connection with organized structure when not interfered with, always along the line of the divine ideal of that structure. Therefore it is but just to say that ill-health is not of any direct purpose on the part of the Creator, but that it occurs always through ignorance of the laws governing the expression of life, or through inability to conform to these laws, or because of wilful disobedience to them.

Whether one believes in the doctrine of evolution and so of growth from small beginnings, from imperfection toward that which is perfect, or adheres to the doctrine that creation was a complete and finished production from the beginning, there is no escape from the conclusion that, when unobstructed, life always functions—that is, expresses itself in harmony with the divine ideal—and consequently that ill-health is incidental and not organic. For it is unthinkable that God ordained for us the misery and evil of ill-health as a necessary part of our life.

The human ego is an offspring of the Heavenly Father—an individuated portion of God, the Great First Cause, and is endowed with personal identity and consciousness. Its leading characteristics are what we know as life and consciousness. The activities of the very lowest forms of animal and vegetable life show purpose and direction. Hence we may readily believe that intelligence, or mind, accompanies or is inherent in all manifestations of life. The spirit within, that which is involved as the essence of being, is then the great developer, organizer, director. The very association of living cell entities that make up in their differentiation of structure and activities the various tissues and organs of our bodies, is a display of power of Choice or of will to combine their forces for the bettering of their chances for life and for a larger consciousness.

What bearing upon the question of "health from within" have all these powers of the mind? Simply this—the magnificent creating, developing, directing influence of thought, the subtle and potent alchemy of which leads to divine power and mastery.

What facts have we to support this theory that man has the power in large measure, and may have it in full measure to regulate the processes of his bodily life, and his adjustment to environment to such a degree as to enable him to keep in health, or if sick to regain health? It is all a matter of consciousness, and consciousness is from within, not from without.

Let us go a step further. Why, of two persons equally exposed to an infectious disease, does one take it and the other escape? You say one was predisposed and the other not. What is it to be predisposed? What is that condition of the system in which the natural resistance to baleful impressions is diminished or absent? How does it occur? Through a disturbance of the normal vital tone in general, or in particular organs or structures of the body.

What are the causes of such disturbance? What are the things done or undone that so undermine the resistant power of the structures and functions? The answer is that we so live as to alter the normal consciousness, and therefore the normal action of the cells of our bodies, and so of the structures of which they are integral parts. Thus we disturb and destroy that equilibrium which is the protection against disease. In the case of the two exposed persons, one was wrong within, the other was right with reference to resisting the special morbid agent.

To be sure, external conditions affect us, but they affect us for good or evil according to our right or wrong relationship to them. Fire warms us and is beneficial in its action till we violate our normal relationship to it, and then it may burn us to death.

Food is necessary to the maintenance of our bodily life and health, but if we gorge ourselves, eat too rapidly, at all hours, and of qualities and nutritive proportions not normal to us, we suffer in health and strength.

If we overwork, or worry, or debauch ourselves by giving free range to emotional or passionate expression, we suffer the consequences of violated right relationships. Mere belief that we do not, or need not, or shall not suffer will not prevent us from reaping the penalty of traversing right relationships.

While it is true that anxiety, fear or passive mental states tend to undermine bodily resistance to disease or to prevent speedy recovery from ill conditions, it is not true that peace, faith, courage or active protesting mental states can absolutely prevent these.

If you go to the surgeon and let him operate, or to the dentist to have your tooth pulled out, while you may suffer less and recover more quickly if you are fearless and determined, still your leg will be cut off, or your tooth will be taken out just the same.

You may be hypnotized or may hypnotize yourself so that consciousness is temporarily held in abeyance, and yet the wound to the flesh will be there. May we not cultivate states of mind that will protect us from the results of ignorance or wilful violations of physiological law? Yes, to some degree from immediate effects, or from those effects that are incidents in our lives, but no mere state of consciousness can wholly protect one who violates the sub or organic consciousness of his being. Otherwise man could do what he pleased regardless of natural law or its consequences. Thank heaven, there is something in the universe that is greater and of more consequence than the will or pleasure of the individual.

Let us consider some of the effects of mental states upon bodily conditions and health. Among familiar examples may be mentioned the flushing or pallor of the face from a thought or emotion; the arrest of digestion from mental shock, the loss of appetite, flesh, and strength, that frequently results from great anxiety, and the sudden change for the better when the mental strain is over; the well known effects of fear in predisposing to endemic or infectious diseases; the poisoning of a mother's milk from violent anger to such a degree as to produce convulsions and death.

*From one of the weekly lectures regularly given at the Jackson Sanatorium, Dansville, New York, by Dr. James H. Jackson, Physician in Charge.

Muller has laid down the following physiological law:—
“An idea that a structural defect will certainly be removed by a certain act increases the organic function of the part.”

Dr. Tuke, late president of the Medico-Psychological Association, says:—“The emotions powerfully excite, modify or suspend the organic functions, cause changes in nutrition, secretion and excretion, thereby affecting the development and maintenance of the body.”

Dr. Quain relates that a gentleman who had constantly witnessed the sufferings of a friend afflicted with stricture of the oesophagus had so great an impression made on his nervous system that finally he himself experienced a similar difficulty in swallowing and ultimately died of the spasmodic impediment produced by merely thinking of another's pain.

Dr. Durant quotes this experiment:—The house surgeon administered to one hundred patients in a hospital inert draughts, such as sugared water. Then apparently in great alarm he pretended to have made a mistake in inadvertently giving them an emetic instead of syrup of gum. No fewer than eighty became nauseated and were unmistakably sick.

Incontestible evidence exists of the appearance of stigmata on persons who have given themselves to contemplation of the crucifixion of Christ and passionate emotion over His wounds. Many marked and wonderful restorations from certain forms of disease have resulted from suggestion, often more or less hypnotic in character.

There is every reason to believe that health depends upon right living. And there is every reason to believe that right living involves the direction and control of life from that realm of consciousness wherein are focussed the higher faculties of mind—comparison, causality, choice, and will. When in our lives the higher mental and spiritual powers are habitually used to adjust and to control our subconscious or organic mind, we shall no longer be the victims of primary impulses and inco-ordinate action, for we shall be in line, we shall be in accord, both within and without, with the divine, eternal laws of life, and so in the sure way to harmony, health wholeness, and happiness.

Only a Seagull.

From broken wing and wounded side
The life blood is slowly falling,
And a faint weird cry is dimly heard,
As if for help he were calling!

He rose in his pride at early morn,
To soar with his mates all free,
And rest at will on the silver crest
Of the long familiar sea.

Ah! little he knew as he floated there,
Or gracefully dived amain,
That morning's dip was the last he'd take
Of his own free will again!

For a wanton hand with never a care,
For life he could not recall,
Has fired a gun with intent to kill
A Seagull, and that is all.

There's one at least of a kindred kind
Who has come but alas! too late,
From a distant flight over hill, and sea,
To search for her absent mate.

Her grey head is bending lowly down
To one that can rise no more,
The sportsman has finished his noble work
And the gull's poor life is o'er!

Selected.

Life as a Fine Art.



Human life may be one of great joy or great sorrow. There are great resources of happiness in Nature open to every person of ordinary health and intelligence, but which they do not see. The joy of life is the outcome of the right use of the powers of mind and body.

One of the first requisites is the power of self-control; if people have not that, and get into a panic on slight occasions, troubles and difficulties will be many. We are embarked on the ocean of life, and our fellow-passengers are sometimes difficult to get on with. A friend of mine asked a fellow-tradesman how he got on with a certain troublesome customer. “Oh,” he said, “I must swear at him or laugh; I choose to laugh at him as being best.” It is a fine art to be able to live with aggravating and faulty people happily, and keep an even temper and be forgiving. Forgiveness is a divine “fine art,” founded on justice and love. Jesus said, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” These words are sublimely beautiful. Let us also be considerate, and try to think that those who trouble us do so in ignorance.

Children especially deserve patient and loving forbearance, with firmness. It is a “fine art” to teach children obedience without harshness—without slapping, shaking, and much scolding. This art all parents should try to be proficient in. If parents lose self-control, how can they expect their children to govern themselves, and restrain angry feelings, if they do not have a good example set them?

Benjamin Franklin is an example of great self-possession. He commenced life as a printer, but raised himself to the highest positions in the State. He formed a high ideal of what human life should be, and determined to make his life a work of art. With this end in view, he wrote out a list of all the virtues—the good qualities inherent in man's nature. At the end of the day or week he impartially examined his conduct, and wherever he failed he put a mark. It surprised him very much to see so many marks, and this made him more circumspect. He never succeeded in getting rid of all his failings, but he had the great pleasure of seeing most of the marks disappear. He could not quite reach the high standard of perfection, but his attainments in the fine art of living were very great. Franklin became one of the most eminent of statesmen and philosophers, and at the same time he was a domesticated man, and performed well his part in home life. This grand and beautiful life was due to his endeavour to free himself from his faults and increase the power of his virtues.

Everyone should form some good purpose, some ideal to live for, and if they cannot realise all they desire, they will become better and happier by the effort they put forth. It is best to have an ideal that it is possible to reach by long continued effort. If the standard is impossible of attainment it discourages effort. A refined and comfortable home is a possible ideal which people in all classes can and should strive to realise and keep, and those who can should adorn it with beautiful things, and make it the centre of attraction. Emerson, the great American poet and philosopher, said that the greater half of human happiness is in loving and being

loved in return. Where love reigns in the home, all the troubles of the outward world can be borne much better than when it is absent.

It is necessary that we cordially recognise the truth that this world was made for all, and that no one family have any patent rights to more than is justly due to them. Shakespeare has said, "Wherefore this world was made for Cæsar I am weary of conjecturing." There are many people who act as though they thought that getting and keeping was the wisest and best thing to do. This great error eventuates in the loss of the purest pleasures of social life. How is it possible to get and keep the love and sympathy of those we are connected with if we always want the best of every bargain and our self-will first and foremost.

One of the greatest teachers of wisdom (Seneca) has defined the art of life to be living in constant good humour. This is very difficult for a selfish man, but to one who is self-possessed and unselfish, the fountain of good humour will be abundant, for he is not troubled by anxiety and conflict with the interest of other people, and even feels a pleasure when they are having a good time. There are times when people aggravate and ruffle us, or children are difficult to manage. The question is how to bear these things with good humour, or without losing self-possession and getting angry.

I think it is a great help in times of great irritation to remember that each individual has had a different parentage and education, read different books, and been surrounded with different influences all their life. How is it possible for them to think and act as we think they should? It cannot be done. They cannot do the impossible. Why then let it trouble you overmuch?

Many of the vexations of life arise from expecting too much from others. It is best to endure with good humour the failings of others and help them to overcome instead of resenting. Be to others' faults a little blind, be to their virtues very appreciative. The fine art, good manners, the charm of social life, grows out of due appreciation of the virtues and rights of imperfect people, and becomes easy to those who have good dispositions. It is the disregard for the good qualities in others, and censoriousness towards their imperfections, that introduces discord and pain into human life. Nature has made every man, woman, and child to be different from every other, and the sooner we recognise this, the more easily will it be to live with other people happily.

Outward adornment is important when not overdone, but it should not supersede the cultivation of the mind and the heart. I think it would help mothers of families if they secured a portion of time every day in the week for a change of scene and rest from the worries of family life, for it would enable them to gather their scattered wits, and enable them to become more self-possessed, and so act with greater wisdom towards their families.

The bringing up children wisely is a very fine art indeed, and requires much knowledge of the laws which govern the physical and spiritual development of child nature. Loving firmness and due provision for the ceaseless activity of childhood should be the rule of conduct in the home.

Goethe, the Shakespeare of Germany, has well said that there are three reverences—for those that are below, for those that are our equals, and those above—in other words, we should not despise human nature because of its imperfection. Shakespeare has said, "There is a vein of good in things evil, if men would but diligently distil it out." The distillation of

good from things apparently evil is possible, and if we are wise we shall make ourselves better and happier and more perfect by doing so. This is a fine art.

One great difficulty in social life is the difference in the quality of moral sense.

Our moral judgments differ, and it is not fair to assume that those who differ from us are morally blameable or stupid.

Ruskin speaks of a man he knew that was so proficient in the fine art of living that he intuitively perceived the possibilities of good in those he had intercourse with, and by sympathetic and judicious appreciation called forth all that was good in them. He was one of those who carry a benediction on the countenance, and lift, by their genial presence, those who come near them to a higher level of happiness. The great American, Emerson, makes a suggestion, that when a man goes into society he should study how to make life beautiful. This cannot be done by those who cherish or permit revengeful feelings, for real or supposed injuries, to wrangle in their heart.

To be willing to forgive, and to suppress all angry feelings, is one of the most necessary steps in the art of living happy and beautiful lives. I will relate a case of the great power of forgiveness. A soldier had been punished many times for his bad conduct, without amendment. The officer of the court-martial said, sympathetically, that he was very sorry that past punishment had not succeeded in reforming him, and that he would be forgiven this time, and see if that would. The effect of forgiveness accomplished what punishment had failed to do, and gave him back his self-respect. "Mercy is twice blessed."

If we cannot be perfect now, we *can* all do our *very best* to live up to this noble ideal of a perfect human life, and the more we try, the happier and better we shall become.

William Slatter.

Changeless Truth.

It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so—
That howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

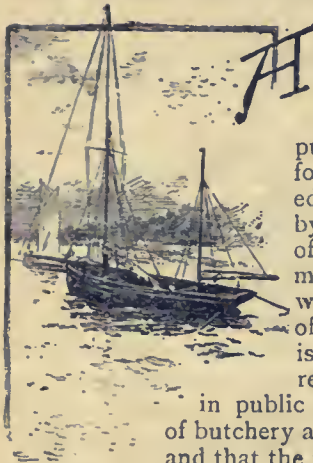
Arthur H. Clough.

HOSPITALS' WORKING GUILD.

The Annual Meeting of this Guild was held by kind permission of Mr. Harry Phillips, at Memorial Hall, Dr. Oldfield presiding. The report and balance sheet (the latter showing a deficit of 12s. 8d.) were read and adopted, and officers for the ensuing year appointed.

The Guild was founded for the purpose of supplying garments and other useful articles to hospitals worked on humanitarian lines. The materials are bought with the money given by subscribers and then worked up by voluntary workers, either at their own homes or at "working parties" held at regular intervals in various localities. The Council will be glad of offers of help in any way and of gifts of money, materials, garments, etc., or of any miscellaneous goods for use or sale. Anyone interested and willing to assist in any shape or form is requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec., Mr. C. R. Brace, 42, Manor Road, Stamford Hill, N., who will gladly answer any enquiries.

Editorial Notes.



A significant sign of the times is the appearance of an article which strongly advocates Vegetarianism in the Journal which is published by the Salvation Army for the purpose of helping and educating its Officers. It is written by Mr. Bramwell Booth—the Chief of the Staff—and the fact of such a message being sent forth by one who is already the virtual Director of the Army's operations and who is destined to be its future General, really means that the coming change

in public thought concerning the morality of butchery and carnivorousness is already foreseen, and that the necessity is realized of leading the

Officers of the organization to perceive the importance of the subject. The day is rapidly approaching when all religious teachers will have to publicly face the question "Why do you patronize and sanction the needless shedding of innocent blood and the cruelty which is involved in carnivorousness?" It will be a good thing for the Army when that day arrives if its Officers throughout Christendom—and especially throughout India, Burmah and Japan—are able to reply "Our hands are clean from the stain of bloodguiltiness, we practise the gospel of love which we preach and we endeavour to shew forth the compassionate spirit of Christ, not only towards our fellow-men, but towards all creatures who share with us the gift of life and the benevolence and care of our common Creator."

* * *

ENCOURAGING RESULTS.

The continuous stream of pamphlets and leaflets which have been sent forth by the Executive of The Order during the past three years to the more prominent Staff

Officers of the Salvation Army is having a very appreciable effect. Many of those commanding Districts and Divisions have been led to embrace our principles concerning natural and humane diet. These in their turn will influence those who are around them as well as those under their command, and we venture to hope that the day will come when the organization as a whole will take its stand on the side of the Food-Reformation and openly declare its belief that 'Carnivorousness' is a physical and an ethical sin from which men must be saved before the full realization of the Christian spirit in both heart and life can be enjoyed and the Kingdom of God come upon this earth. If this hope is realized, and we believe it will be eventually, the fifty or sixty journals published by the Army in various languages will help on the work of *humanizing* the people, as well as in evangelizing them; its numerous Food-Depots will supply pure, nutritious, and bloodless food to the masses, and Vegetarian Societies will become almost *de trop*—for the Churches of Christendom would then be compelled by such an object lesson to face the question whether needless bloodshed and butchery for food is *Right* or *Wrong*.

We invite all Salvationists who read these words to aid in bringing about the fulfilment of this beneficent hope and of the clearly expressed desire of the Chief of the Staff. No surer way of furthering the interests of the Army, the Kingdom of Christ, and the amelioration of the lot of the human race—as well as of the animal creation, could be adopted. We will send pamphlets gratis to any Officers who feel led to study this question thoroughly with a view to ascertaining the Will of God concerning their daily food, if they write to The Order of the Golden Age, Ilfracombe.

VIVISECTION.

Just now the battle over vivisection is being waged as fiercely as the battle of the Tugela was, and in some quarters with just as much bitterness and hatred.

But the opponents seldom reach each other and seldom convert each other—and why?

Why they are fighting on different sides of the river.

* * *

The apologists for vivisection take their **UTILITARIANISM**, stand upon the utility of the practice, upon the discoveries which have resulted from it, upon the possible increase of knowledge that lies before the experiments.

* * *

MORALITY.

The humanitarian, on the other hand, takes his stand upon the basis of ethics and morals; upon the loss to character which results from the practice, and upon the sapping of the standard of right and wrong as to cruelty which will affect the whole race so soon as the claim of the experimental school is allowed—that experimental research is the only scientific pathway to knowledge, and that it should not only be unfettered but should be encouraged in every way.

* * *

THE MONTE CARLO OF SCIENCE.

The apologist for the millions of experiments that have taken place, upon the ground that from some few of them—an infinitesimal number—useful discoveries have been obtained, reminds me of the apologist of the gaming table on the plea that a few prizes are occasionally drawn.

If the laboratory is but the Monte Carlo of science, the time cannot be far distant when its injury to scientific morality will become palpable to all thoughtful minds.

* * *

MR. TRIST'S BOOK.

Most of my readers have seen or heard of Mr. Stephen Paget's latest book, written in support of experimental research and which is being largely quoted as a masterly exposition of the value of vivisection.

Mr. Sidney Trist is preparing a scientific reply to it, and is obtaining the collaboration of a number of medical men, each of whom is writing a chapter on his own subject.

I hope all who are interested in this most vitally important subject will obtain a copy of Mr. Trist's book as soon as it is published.

* * *

EVOLUTION.

The advocacy of vivisection is an advocacy of perpetuating pain and perpetuating antagonism.

Evolution teaches that the most precious virtues of mercy and gentleness are the latest attained; are the most difficult to attain; are the first and most easily lost; and that there is always a tendency to sport back to the lower vices of cruelty and brutality. Vivisection teaches that all students of science should use the higher animals freely, destroying functions, organs and lives; it promises them that they will retain their highest virtues and will not deteriorate. Vivisection, therefore, is in direct antagonism to evolution.

* * *

SACRIFICE.

Sacrifice is a cosmic law, but the law teaches that compulsory sacrifice is but transitory, and it is always pointing towards voluntary sacrifice as being the only sacrifice which will bring permanent good to the race. Vivisection advocates the perpetuation of compulsory sacrifice as being good and just in its essence.

* * *

SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

To me, therefore, it appears that vivisection is one of those practices which is in harmony only with the lower stages of thought and development, I look upon the advocacy of the essential rightness of vivisection as an advocacy of what is opposed to the highest laws of spiritual development.

HONEST
VIVISECTORS.

I have no word to say against honest vivisectors. We can only live up to the light we possess. I shall be satisfied if I can ever or to any light such a candle in their heart that they will see that vivisection itself is wrong—is unscientific—and then those to whom such a light comes, will become just as earnest and just as honest humanitarians as they have been in the past earnest and honest believers in the scientific basis of vivisection.

* * *

THE "FRIENDS"
PUT THE
QUESTION.

The *Friends' Anti-Vivisection Society* are to be congratulated most earnestly upon their fearlessness and honesty.

They have sent out a circular booklet, worded in temperate but earnest language, to every medical man in the kingdom asking each to devote a little thought to the subject and then to give a reply.

About 28,000 copies were sent out. About 80 replied expressing sympathy with the movement to suppress vivisection, 17 disapproved of vivisection except under strict supervision, 11 were ambiguous, 128 wrote to express approval of the practice, and one can only regret that of these it is said that they wrote "in language far from courteous, and generally with the characteristic omission to stamp their letters."

* * *

VIVISECTION
AND
FLESH-EATING.

For my own part I replied that I wholly disapproved of vivisection but that, in return, I should be glad of *their* opinion upon the practice of flesh-eating, in the name of which, and under the auspices of

which, the most atrocious cruelties are hourly and daily inflicted upon thousands and thousands of our sentient fellow-creatures.

The sum total of the agonies inflicted by ship and rail, by overdriving and underfeeding, by blows from men and bites from dogs, by the long hours within the sight and smell of blood, and by the last dreadful scene of all—is as terrible and as real and as gross as the agonies suffered in the scientists' laboratories.

Vivisection is done—nominally at any rate—for the good of others, for the good of the human race; but the cruelties of the slaughter houses have no higher motive whatever than the gratification of a selfish appetite.

* * *

COURTESY.

Quite promptly I answered the query of the *Friends' Anti-Vivisection Society*, but so far, though nearly two months have elapsed, I have received from them no answer to *my* question! It is strange how ready we are to try and set *others* right, and how keen we are to make *other* people good, and how vexed we are with them if they won't be at once converted to our higher standpoint, and yet how we shirk anything which turns the tables upon ourselves, and how glad we are to pass on rapidly and to shelve all questions which affect our own selfish habits and luxuries.

Stay! to be quite honest, the Secretary did write and ask if they might *publish* my letter—but that was a very different thing from answering the questions it contained.

* * *

EASIER TO
DESTROY THAN
TO BUILD.

I then further wrote and asked whether they would not take up some constructive work. It is so easy to find fault and to pull down. It is so easy to rail at all existing Hospitals and Schools of Medicine and to refuse to support them because of the vivisection which goes on in connection with them, but it is a very much harder thing to put your hand in your own pocket and to devote time and thought and money to building up a newer and fairer and juster and more humane Hospital regime.

* * *

WILL YOU HELP
ST. FRANCIS?

Since the *Friends' Anti-Vivisection Society* had set themselves up to condemn what is, I wrote and asked them whether they would be willing to take up the work of helping to replace what they condemn by endowing a bed or a cot in the humanitarian Hospital of St. Francis.

To this I got an answer, and I will leave those who know most of the attitude of the *Friends' Anti-Vivisection Society* towards constructive humaneness to think out what the answer would be, and—I will tell them next month.

* * *

UNITARIAN
AND

HUMANITARIAN. Hospital. Another juror replied that it was "another name for Unitarian!"

The coroner promptly put the poor man right and severely said that "Unitarians and Humanitarians are *very* different things."

I used to think so, but if our enthusiastic pioneer, the Rev. Arthur Harvie, has his way, he will soon turn all Unitarians into Humanitarians as well. He has been lately pegging away at Leicester with the same great object in view, as will be seen by the following paragraph which has just reached me.

At a Conference held by the Unitarian and Free Churches in Leicester, at the beginning of April, an innovation was made at the suggestion of Rev. Arthur Harvie, which proved very successful and created great interest. This was the providing of vegetarian tables at the luncheons held during the Conference.

* * *

WEARING
DEAD BIRDS.

Miss Redfern writes me further details of her work at Hanley, and dealing with the sad sights that daily meet those whose eyes have been opened to the true basis of a humane life, adds:—

"My lady helper is now in Birkenhead, where she has gone to stay for a fortnight. In her letter she tells me that she went to Church on Monday evening, and though the service was very beautiful, she was disgusted by the sight of the women's head decorations—feathers, etc. I myself felt extremely shocked when I reflected upon this present season of mourning, and of the greatest act of self-sacrifice the world has ever witnessed on the part of our Saviour, so much so that throughout this Passion Week, our Churches are thrown open for daily worship, and thought upon the gross inconsistency of the women worshippers who can profess to bow the knee in adoration wearing such abominable attire. I feel strongly when I think of this, but custom and ignorance is at the root of it all."

* * *

WHOSE ARE
THE CHILDREN?

I hope no reader of *The Herald* will ever forget that the most important work of all is to bring up children in the right way, so that they may escape all those terrible difficulties which beset our path.

The majority of us are flesh-eaters because we were brought up so, not because we elected to become so.

Bring up children as natural feeders and they will never want to stray off into the forbidden ground of the foods polluted by blood and by cruelty.

That is why the Ivy Leaf Society is of more than local importance, it is of more even than national importance, it is a movement to effect the dietary of the human race at its fountain spring.

Every reader of *The Herald* should be a subscriber to *The Children's Garden* also and should take up a share of the burden of teaching the young idea how to vegetate.

* * *

PLANT YOUNG.

Every Church has learned the lesson that they to whom the children belong shall in time possess the adults also—and yet we are waiting for subscriptions to reach the small sum of £5 so that Mr. Laxmidas' idea can be carried out and a thousand children set to carefully study the basis of the gentler life.

Here is a charming bit of true thought on this subject which reaches me from the pen of Mr. A. H. Bullock. He says:—

"Let us turn our attention to the children. They provide the sweet soil necessary for the growth and fruition of our seed. Plant the germs of moral grandeur as deeply in their hearts as may be, and leave the rest to the silent years and the alchemy of God."

It is only in the hearts and minds of children that the foundations of the New Jerusalem can be firmly and freely laid. Elsewhere there are no open spaces; the ground is choked with old ideas, and ancient loves, and hoary prejudices and precedents where men were wont to find a refuge.

But now the city of the olden time is crumbling; chinks are in its temples and pitfalls in its streets. And the prophets have left it and gone into the wilderness to preach. They have seen afar off the New Jerusalem, the Kingdom of God on earth. The new city can never be built on the old site. Other foundations have been dug there, and clearing the ground would be harder than building the city. The hearts of the children are like the open meadows, with simple thoughts and pure, for buttercups and daisies.

Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of God. For this kingdom is ever in the keeping of children and the child-like. They are the builders of God."

* * *

WHO IS WORKING?

Here is the response to my suggestions for work in a late issue. I shall be glad if all readers of this issue will turn back to the previous number and read carefully the list of things which are pressing to be done.

When I have at least one worker busy at each subject I will issue a fresh list of work.

Miss Kay, of Birmingham, writes:—

"I thank you for O.G.A. collecting box. I will do my very best to collect for our good Cause and return the contents to you on June 21st, 1900. Please send me 5/- worth of O.G.A. Literature for which I now send P.O. Hearty good wishes."

* * *

PARIS CONGRESS.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Phillips and heartily advise all who want to get a peep at the greatest exhibition of the world to write to him at once and book a ticket. The vegetarian congress should startle a slothful age with the knowledge that we are a great power to be reckoned and with that we intend to make our question the burning one of the 20th century. For this purpose a well organised, influential, well attended congress, full of life and vitality, and with sound and brilliant papers is an absolute necessity.

May I call the attention of your readers to the coming Paris Congress on June the 21st, 22nd and 23rd. It will be a really important gathering of Vegetarians from all parts of the world. It is officially recognised by the French Government and a part of the Congress and Exhibition. They place the Congress Hall at our disposal for three days and issue the invitations to those taking part in the Congress. The Congress will last for two or three days and the remainder of the time can be spent in visiting the Exhibition and sights of Paris.

We have arranged with Messrs. Cook & Sons to take us over second class train and boat. They will board and sleep us at their Exhibition Hotel and cater for us on first class vegetarian lines. The inclusive cost is Five Guineas. We have about fifty friends booked up to the present and hope to get at least another hundred. For further information apply to Harry Phillips, Secretary, Vegetarian Federal Union, Memorial Hall, London, E.C.

* * *

ALIVE AND WELL.

That Dr. Tanner, who some years ago was the hero of a fasting feat lasting forty days and nights, is still alive, is a matter of wonder to many people. He is now sixty-seven years old, and though many medical men indulged in melancholy predictions as to the result of his long fast on his digestive organs, Dr. Tanner enjoys good health. He is a strict vegetarian, and believes that a man can live comfortably on sixpence-halfpenny a day. He attributes much of the ill-health from which people suffer to the eating of pork and badly prepared foods. He looks upon the stomach as the most important physical organ in the body and believes that a healthy stomach means a sound man. He has ideas of his own on cookery, and considers that it is right to let all viands retain their natural flavours, instead of trying, as the modern chef delights to do, to disguise them with condiments and sauces. He believes, too, that as far as possible, the natural salts of each vegetable should be retained in cooking.

* * *

THE EFFECT OF WAR.

I promised a month or two ago to discuss one of the after effects of the present terrible war.

In the glamour of the fight we forget the pain which will follow with the wounds; in the mad rush of the chase we forget the feelings of the fox; in the gay glory of the evening carousal we forget the headache of the morning.

It is just as well to remember then that war is not in all ways a school for good, and while we may of necessity have to wipe things off the slate we are at the same time running up other scores which will have to be faced later on.

* * *

THE SANCTITY OF LIFE.

What of the sanctity of life! You can't expect men who have been spending months trying to kill all they know having the same ideas of the sanctity of human life as those who have been brought up from earliest childhood to look upon the killing a man as the greatest crime known upon the face of God's earth.

* * *

RESTFULNESS OF CHARACTER.

You can't expect men who have gone about for months carrying their lives in their hands and knowing that there were round them thousands of fellow human beings anxious to shoot them dead by night or by day, to feel the same sweet restful mind as those who have been brought up to look upon the law as their guard and to rest safely beneath the protecting breast of communal security.

* * *

A STEP BACKWARD.

A spirit of less reverence for life must of necessity be engendered and of less restfulness of character. The old spirit of self protection by destroying every possible enemy is aroused again in the human mind and this means devolution, deterioration of character, retrogression.

After all great wars the tendency is for crimes of violence to increase in the land to which the soldiers return and we may therefore anticipate that after the Transvaal War is over, crimes of violence in England for the next decade will be above the average.

* * *

AN ILLUSTRATION.

I was so much struck by the public apathy with regard to Louise Masset's fate as compared with that of Mary Ansell. In the first case which happened last July the whole country was in a way stirred to its depths and excited by the fact that a poor woman was about to be sent to the terrible doom of death.

It seemed so horrible and so revolting to cut off the young life from all chance of reformation by suddenly breaking her neck and burying her in the earth.

But when Louise Masset's fate was in the balance in January there was much less interest taken in it although the crime was one which might have been expected to have created the most intense excitement and discussion.

When her doom was decided upon, there were but few who seemed to care, and the newspapers found room for paragraphs instead of columns.

* * *

THE LAW OF LIMITATION.

Why? Why because there were hundreds of brothers and husbands and sons dying all the time of deaths more violent and tragic on the far off Veldt of Africa.

Human compassion and human sympathy is limited in amount, and if you have cried yourself to sleep every night, and sobbed for loneliness all day for your own dearest one who has been killed with hundreds of others, what tears have you left or what bowels of compassion unwrung to extend to a criminal who is "only paying the just penalty of her crime!"

One stained death more or less does not seem of such gigantic importance when the bravest of the brave and the dearest and the best are being violently killed by the hundreds and the thousands.

* * *

WAR VULGARISES.

The immediate effect of war therefore is to blunt sensibility, to increase crimes of violence, to lessen the sanctity of human life and so to retard humanitarian reforms.

One of the effects of war then is to vulgarise, for does not Ruskin beautifully say, "It is in the blunt hand and

the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience that men ever become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy.

* * *

THE PRAYER OF THE CHURCH.

Ever has the church classed "battle" and "murder" together and from both has prayed "Good Lord, deliver us."

With true insight into the brutalizing effect of war upon character has the church taught her children ever to pray:

"That it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace and concord."

* * *

A VEGETARIAN ORPHAN.

Verily, the earth is teeming with beautiful ideas and with loving thoughts. On all sides, the hearts of men and women are being stirred to their depths to do something for God on the lines of a reformed, diviner dietary.

It is like looking out upon a garden of rich earth after the April showers and May sunshine have breathed upon it.

On all sides the signs of life are peeping up, tiny shoots as yet, but they are as earnest of a glorious harvest of flowers and fruit in the hereafter.

My heart has been much gladdened by a letter from one of our O.G.A. members, who is building into his soul the precious Jewels of Sympathy and Charity, so that he may offer a sweet sacrifice of great worth to his Creator when he is called hence.

"Whose are the little ones?" I have been asking. My friend replies that he will be a father to the fatherless, and as a mother to those who have no breasts to lean upon.

He will lay the foundations wisely and deeply, so that those who follow after may enter into his wisdom, and that for all time orphans shall be brought up, not only in the faith and fear of God, but in the Edenic innocence from blood-killed food which was the state into which God created man.

This is my correspondent's letter, and I gladly commend it to the sympathetic co-operation of the members of our beautiful Order whose spirit it so truly echoes:

"I have long been impressed with the idea that an Orphanage in connection with our movement would be a source of considerable strength, not only by saving the orphan children of the vegetarians but also as a side entrance into our ranks of such as we could get hold of and rear from an early age according to our own method and precept, and I am doing my very best to put this idea into practical shape. The fact is I am, though not rich in this world's goods, of what are commonly called independent means and along with other things I am owner of about seven acres of freehold land, which for about twelve years I have let in allotment. I am now for certain reasons engaged in cultivating this land in growing fruit, vegetables and flowers. During the last two-and-half years I have expended thereon in glass and other buildings, etc., etc., over £2,000, and my returns have been only about £500, this year I hope to make the concern pay and if I can get foremen and other helpers who are something like ourselves, that is true Christian vegetarians, I make no doubt as to a successful issue. In connection with this land I have also twelve six-room cottages, the whole having cost me about £5,000 which I am hoping to leave as a permanent foundation for the Institution before mentioned. This then may be considered as belonging to the Lord, and I regard myself for the time being as the Lord's steward. But being an old man (in my seventy-fifth year) my stewardship cannot in the natural order of things be for long and I desire therefore to put the thing in order ere I am called away so that it may not suffer loss. My first need is a practical foreman and wife, both earnest Christian vegetarians to live in one of the cottages. My next is two or possibly four orphan boys or youths ranging from thirteen to sixteen years of age to be boarded and lodged by foreman and wife and work on the grounds there with two other workmen—would be quite competent to do the work and make the thing pay and pay well without the aid of the middlemen commonly called hucksters who, as a rule, claim far too great a share of the proceeds.

I have then a large house in which I, my wife, and my two daughters have been living for over twenty years; this is amply furnished and would accommodate twelve or fourteen orphan girls under the management of my two daughters who are both life vegetarians and whom I have pledged to this work from babyhood.

We should then need, and, I hope, succeed, in forming, an efficient vegetarian society to take an active interest and oversee the work to which I have set my hand and upon which I have set my heart and thus enlighten the moral darkness of the district round about and hasten the time when none shall hurt or destroy in all our Father's Holy Mountain.

If you can inspire any of your friends to take an interest in the work I have indicated so that it may be started soon you will add very much to my joy.

Vegetarian Born not Made.

That the vegetarian, like the orator, is born and not made is the conclusion I have come to after two or three years of propaganda work. If a person does not feel that flesh-eating with all its ghastly concomitants is a discordant note in Nature's harmonies it is absolutely futile to argue the point—as futile as it would be to hope to persuade a person into the appreciation of music. The perception of harmony is an intuition and therefore cannot be acquired.

A person may be convinced that vegetarianism is better for his health, and for that reason he may adopt it, but in all probability he will retain a hankering after the flesh-pots, or at any rate not possess sufficient enthusiasm to overcome the obstacles to be met with in the practice of the better way in diet and will revert to his former habits on the first pretext that presents itself. Such renegades do the cause infinite harm, for they are afterwards pointed at with a triumphant finger by our opponents, as those who *were* vegetarians but "had" to give it up.

Of course, the people who take naturally to vegetarianism are those who are generically known as idealists—those who are striving for a better and more beautiful state of things. I have had it said to me by way of remonstrance, "Why *can't* you take the world as you find it?" That sentence reveals the fundamental difference between the Philistine and the idealist: the one is content with things as they are, he does not deem it his mission to improve upon the wisdom of his forefathers; the other seeks to transform discord into harmony and ugliness into beauty. For what is it after all that makes the idealist so ardent a reformer, that so imperiously urges him to do what he can to better the world? Is it not this self-same love of Harmony and Beauty—the aesthetic sense which makes a man an artist or musician?

The man who is destitute of the appreciation of the beautiful is little raised above the brute. It is this sense which differentiates the refined from the coarse, the spiritual from the carnal. The greatest men of the race have been those who have striven with burning, quenchless, enthusiasm to bring harmony where before it was absent, to infuse beauty into the ugly and sordid. Suffering is ugly, happiness is beautiful; therefore it is that idealists are almost always humanitarians, and so readily become food reformers.

We should seek less to terrorise people into becoming converts by threatening them with dire diseases if they persist in their evil ways, than to win those who have a natural leaning towards vegetarianism, who only require a knowledge of its practicability to at once adopt it. There must be thousands in this country who only require this knowledge in order instantly to discontinue the practice of flesh-eating.

I believe, moreover, that the inculcation of general humanitarian sentiments would do more in the long-run for vegetarianism, than any exclusive advocacy of food-reform. If we can only get our relations to the animal kingdom viewed in a different light—from the evolutionary and not from the Old Testament standpoint—all the rest will follow as a matter of course.

We want to get the fact recognised that animals do not exist solely that man may exploit them to his own selfish advantage; but that they possess rights of their own, chief of which is a claim on us to be spared all unnecessary suffering.

E. Martin Webb.

The Reformer's Dream.

The reformer was tired, weary and depressed. He sank down to rest almost in despair, for he was troubled both by the apathy of his friends and the opposition of his enemies.



He had fought a one-sided battle against Prejudice, Cruelty and Ignorance, and though his trusty sword (Knowledge) was as bright and keen as ever, yet his arm was weakened by his mighty exertions and the rude buffetings he had received.

He had long refused to recognize the might of the opposition, but now came the reaction and the result of the strenuous exertions he had made seemed very insignificant.

All his failures crowded his brain in grand array, whilst his successes took but a small corner and seemed to be hardly worthy of that. The sneers of the scornful, the taunts of the worldly wise, and the friendly counsel of the earth-bound which had, as he thought, long been banished to oblivion, re-asserted themselves as fresh as when uttered, but with much greater effect.

His small band of disciples was thinned by veiled allies of the foe, conventionality, ease and luxury all claiming some of those he had fought for and with; who should have been at his side now.

Happily, sleep came and mercifully cast her wand over him and his troubles, giving rest to his aching limbs and calm to his surging brain. As he slept he dreamed, the haggard expression departed and he looked himself again. In his dream he viewed the land of promise he had trustingly striven for so long, which he had tried to reach and lead others to, and now as he looked he saw it finer than his imagination had pictured, or his eloquence portrayed; only the river of blood lay between him and this true paradise, and he hastened to cross it.

Soon he joined the happy throng on the other side and there he found that cruelty, misery and inhumanity were entirely absent and greed never had a place, whilst right and might were for ever united. Every day was a holy day, every inch of ground was truly consecrated and all feelings were sacred. Every human being was looked on as a living temple of God and treated accordingly.

He dwelt in this beautiful valley and his heart rejoiced with complete content except when he thought piteously of his faint followers who were on the other side of the river, and the old opponents who had blindly hindered his progress.

Soon, however, he looked further afield and observed men leaving the beautiful valley and going towards the mountains in the distance. They were of several companies and went various ways.

They carried banners bearing strange devices which he could not understand. They exhorted others to follow them, pointing out ideals and warning of dangers of which he knew nothing.

He did not like the calm and peaceful quiet being broken by strife and tumult, and he sighed to think his ideal spot had such bands to blot the fair picture. It seemed to him to be as bad as in the old days of his struggles, except that the different advance parties did not criticise and rend each other.

He could, however, see nothing to strive for, or to fight against, and therefore looked upon these parties as unseemly disturbers of a perfect peace.

At last, however, he discovered that he was behindhand, that these had ideals he could not comprehend. He realized that they were fellow-reformers, only more advanced than he had been, that his goal was their starting post, and this brought him to the uncomfortable conclusion that he was a laggard and had no inclination to follow, knowing nothing of the benefits of the heights above.

He felt more kindly now to the faint followers he had denounced in the past, and instead of continuing in his previous happy state of rapturous content his old spirit yearned to be one of the forward party, and as he saw his incompetence for this he longed to be back on the other side of the river, where, in spite of all, he could play a manly part.

He knew now there was no finality, that these mysterious evangelists were as much in advance of him as he had been ahead of the rest before, and his sympathy went out to them, and he shouted:—

Forward! forward!! forward!!! I cannot see your haven, I know not your aim, but it is high and that is enough.

And then he awoke and found himself where he had lain in the midst of his difficulties and disappointments.

He arose refreshed, his eye brighter, his arm stronger, and his heart braver than before. He buckled his armour more tightly and went forth in a broader spirit, with a nobler aim, more tolerance and greater confidence, with less fear of strength in foe, and more consideration for weakness in friend, and content to be a gentler and more patient leader towards the light.

Stanhope Firth.

Our "Difficulties" Column.

"Difficulties are not doubts."

Difficulties, difficulties, there are always difficulties.

The great charm of them is, however, that they don't often come in a crowd. Each day has its own, and by to-morrow we have found out that things are not really as dreadful as we thought them twenty-four hours previously.



In all cases of difficulty therefore the best plan is to ask yourself if you are in the right, if so, keep straight on, cheer up, sing or whistle, and work or play.

Get right up as close as you can to the sense of the all father surrounding you, to the knowledge of the protection of God to all who are working for Him, to the real conviction that what is most in harmony with the Divine beauty of God is best for you at all times and everywhere.

Then by to-morrow you will begin to wonder why you thought it so difficult to 'give up' your stomach's demand and you will begin to rejoice in the beautiful freedom of obedience to your higher self.

Again and again would I emphasise that this column will welcome 'experiences' from young or old, from rich or poor—from all who have been tempted to eat of the forbidden flesh and who have come out victors from the fight.

The following communications have come to hand this month:—

"When you are the only vegetarian in the family and all the others are against it." I fancy your difficulties are more imaginary than real. The larger the family the greater the variety of the dishes is likely to be, and as flesh is only one item from the number, replace it by a slice of wholemeal bread and butter—by a little reasoning and obedience to Nature's dictates you will find that even this substitute will frequently be unnecessary especially if your family can be induced to use *beans* in turn with other "vegetables," and *dessert* in turn with pudding (if dessert is not always permitted). I know too little of the kind of meals provided for "assistants" to feel quite competent to give advice, but if two vegetables and pudding of some sort and wholemeal bread are daily provided, I don't think you will find much difficulty. Whenever possible choose milk and egg puddings, stewed fruit and bread and cheese in preference to suet puddings or pastry, and beans in preference to "greens" or potatoes. I fancy most young people when they are "out" treat themselves to sweets or something "nice"—on such occasions buy chocolates, cocoanut in some form, sweet oatcake, rice buns, macaroons, figs, dates and nuts generally. I advise the lady whose doctor "orders her meat" to at once firmly decline to be treated by him any longer, unless he be a man of sufficient intelligence to consent (in her case at least) to use his senses instead of his theories. I think most doctors advise in the manner they do because they have so many silly patients. When they come across one with a little common-sense and self-reliance they are usually pleased to meet the requirements of the case.

J. C. Brace

* * *

The following "Difficulties" are propounded by Miss Elizabeth Redfern:—

(1). One young lady, who fully endorsed our views regarded from all standpoints, was compelled to have the diet provided by the establishment where she was employed, as the salary did not permit of her providing for herself, or rather, the "living-in" being taken into consideration, as regards salary, she objected to going out.

(2). Another difficulty encountered by shop-assistants is:—What are they to do in cases where they object to sell the sealskins, furs, and feathers, knowing of all the horrors perpetrated in connection with these trades?

(3). A third difficulty is with Actors and Actresses. We have met with several gentlemen who are interested in vegetarianism, but find it difficult to find landladies who will cater for them when on tour.

(4). One of the questions put to me on one of my visits to Etruria was the following:—"What should a man do who has commenced to keep fowls for the sake of the eggs only, when he finds his poultry increased by ten chickens, only one of which is a hen. He cannot kill them for food, for he has—since he purchased the fowls—turned vegetarian; neither can he sell them for the same purpose. What is he to do?" I could not advise in such a case. I could only state what I should do, and left the matter to the test of his own conscience.

* * *

The subjoined O. T. text, though primarily written in the interest of afflicted humanity, would seem well fitted, in a wider and deeper sense, to promote the kindly treatment of our humble earth-mates—bird and beast:—

"Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction" (Prov. c. 31, v. 8). E. E. K.

In the life of every man there has been a day when the heavens opened of their own accord, and it is almost always from that very instant that dates his true spiritual personality. It is doubtless at that instant that are formed the invisible, eternal feature that we reveal, though we know it not, to angels and souls.

MAETERLINCK.

Vegetarianism.

By Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff of the Salvation Army.



have been frequently asked to write something on this subject. In fact, on one occasion, I received from no less than forty Local Officers a request that I would explain to them all I meant by what I had called, when speaking in one of the Councils, The Gospel of Porridge. I do not think I shall be able to do all that, but I will try and briefly reply to one question which I often hear:

"Why do you recommend Vegetarianism?"

Here are, at any rate, some of my reasons for doing so:

1. Because I have myself tried a vegetarian diet with the greatest benefit, having been for more than ten years at one time a strict vegetarian.

2. Because, according to the Bible, God originally intended the food of man to be vegetarian.

"God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."—Gen. i., 29.

3. Because a vegetarian diet is favourable to purity, to chastity, and to a perfect control of the appetites and passions, which are often a source of great temptation, especially to the young.

4. Because a vegetarian diet is favourable to robust health and strength. With very few exceptions, and those only confirmed invalids, I believe the people would be better in spirits, stronger in muscle, and more vigorous in energy if they abstained entirely from the use of animal food. The Spartans, who stand first among all the nations of history for power to endure hardship, were vegetarians, so also were the armies of Rome when Rome was conquering the world.

5. Because tens of thousands of our poor people, who have now the greatest difficulty to make ends meet after buying flesh food, would, by the substitution of fruit and vegetables and other economical food, be able to get along in comfort, and have more money to spare for the poor and for the work of God.

6. Because a vegetarian diet of wheat, oatmeal and other grains, lentils, peas, beans, nuts and similar food is more than ten times as economical as a flesh diet. Meat contains half its weight in water, which has to be paid for as though it were meat! A vegetable diet, even if we allow cheese, butter and milk, will only cost about a quarter as much as a mixed diet of flesh and vegetable.

7. Because a vegetarian diet would stop the enormous waste of all kinds of animal food which is now consumed with scarcely any advantage to those who take it.

8. Because a vegetarian diet is a great protection against our drinking, and because the growth of meat-eating among the people is one cause of the increase of drunkenness. One bad appetite creates another.

9. Because a vegetarian diet is favourable to industry and hard work, and because a flesh diet, on the other hand, favours indolence, sleepiness, growing fat, want of energy, indigestion, constipation, and other like miseries and degradations.

10. Because it is proved that life, health and happiness are all favoured by a vegetarian diet. I have known many examples of this myself. Most of the instances of great age are to be found among those who from their youth have lived principally, if not entirely, on vegetables and fruit. All this is worth thinking about.

11. I favour a Vegetarian Diet because the digestive organs of man are not well adapted for the use of flesh. Flesh meat contains a great deal of matter which, at the time the animal was killed, was being changed and prepared for being expelled from its system. This matter often passes through the human stomach undigested into the blood and causes various diseases, especially rheumatism, gout, indigestion and the like.

12. Because it is very difficult, especially in hot weather and in warm climates, to keep flesh-food sweet long enough to cook and eat it, and a great deal of meat is therefore eaten after it has begun to decay—that is, to rot. This decay often begins long before the meat gives any sign of its real condition. Neither its appearance nor its smell is a safe guide as to its being wholesome.

13. Because a great deal of the flesh meat which is supplied for human food is already diseased, and because it is nearly impossible to be sure that any flesh is quite free from the germs of disease. Much common meat, which is often that of old animals, is well known to be sold to the butchers because the animals are sick, or unhealthy. And the best meat is nearly always the flesh of young animals which are fattened and killed before the germs of many diseases have had time to develop so as to show themselves. So that many animals are killed, which, though believed to be healthy, are really diseased. This is especially the case with calves for veal, young bullocks for beef, and with lambs and young pigs.

14. Because I believe that the great increase in consumption and cancer during the last hundred years has been caused by the great increase in the use of animal food, and that a strict vegetarian diet would greatly help to ward off these most terrible and incurable diseases.

15. Because I believe that a flesh diet brings on many very painful diseases, which though not perhaps immediately dangerous to life, cause much suffering and loss. I mean such complaints as eczema, constipation, piles, worms, dysentery, severe headaches, and the like. A vegetarian diet would do much to relieve if not cure them.

16. Because of the awful cruelty and terror to which tens of thousands of animals killed for human food are subjected in travelling long distances by ship and rail and road to the slaughter-houses of the world. God disapproves of all cruelty—whether to man or beast.

17. Because of the terrible cruelties practised in killing animals in many slaughter-houses. The whole business of killing is cruel, even when it is done with care, and we know that in the case of millions of creatures it is done with very little care. Ten thousand pigs are killed for food every hour in Europe alone!

18. Because the occupation of slaughtering animals is brutalising to those who are required to do the work. "The highest sentiments of humane men," says a certain writer, and I agree with him, "revolt at the cruelty, the degrading sights, the distressing cries, the perpetual bloodshed, and all the attendant horrors which must surround the transit and slaughter of suffering creatures."

19. Because a flesh diet is not necessary to hard work. A great part of the work of the world is done by animals, and always by those animals which subsist entirely on vegetable food, namely, horses, mules, asses, camels, oxen, buffaloes and elephants.

I believe this matter is well worthy of the serious consideration of our Local Officers. It has an important bearing not only upon their own health and happiness, but upon their influence among the people, as men and women who are free from the bondage of that selfish gratification which too often afflicts the professed servants of Christ. Let us remember the Apostle's direction: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

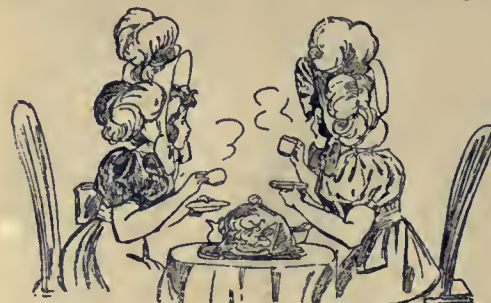
Think on these things.

Household Wisdom.

This month I propose to give one or two recipes for busy housewives who cannot devote the whole of their time to cooking and are glad to have

a dish which will serve as a substitute for the "cold joint," and which comes in handily to save cooking for Sunday supper or busy-day luncheon.

For the 'baron' I am indebted to



Mrs. Jarvis, of Salcombe, under whose kind hospitality I first made its acquaintance.

"Baron."

Ingredients.—4 large onions, $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. salt butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. brown bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ -pint butter beans, 1 tin peeled tomatoes (without the juice), 2-oz. boiled macaroni, $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. of agar-agar, forcemeat balls, hard boiled eggs, Worcester sauce, pepper and salt to taste, 2 raw eggs.

Method.—Chop the onions fine, and fry in the butter. When soft add the brown bread (which must have been previously soaked in cold water and well drained), and chop all together. Put into a large basin, and add the butter beans (previously cooked and peeled), the tomatoes, macaroni, agar-agar (dissolved), forcemeat balls, and hard boiled eggs (whole), add the worcester sauce, and seasoning, and mix altogether with the unbeaten eggs. Then butter small moulds or pie dishes, fill with the mixture and bake in a slow oven for about 2 hours with an oiled paper on the top to prevent hardening. Let them get quite cold before turning out of the dish, then garnish with parsley and serve.

The flavour can be varied by substituting tapioca for macaroni, and other beans instead of butter beans.

Forcemeat Balls.

Ingredients.—4-oz. bread crumbs, chopped parsley 1 teaspoonful, grated rind of one lemon, 1 dessertspoonful mixed herbs, 1-oz. butter, 2 eggs, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix the dry ingredients together, oil the butter (i.e., melt it), and add the eggs after having beaten them well, and pour into the other ingredients stirring it well. Flour the hands and divide the mixture into twelve portions, roll into balls, and fry for quarter of-an-hour.

"Raised Pie."

Ingredients.—6-oz. Nucoline or other fat, $\frac{1}{4}$ -pint water, 1-lb. flour, a little salt.

Put the water and fat into a saucepan together, and let them boil. Make a hole in the flour and pour in the boiling fat and water, stir until cool enough to knead with the hands, then roll as quickly as possible and make up in a mould or pie dish to bake. A very good filling is made with small well-cooked haricot beans, cooked potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and a little of Heinz's tomato sauce, but this may be varied in many ways.

Stewed Rhubarb with Figs.

A very agreeable addition to stewed Rhubarb, and one which removes the acidity so much disliked by children, is a few figs cut into small pieces and stewed with the rhubarb. Rather less sugar is needed than for rhubarb alone.

Plasmon.

When the great advantages of Plasmon become fully known it is quite evident that it will become a great favourite in the kitchen and household, as a regular adjunct to Soups and Sauces, Jellies and other delicacies, on account of its convenience and economy.

Gertrude Oldfield.



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Failures.



There is no summit you may not attain.
No purpose which you may not yet achieve.
If you will wait serenely, and believe
Each seeming loss is but a step toward gain.

That which you most desire awaits your word;
Throw wide the door and bid it enter in.
Speak, and the strong vibrations shall be stirred;
Speak, and above earth's loud, unmeaning din
Your silent declarations shall be heard;
All things are possible to God's own kin.

Between the mountain tops lie vale and plain;
Let nothing make you question, doubt or grieve;
Give only good, and good alone receive;
And as you welcome joy, so welcome pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There is a cry in some quarters that our fold has many failures. I know no such.

In a cause like ours failures are not possible. Low aim is a crime; the inability to get to the goal is only a *pity*, it is not a *crime*.

You are justified in pitying the athlete who has entered for the great race, and who finds when he is half way through that the pace has been too fast for him, that his breath is failing and his strength giving out.

Wearied and spent he drops by the wayside and, with straining eyes, watches those whose limbs are stouter and thews stronger, passing out of sight in the distance and turning another lap nearer home.

It is but for awhile he lies and waits, it is but for awhile that his heart fails him, and that his courage flags. It is but for a few short minutes that he is exhausted, for a few short hours and days that his overstrained muscles crave for sweet rest and soothing idleness, and then—and then the blood is coursing high again and the proud spirit is taking up the mastery once more, and there is a cry for the battle and a longing to enter the lists anew.

Some have cried out from an inspired height of vision, "There is no death." They have seen with eyes which looked over and beyond the dark gates and the damp dungeons, and they have seen life, *life*, LIFE, fuller and more beautiful; beyond the agony of dying and the dread mystery of dissolution.

There is no death! is a beautiful truth that one by one we shall learn. Once we have touched the sacred fire of immortality we can never die. We shall change, we shall be transformed, we shall be metamorphosed, but upon us the power of death and the sting of annihilation can never come until we consciously will it.

This great truth holds within it another, a lesser truth, a truth which comforts the despondent and which cheers the sick at heart.

If, in the greatest of all, and in the most momentous of all issues there is no faltering of purpose and no loss of aim, how much more may we not be assured of the guiding hand of the all-wise Father in the lesser things.

Does not the poet say somewhere?

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made His pile complete."

And does not this put into rhythmic measure the truth we all may learn—**There is no failure.**

Flotsam, jetsam, broken bits of life; strays and waifs and castaways; odds and ends and refuse sweepings, all have their function and their place in the building up of the palace Beautiful.

There is a reason for every one who steps upon the ladder of life, and who falls off with the summit unattained. There is a reason for every one who takes up the better life and lays it down again unfulfilled.

The gardener passes down his lettuce bed and he picks one here and one there, and anon he lays his hand upon a plant that is not quite ready, and then, after a moment's pause, he takes his hand away again and says to himself, "not quite ready, I'll leave *that* one a little longer."

The proud lettuces in the basket, unable to understand the working of the gardener's mind and judging only from what they saw, might have raised mocking voices, and conscious only of the honour that had come upon *themselves* might have sneered at those who had seemed to be chosen to like honour, and who were afterwards left behind.

Can you not hear them in their unconscious ignorance talking arrogantly about those who were not good enough to be chosen and those who, after being thought good enough, were found failures.

Little do they know of the great mystery of "*the to-morrow*." The gardener will to-morrow find more plants ready, and yet again—to-morrow.

The failures of to-day are the successes of to-morrow. **There is no failure.**

"In some time, in His own time, I shall arrive."

I present a book full of priceless knowledge, I offer a casket full of untold treasure, I speak a word full of momentous meaning to a new born babe.

How useless and how vain it all seems, the baby only cries for its mother's milk to drink and its mother's breast to lie upon.

The ignorant scoff, but the wise say "Wait." There is no need to hurry. In good time the child will develop and the animal pleasures of eating and sleeping will become subservient to the higher pleasures of mind and soul. The book will be read and the casket prized and the word of power be learned.

It is so with our pearls of great price, they are not for the babes who are only conscious of stomach worship and luxury adoration.

There are many who are quite unfit to vegetate, to them it is a folly, a delusion, a bauble, a plaything. The baby will only tear the leaves of the book and soil its pages. Its message has no meaning for him. Vegetarianism, too, has no meaning *as yet* for the undeveloped soul.

But wait awhile. The wise can afford to wait. One by one the undeveloped will develop, the less perfect will become more perfect, the children will become men and then they will understand the beauty—yea the absolute necessity—of eating only of the best and of abstaining from blood for food and from slaughter for food and from the bodies of the dead for food.

There is no failure.

Some commence before they are ready and, like the immature lads in the army, they fall out in the day of stress and in the time of hardship their strength fails them.

They have entered upon their high calling with a gay and careless heart. They have thought that our beautiful dietary meant only freedom from headache and indigestion, increased strength and a ruddier face, a longer life and a fuller pocket.

This was all and this was not enough. In the day of scorn and scoffing of friends, in the day of weariness of body and acute disease, in the day of prosperity and riches they had no rock to anchor upon and the fair fabric fell and they gave up their vegetarianism, and people mocked and said "Ha, ha, vegetarianism is a failure!" while all the while it was but the sifting back of the unfit to his lower grade, that he might be ground again and polished by longer experience.

Sooner or later, after one life or many, after fewer experiences or more, after more buffetings or less, all will in the fullness of time be found worthy to enter into the Canaan of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of corn and of wine, a land of oliveyards and vineyards, a land of figs and of pomegranates, a land of fruits, of orchard trees, and a land of rich harvests of grains.

There is no failure.

If one falls out by the way, bless him and pass on. He will follow a little later, and some day you will meet again upon a fuller and more beautiful shore where love and knowledge shall be found as one.

Josiah Oldfield.

Nature's Lesson.

Child of God, O why this sadness,
When around thee all is fair?
Birds are singing in their gladness,
Flowers upspringing everywhere.

Not a blade of grass but raiseth
Towards the heavens its smiling face;
Not a leaf but gladly praiseth
Him who giveth life and grace.

Shall the greatest of God's creatures
Praise Him less than bird and leaf;
Ever mar his noble features
Thus with self-made care and grief.

Mortal, from the flowers and grasses,
Read a lesson while 'tis day,
So shall life while here it passes,
Give thee taste of joy for aye.

Canning Williams.

FAITH AND WORKS.

When we reflect upon the true nature of faith we find that in religion, as in other things, faith and works must necessarily go together. We cannot believe in a Being of infinite power, holiness, and love, without loving Him and longing to work out His will in the lives of ourselves and others. We cannot approach the infinitely beneficent Sovereign of the universe without uttering from the inmost depths of our hearts, "Thy Kingdom come." And when that prayer is sincerely uttered it must lead to efforts in harmony with that most sacred aspiration.

In proportion as faith is genuine it establishes a close relationship between God and the human soul; and the closer this relationship is, the more powerful are the motives we have for toiling ceaselessly in the cause of righteousness. He who believes in God must be full of love for his fellow beings, and of hatred for sin. We cannot believe in God without having all that is most Godlike in our Nature stimulated into life and activity. We cannot spend an hour in worship without having our noblest impulses strengthened. Benevolence and opposition to unrighteousness are, therefore, inseparable from a life of faith; and faith cheers us up against those depressing influences which discourage noble efforts. Those who believe that God is infinite holiness and love have an assurance which nothing can shake, that, against all appearances, sin and misery must be vanquished; and this belief in the ultimate victory of the cause of righteousness is a perpetual inspirer of zeal to those who have consecrated their lives to noble endeavours.

"Indian Messenger."

Look Within.

Far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.

The Light of Asia.

Mathematical in its exactness; and universal in its applicability is the truism that the reformation of self includes all reforms. In its absolute simplicity this truth is difficult to grasp because it is difficult to practise. This is why there are so many reformers in the world who have not yet reformed themselves, and who are deluded into believing that reform is a purely outward thing, that it has little or nothing to do with the human heart, and that it can be brought about by the application of external methods.

It is so easy, and so gratifying to human vanity and selfishness, to take up some hobby for the reformation of others, without taking the trouble to examine our own heart, and to eradicate the evil that lies there, and which clouds the beatific vision of the soul.

I know a man who has suffered for years with a running sore in his leg. He goes from one physician to another, and they all advise him to apply liniments, plasters, and ointments, but the sore continues, because he *refuses to go to its source* (his own gluttony) and remove that. And this man's state is the state of the world. For untold ages laws have been framed, societies organised, and religions innumerable founded, with the object of remedying the evil of the world, which, however, continues to flourish because these methods are but outward applications dealing with *effects*, while the *cause*, which is the evil within, is nourished and fostered in ignorance and self-delusion.

And food reformers do not escape this pharisaic taint. Much of our literature is merely an appeal to human selfishness. A vegetarian of several years standing said to me recently, "In attempting to convert people to food reform, I always appeal to their selfishness." But if vegetarianism is to intensify man's selfishness instead of helping him to rise above it, wherein lies its utility, and how can it be classed as a *reform*? But let us see how this method works. The continual influx of backsliders from the vegetarian ranks has prompted me to enquire into the cause of the falling off. That cause is an eternal one, and is centred, not in food reform itself, but in the heart of him who practises it.

Everyone who adopts food reform is prompted primarily by one of these three motives: 1. Desire to economise; 2. Desire to improve the health; or, 3. Compassion for the sufferings of men and animals.

The first two motives are distinctly selfish, and the third is purely unselfish. He who adopts food reform from an Economic motive will only endure (unless he be of a miserly disposition) so long as his income is small; he whose motive is solely Hygienic will stand firm while his health is good, but the first sickness will find him flying back to his meals of flesh for strength and sustenance; even the mere approach of sickness is sufficient to cause such a one to fall. The sands of human selfishness are shifty and unstable at best, and afford no safe foundation on which to build the fair temple of reform. But he who is moved by Compassion to reform his diet, builds upon more solid ground. He is not prompted by the fluctuating impulses of self, but stands upon an eternal principle, that of Mercy. He is nearer to the eternal heart of things which, amid all change, changes not. The vision of love is his, and the storms of sickness, ridicule and opposition will leave him unharmed and unashamed.

But strong as such a one is, and not easily betrayed, yet even he may fall (so subtle is the power of the tempter) unless his compassion be combined with knowledge, unless he has learned to distinguish between truth and error in his own heart; for there are two great errors which are the cause of all deflection from the purer diet, and those are: 1. Depravity of appetite; and 2. Belief in the unqualified efficacy of flesh as food. He who gives up the eating of flesh, and yet allows these two errors to cling about his heart is deluded indeed. He is but plastering the sore from without while the cause is gathering force within, awaiting an opportunity to manifest itself in the life without.

Those two errors must be slain, exterminated by the practise of self-examination and the development of faith. To come to Jehovah with the lips while clinging to Baal with the heart is a vain and futile process. It is not sufficient to top the weeds in one's garden, they must be torn up by the roots.

Flesh-eating is a growth whose roots are in the human heart, flourishing in the soil of terror; it is an effect whose cause is to be found in the desire to gratify one's appetite no matter at what expense to suffering to others, and in the belief in the hygienic or medicinal efficacy of an outward thing the very procuring of which is grounded in unrighteousness.

Truly that which cometh out of a man defileth him, and that clarified vision, by which alone truth can be perceived, cannot exist in the heart that is clouded by error and self-indulgence. But when the appetite is conquered and subdued; when the last lingering remnant of belief in the necessity of flesh food to support life is torn from the heart, then terror is slain by knowledge, and doubt is dispelled by the clear light of truth. There is no more backsliding for such a one. The tempter may afflict him with sickness, he may seek to confound him with specious, learned and complex arguments, but he shall "find no part in him" on which he can successfully work, and he shall turn away from that pure and steadfast heart defeated and discomfited.

James Allen.

A Hymn of Praise to the Deity.

Awake! let songs of praise arise,
To Thee, great builder of the skies,
The earth, the sea, with all their train,
Proclaim the greatness of Thy name.
Thy matchless power no tongue can tell,
Thou formed the earth on which we dwell,
And all the countless forms that move
Attest the depths of sovereign love.
Thy mighty word the sun controls,
The stars revolving on their poles,
As nightly they peer forth and shine,
They magnify Thy power divine,
The moon from Thee receives her light,
And all the lesser orbs of night,
The meteor's flash and comet's glare
Are all the objects of Thy care.
The ocean's waves are ruled by Thee,
The raging billows on the sea;
The howling blasts and storms which rise,
And shrouds with gloom yon azure skies,
The forests smile at Thy command,
And speak the wonders of Thy hand;
The flowing carpets spread around,
The verdant fields that spread the ground,
The early dew, the gentle shower,
The cooling breeze and lovely flower;
The low'ring clouds, the mighty rain,
Extol and magnify Thy name;
Almighty God! eternal Lord!
Be Thou by all thy works adored,
Let your vast concave loudly ring,
With praise to our eternal King.

Jesse Hall.

Why I am a Food Reformer.

Since I became a firm believer in Food Reform, and a Member of "The Order of the Golden Age," there are times when the vital principles of our Cause



appeal more forcibly to me than at others, especially when, after being engaged in an animated discussion upon the subject, a period of deeper thoughtfulness seems to pass over me, and almost

unconsciously I ruminate upon all the arguments which have been used both for and against. As I continue to think I seem to awaken to the full responsibility and importance of the question, and then I *consciously* regard it from all points of view; and by striving to put myself in the position of those who may differ from me, I endeavour to solve what may be a problem to some—but not to me—the rightness of the Food Reform movement.

It is at such times, and the outcome of such thought, that I find myself bound to admit, with due reverence to the opinions of others, that of all reforms none appears to me so easy to be understood by all classes of society, and to claim the approval of so many high authorities; and which is able to pave the way for many other reforms; for reform in the matter of diet lies at the very root of all that is liable to effect the welfare or otherwise of mankind. And the time is quickly drawing to a close when the evils of the present day may be merely varnished over as it were; they must be eradicated entirely and, if we would set about in the right way, we must consider the "Eating Question" as well as the "Drinking Question," for these two are at the bottom, either directly or indirectly, of all the social evils we have to contend with.

Years ago I first heard of Vegetarianism, but somehow or other the term conveyed nothing more than to be a "Vegetarian," which seemed only to suggest the idea that a person might choose a Vegetarian diet in preference to a Flesh diet, and to me bespoke no deeper motive. Still, though Vegetarianism did not appeal to me at this time, and possessed no force to attract me, I was yet much exercised in mind as to whether mankind was justified in killing animals for food, and whether mankind could consistently claim to be in the image of the Maker by partaking of the bodies of God's creatures whose lives were drawn from the same source as his own, to say nothing of the ill effects such food might have upon his moral character and physical well-being. Now that I have joined the ranks of the Food Reformers, I support and go hand in hand with the Vegetarians, but am inclined to think that the term "Vegetarian" is not expressive enough and, judging by what I have met with in my intercourse with some people, I think it somewhat prejudices its own cause—and our cause—for we are one. I have found people who believe in Food Reform, but who seem to object to Vegetarianism, as though a Vegetarian was some uncanny creature quite out of their sphere. It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that a movement having two names should meet with such a divergence of opinion merely on account of one of its names. Well may one ask with Shakespeare "What's in a Name?" And in answer to this question it would appear that everything of the utmost importance lies in the "Name."

Therefore when anyone calls me a Vegetarian, I say "No, but a Food Reformer," which conveys an infinitely wider meaning, and helps rather than hinders Vegetarianism.

Food Reform may be regarded from many standpoints, but nearly all the issues arise from two chief bases, namely, Spiritual-mindedness, as opposed to materialism, and Humanness the bridge which spans them, so that people of all shades of opinion and creeds must acknowledge, sooner or later, the benefits arising from the proper study of Food Reform.

Take the first item, "*Spiritual-mindedness.*" The spiritually-minded person is quick to grasp all that is good and true as affects his body, mind, and spirit, for these three he considers as one great whole, and does not cater for the one at the expense of the other. He submits the question of eating animal food to his inmost soul and his religion; he asks himself the question: "Am I pursuing the Divine Ideal by joining in and consenting to the death of innocent creatures whose lives are as precious to them as mine is to me? Am I right in permitting a brother to pursue a trade in which his hands are filled with blood; am I not tending to demoralize him and to push him a little way at any rate towards a state which is more fiendish than the animal he slays when it is in its most violent moments, and so making him unfit to enter that abode wherein nought that defileth can ever enter? Are we, who claim to be the highest beings in the creation, making the right use of God's best gifts? And if we are the superior of all God's creatures, and in His image, are our actions in this respect superior to the lower creatures who have no conscience, and the worst of which, never slay in cold blood; and are they in accordance with beings created in the image of the Father, who created *all things for His pleasure, and whose mercy is over all His works?*"

The spiritually-minded person then submits the question to the test of the Scriptures, and there finds quite as many passages condemning slaughter, bloodshed, and the eating of blood (and all flesh contains blood), as there are to advocate these things. But the Bible is not to be taken literally, for we find there recorded, as in other books, deeds of crime and wickedness, and how they were dealt with by the Almighty; but it is not from this source we are to draw our examples, but from the whole tenor of its teaching, and the fact that never since the Bible was written has villainy in any form been enacted but what passages from the Bible have been brought forward either to condone it or to salve the conscience of the evildoer.

When our Lord was crucified, the Jews exclaimed "By our law He ought to die," and the most horrible deeds of the Inquisition were not without the support of Scripture. All this is well known, however, and if the Word of God is to be of effect we must look at its *motive*, and then ask if the present custom of killing animals for food, bringing them into being to suffer and die, is in accordance with its precepts, the teaching of Christ, and consistent with his belief that he himself is created in the image of God.

He then asks himself the question "*Is flesh-meat good for me*"—good for me physically and morally? Am I likely to contract disease by partaking of the dead bodies of creatures, who like myself are subject to disease and death? And even if I am quite sure that the flesh I eat is free from all traces of disease, and I continue to partake of it and exist, apparently none the worse, and perhaps believing myself better in health for so doing, is the good I gain equal to the bloodshed, misery, and wrong enacted to provide me with such food? Am I by

this losing my life to find it again, or does it not seem more like finding my life now to lose it hereafter?

A person who could so reason with himself would be bound to admit that the chances of contracting some disease was infinitely greater than the chances of receiving good; that it is not possible to vouch for nor rely upon the *absolute* purity of dead carcasses, and that whatever good he may think he gets is far beneath the amount of evil done.

The slaughtering business is an abomination to civilization in itself, and the person who supports, in any form whatsoever, the butcher in his loathsome calling, either by adhering to the tyrant custom or yielding to the *wilful* ignorance, puts himself in the same relationship to Cain, who, when questioned as to his brother Abel, said: "Am I my brother's keeper?" We are all our brother's keeper, and we all have a duty to perform towards our neighbour, irrespective of the command to "Love one another." Elizabeth Redfern.

(To be concluded).

Even for Me!

In the band of noble workers
Seems there place for such as I?
They have faith where I have yearning,
They can teach where I but sigh,
They can point the road distinctly
Where for me the shadows lie.

Lofty purpose, high endeavour,
Can these be ordained for me?
Wayside flower may strive its utmost.
It can ne'er become a tree.
Yet a child may laugh to gather,
And a sick man smile to see.

And I, too, in God's creation
Have my little proper part:
He must mean some service, surely,
For weak hand and timid heart;
Transient joys for my diffusing,
For my healing, transient smart.

John M. Stuart-Young.

A LIVING PHILANTHROPIST.

We have received an illustrated edition of a work containing a description of the various Free Libraries, Hospitals,* Convalescent Homes, and other philanthropic institutions founded through the generosity of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards. It reveals a record of philanthropic enterprise in all parts of the country which is almost unique. These Institutions have been partially or completely established and endowed by this distinguished Cornishman, and such an illustration of consideration for the interests of one's fellowmen cannot be too highly praised. The example may well be taken to heart by one and all, and especially by those who have the means to serve mankind in a similar manner. Such work reveals the fact that the brotherhood of man is becoming more fully realised every day, and that the sentiment is becoming externalised in a practical fashion. As this sentiment becomes more generally diffused and deepened, and as the sense of kinship is also extended to those fellow-creatures of ours who are not included in the "genus homo," the Golden Age will be ushered in. May God hasten the time!

*Mr. Passmore Edwards is a subscriber to the Humanitarian Hospital of St. Francis, S.E.

Glimpses of Truth.



When Heaven would save a man, it enfoldeth him with gentleness. LAOTZE.

That which is most needed is a loving heart. BUDDHA.

It is well to seek within for illumination. God dwells there, and love will guide you into Truth. ANON.

Don't judge your neighbour's manners by your standard; find out what his standard is, and judge him by that. HUDOR GENONE.

Next to the generosity of doing a good deed yourself is the generosity of allowing another to do a good deed unto you. ANON.

Not every love is generous or noble, or merits high encomium but that love only which prompts and impels man to live generously and to act nobly. PLATO.

Educate your heart till it loves to practice the golden rule; strengthen your will while it can be relied upon; see aright, and smooth ways lie before you. IDA GATLING PENTECOST.

"Love thinketh no evil," Say you so? Then I must draw aside awhile and enquire of my soul whether I know what love is; for only the other day I suspected one who spoke me fair. HUGH O. PENTECOST.

The man who is in an attitude of hostile resentment towards any one, and who would, therefore, do him a personal injury if opportunity offered, entertains an evil spirit as his guest, and blocks his own way to spiritual progress. GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH.

The path of virtue is closed to no one, it lies open to all; it admits and invites all, whether they be free-born men, slaves or freedmen, kings or exiles; it requires no qualifications of family or property, it is satisfied with a mere man. SENECA.

Let every word and act be perfect truth, uttered in genuine love. Let not the forms of business, or the conventional arrangements of society reduce thee into falsehood. Be true to thyself. Be true to thy friend. Be true to the world. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The world about us is a great vineyard, and the thoughts we think are the seeds we plant. Every seed will bear fruit after its kind. If we sow the seed of the thorn and the thistle, we reap thorns and thistles; if we sow the seed of kind thoughts, words, and deeds, we shall reap according as we have sown, "for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Works must accompany words if people are to be convinced of the truth of the words, for they demand proof, demonstration. "Give us a sign," always has and always will be the cry when the declaration contrary to generally accepted opinion is made. The insight that discerns, the intellect that explains, the work that proves, constitute a trio that conquers the world; a three-in-one in the person of the Prophet of Nazareth, whose right to rule is conceded by millions to day. URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

Editorial Notes.

Every Member and Associate will rejoice to know that the rest which Mr. Sidney Beard has been taking



in the quiet seclusion of his country home by the sea is producing a rapid recovery of health and strength and vigour.

By the time the summer is over and the close approach of the new century is upon us, Mr. Beard will be drawing his sword again, and with that spiritual power which he so pre-eminently possesses he will be standing in the forefront fighting for right and for justice and for a spiritualised humanity.

The prayers and the benedictions of the faithful should always be offered up for leaders who have been over wrought in the battle, for we doubt not that the prayers of the faithful are of mighty avail for the building up of new powers and for the renewing of great talents, while the benedictions are like balm in sorrow; are like balsams to a wound inflamed; are like the precious ointment which heals wherever it touches.

The Order of the Golden Age is a spiritual organization and this means that while we believe in things material and do not deny that the leaves of the twelve trees are full of healing power to heal the bodily afflictions of the nations; that while we believe in mental science and know that thoughts are things which can live themselves and can vitalise others, yet by our very creed we declare that spiritual powers are greater still for renewing individual force, for drawing men up to a higher life and for giving a new soul to a sorrowing world.

Whether it be for an officer recruiting, for a member falling, or for the speedy enlightenment of the human race to the beauty—to the compelling beauty—of Aristophagy, we must not forget that the mystical spiritual power of prayer is a grace which all may use, which all should employ—without ceasing.

For the complete restoration of the Provost to the fullest measure of power and grace ye shall therefore pray.

* * *

Mr. Beard is already taking our common friend by the forelock, and is issuing the following appeal to all the most able members of The Order.

AN APPEAL FOR WORKERS.
In every town, and almost in every village, there is a public hall, or a parish room, or a debating club, or a Y.M.C.A., or at least two or three earnest thinkers who could meet for mutual comfort and strength.

The Order should be represented, therefore, throughout the length and wide extent of the land. Where you cannot have big meetings you can have small ones, and if you have small ones with enough grace and fervour big ones will follow sooner or later.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harvie have made a start on these lines in Newcastle, and Mr. Clarke has placed his "Apricot" Restaurant in Nelson Street at their service for regular monthly "Humane Circle" meetings.

The great secret of success is not to wait for other people to start, but to begin and begin at once, *yourself*, to arrange something for the coming Autumn.

I shall only too gladly give space to chronicling fixtures in *The Herald*.

* * *

THE PROVOST'S LETTER.

Dear Sir,—The Executive Council of The Order are hoping, in the ensuing autumn, to inaugurate a more active propaganda in connection with O.G.A. work in the form of addresses, debates, lectures, etc., to be given in the

various centres where our members reside. Our most able and ardent fellow-workers are invited to take part in this crusade by organising meetings in their respective localities, and they are specially asked to send particulars of all meetings beforehand, and a report of each meeting afterwards, to Headquarters for the purpose of publication in *The Herald*.

We consider that the time for earnest and unselfish public effort on the part of individual members of The Order is now opportune, and that a great amount of good may be done in this way. Let me ask, therefore, if you will kindly take part in such an effort and make arrangements to address public meetings in your district during the ensuing autumn and winter. If so, I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as your fixtures are arranged.—Yours fraternally,

SIDNEY H. BEARD.

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THE STOMACH AGAIN.

The close connection between religion and the stomach has been known to all ages. When a man's liver is out of order his hope of immortality itself sometimes begins to fade. The healthy body and the sound mind and the steadfast soul are more closely interlinked than the ordinary man knows about.

If cleanliness is *next* to godliness, physical health is embraced by them both.

Here is a curious little extract from "*The Farringdons*," which a correspondent has sent me on this subject:—

"Why do men think about mischief more than women do?" asked Elizabeth.

"Because, my dear, the Lord made them so, and it is not for me to complain," replied Mrs. Hankey; "they've no sense, men haven't, that's what is the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," agreed her hostess, "the very best of them don't know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are wrestling with their doubts, when really it is their dinners that are wrestling with them. Now take Bateson himself, and a kinder husband or a better Methodist never drew breath; yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of Election till there's no living with him."

"That's a man all over to the very life," said Mrs. Hankey sympathetically, "and he never has the sense to see what's the matter with him, I'll be bound."

"Not he, he wouldn't be a man if he had; and there he'll sit in the front parlour and engage in prayers for hours at a time, till I says to him, 'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch o' carbonate o' soda would set things straight again.'"

"And quite right, Mrs. Bateson, but the Bible says true when it tells us that men are born to give trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

* * *

BEEF OR PLASMON.

The demand for nitrogen by the system is an imperative one. Man needs albumen in his food or he will die. The popular idea is that the necessary nitrogen is only to be obtained from the albumen of beef and mutton and veal. This is a fallacy. Ample nitrogen for the system can be obtained from legumens and from animal products.

A correspondent referring to my previous notes on the fallacies of the Salisbury treatment suggests plasmon as an ample substitute. He writes:

"In your issue of March 15th I notice two items of considerable interest to vegetarians and hygienists generally. The first is 'The Salisbury treatment' of chopped beef and hot water. A person is treated as above for some disease, say chronic dyspepsia, and gets well. Why? Was it not because the patient was in such a weak state as not to be able to get the albumen out of vegetable foods, especially when largely mixed with starch? But the albumen could more easily be abstracted from minced beef; and when hot water was added as a stimulant and dilutant he was able to get enough nourishment to build up his body and so he got better. So far so good."

"Now as to the second item. I read in your advertisement columns that plasmon has the albumen we all need in a very pure and easily digestible form, that a teaspoonful of plasmon has the nutriment of 4 oz. of fillet of beef. And as plasmon is so easily prepared, would it not be a far purer and in every way better treatment than the Salisbury. Therefore may we not look forward to the Plasmon treatment as supplanting the Salisbury by all lovers of pure food."

"And as plasmon is such a pure and easily digestive food and at the same time so nutritious; may we not all rejoice that something has been found that can replace the flesh of animals by adding it to vegetables, puddings, or fruit."

* * *

SCIENCE IN THE DAILY MEAL. Mr. Broadbent has just issued a second edition of his little *brochure* (price 3d.) It is well worth possessing. It is a pioneer of many more books which need to be written on the subject. The problem of scientific feeding is one which has been far too much neglected. Formerly men ate what they could get and were glad to escape starvation. Then they ate what was set before them—and asked no questions—but were always glad to *over eat*.

Now they are beginning to select *the best* to eat, and herein there is needed the guiding hand of intelligence, observation and experience combined, with an entire absence of commercialism.

Mrs. Kress has just sent me a copy of her new cookery book, "Life and Health Cookery," price 6d, which shall be noticed next month after some of the newer recipes have been tried. I recommend readers, too, to peruse Mr. Fulleylove's "Plea for the portable Turkish Bath," it contains important facts for students of health.

* * *

CALCUTTA. It is cheering to be able to quote another correspondent to show how far *The Herald* is carrying its message. A correspondent from Calcutta, Mr. Stügelman, writes to tell me not only of his own appreciation of the paper, but of new subscribers to it. He adds that a young native Christian, Mr. Khan, has adopted the reformed diet and is using his influence on those around to follow his example.

"Your *Herald* is always an inspiration to me," he writes. Such kindly words of encouragement from my readers are equally an inspiration to me.

Mr. Stügelman adds a few words of philosophy which he asks me to quote. He says:—

When the old Ganga is at low tide it is content to flow on lazily and quietly in its old channel, but when the full tide makes its bank overflow it will dig out and run in new channels; thus ordinary mortals are content to yield to their environment, while original minds (full of life Divine) will make their environment yield to them.

* * *

VEGETARIAN NURSES. There are doubtless quite a number of vegetarians who find their creed of life a difficulty in their way to obtaining the usual comforts of home in their employment. As long as they live at home or are alone in lodgings it is all right, but the moment they take up a residential post they are met with difficulties of dietary and many have either to give up their practice of the higher life, or have to put up with almost starvation dietary.

There are, however, now, an increasing number of openings in vegetarian homes for lady helps, for manageresses, for residential secretaries, and last, but not least, the opening for good nurses is becoming much greater.

Now that St. Francis is extending its work, and Oriole is adding a new ward, and the Maternity Society is training pupils in midwifery, there are vacancies at the present moment for at least a dozen well educated women who have health, strength, and intelligence, and whose heart is in the right place.

After one, two, or three years training they would be fitted to get their own living, and would be independent in the best sense of the word. I shall be very happy to give advice and information to any enquirers.

* * *

MORE FUNDS. Mr. Laxmidas again writes some cheering suggestions from India which I commend to the readers of *The Herald*. He says:—

"I was just reading 'Proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Society for the Protection of Birds' (1898), and I beg to quote the following extract:—'I would beg subscribers to increase, if possible, their payments to £1 is, annually, which, if done generally, would give us a fair and reliable income; and I would ask those who are already contributors of £1 is, to do their best to gain new members of the same amount.'

I earnestly beg you to make a similar proposal to the members of our Order in order to increase our funds.

I humbly pray that you may have sufficient money to get '*Is Flesh-Eating Morally Defensible?*' translated into every language of Europe, and that noble souls may undertake to offer prizes in all the schools of Europe, America, and the Colonies for the best summary of the priceless pamphlet every year."

* * *

THE PRIZE FUND.

I am glad to be able to give the following list of subscriptions to the fund which was suggested by Mr. Laxmidas.

About £5 is needed by September so that we may then communicate with all the elementary schools and set the boys and girls studying our subject during the winter months.

Next spring we will examine the essays they write and then we can have a grand field day for the distribution of the prizes they have won.

I shall be glad to receive suggestions as to which book should be selected as the hand-book for the children to study. The subscriptions are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Clara Turner		1	0	Mr. Wm. Arthur Taylor		1	0
Mr. A. Glendinning	1	1	0	Miss Jeanne Hubert		1	0
Mr. Labhshankar							
Laxmidas		1	0				

* * *

THE WAR.

The war is drawing to its close. The glamour will soon be over. The unreality will have passed away and only the deeper imprints upon the bodies and the minds and the souls of the people will remain.

For the moment let me impress but one fact. This is perhaps the first war upon record where the sufferings of the animals have actually been taken into general consideration.

I do not mean from a commercial point of view. I do not mean that an attempt has been made to reduce the sufferings of horses and mules because they cost money to replace, but I do mean that in this war an attempt has been made upon a considerable scale to alleviate the sufferings of wounded animals wholly apart from a commercial point of view, and simply and purely from sterling and manly sentiment.

* * *

MINIMISE PAIN. "Our war is for righteousness and for justice to fellow men" is the claim and therefore it is rightly added "we must not let the innocent—whether men, women, children, or the lower fellow-creatures—enter into the valley of suffering further than absolutely necessary."

We have had many and many a harrowing narrative of the battle field from the point of view of suffering men and sorrowing women, but until now we have never had shown to us—because it has never interested men before—what a torture chamber, what an inferno, what a picture of hell, can be drawn by filling up paintings with only the sufferings of the animals.

Here is a picture from the pen of Julian Ralph, and one who has read it can never again contemplate with a light heart the raising the torch of war.

* * *

THE VULTURES' FEAST.

I am told that a British officer who would not take a pin for his own use will steal like an Albanian to feed a hungry horse—and all our horses have been hungry of late, and many a gentleman has looted forage. It must be, then, that our officers feel as I do about this slaughter of horses in this war. Between battles a dozen deadly forms of disease seize them, and they have to be flung aside, and left to die in the dust. And in battle their legs are snapped off, their bodies torn, and their heads are shattered—and there is nothing to do but to leave them to the *aasvogels*, as the vultures are called. There is no time, in battle, to shoot them.

Let the anti-cruelty people at home rave as they may, there are other things to think of beside humanity in the heat of great battles.

But of all the pitiful, heartrending sights I have ever seen, none has compared to this view of hundreds upon hundreds of dead and dying horses on this 100 miles of war's promenade. The poor beasts had done no man any harm—in fact, each one had been a man's reliance—and to see them tattered by shell and then ripped open by vultures, often before they were dead, was enough to snap the tenderest cords in one's breast. They had not deserved and they could not understand their horrible ill-luck. For some reason, hundreds had dragged themselves to the main road, and then had died either in the track of the waggons or by its side

**HORROR ON
HORROR'S HEAD.**

But the worst horror was to come when I approached close upon the last battle field, only twenty-four hours after the fight at Driefontein. On this field not nearly all the horses were yet dead. On the contrary, as I came up beside the prostrate body of a beautiful steed it would slowly and painfully lift its head and turn upon me a pair of the most pleading, woe-stricken eyes, full of a hunger to know what I could do for it. And all I could do was to drive on, for I had no firearms—even for my own protection, deep in an enemy's country, where we had put no single armed man to guard the route of our supplies and reinforcements.

My companion used to turn and look back at these dying horses only to find that they were still straining their sad eyes after the cart. Then he would say, "He is looking at us yet. Oh, it makes me ill. Look! he is staring at us like a guilty conscience. What can we do? I wish we did not see such things."

For my part, I would not look behind. Heaven knows, it was bad enough to see ahead where horses stumbled and fell from weakness while the horrible *aasvogels* swept in circles over them, eager to rend their living flesh. Oxen, too, were lying everywhere, with straight stiff legs silhouetted against the veldt. They looked like the toy animals that children make out of round potatoes with wooden matches for legs.

* * *

**PARIS
CONGRESS.**

Do not forget the Vegetarian Congress will be held in this month in Paris. The party will leave London on the 16th of June. For all particulars apply at once to the Sec. Vegetarian Federal Union, Farrington St., E.C.

* * *

LIVE HIGH.

A correspondent writes me "My motto for my nursing work is taken from Tennyson, which as you know, runs:
'Follow the Christ, follow the King,
Live true, speak pure, right wrong
Else wherefore born.'

I don't think my motto and that of your hospital of St. Francis 'For God and Humanity,' are much unlike."

* * *

NEWMARKET.

The home of horse-racing is not forgotten by the gods. We have one of our advance guard stalwarts in the heart of the enemy's country. Mr. Brayshaw has been working away for years to make his comrades *think*, and some of them are beginning to do so.

Here are a few extracts from a letter which I have just received from him which tell their own story:—

"I ordered 70 Xmas numbers to be sent to my friends. You might like to know some of the results.

Mr. J. Lamb says: 'We are not vegetarians yet but we eat less meat and more rice, oatmeal, beans, tomatoes, and fruit generally than we used, and I think we have decided that after this year we will not have any swine's flesh in our house. We take in the *H.G.A.*, thanks to your gift.'

Mr. J. B. Bowman says: 'We may not all agree with the objects of the Golden Age, but no doubt a pure vegetable diet is better for some people. I am a great eater of vegetables of all sorts almost, and find this course to suit me well. Let others try to find out the remedy for other ills which all flesh is heir to more or less.'

Mr. Slader says: 'Many thanks for sending me *The Herald*, which I had not seen before, and which interested me very much.'

Several have told me they would not eat swine's flesh after reading Dr. Kellogg's powerful article.

I should rather like to insert an advertisement of *The Herald* in our Congregational Church Magazine. I suppose you have no objection? [Only too charmed for you to do so. Ed. *H.G.A.*]

This morning I had a letter from a science student at Newnham, thanking me for sending her your leaflet, 'Are Animals Immortal?' and saying, 'I agree very strongly with the writer of it.'

We are getting on fairly well at Newmarket, and increasing in numbers, but of course we have our discouragements and difficulties.

I should like to know when the Annual Report of the Vegetarian Hospital comes out, so that I may order a few copies. Also if there is any book or pamphlet giving the result of vegetarian hospital treatment, and describing same, so that it can be repeated to a certain extent by those living a long way from a vegetarian centre.

I want something to hand to my friends who think flesh-meat and its extracts are necessary in case of illness; a booklet that shall be for invalids what Mr. Light's book is for athletes—a convincing statement of facts.

I was glad to see your remarks about the Friends' Anti-Vivisection Society, and hope you will keep pegging away at them. I should like to see a Friends' Vegetarian Society formed. I know several Friends who are Vegetarians, but have never heard of one who is a slaughterman. The killing business does not harmonise with the spirit of Quakerism any more than luxurious living. The Friends might take a hint from the Doukoborts (with whom they have so much in common) and drop all weapons of destruction."

CANADA.

Here is an enthusiastic pioneer in Canada. She writes with all the ring of real fire which will make dead souls wake and think. From the ends of the world these cheering letters come which not only prove that *The Herald* is a great power for good, but show that the living work is spreading far and wide.

I have omitted those parts of the letter which refer to business detail, but I should like every one who reads Miss Helsby's letter to know that she is carrying out my suggestions of a previous month, and is buying *Golden Age* literature and distributing it wisely and fully.

Here are some extracts from her letter:

"What a boon our *Herald* is! It acts like a tonic. I expect you have been told this over and over again, but still a good thing cannot well be repeated too often, the only fault I have is its shortness. As regards query No. 1 in our "Difficulties" column for March, Miss Lizzie Hendry was the only one in a family of six to start out on a reformed diet. At the time when I spoke to her she was in the doctor's hands and had been very ill with nervous prostration. She had never heard of a vegetarian and did not quite know what it meant. I explained it to her and gave her one of our *Heralds* to read. She was mighty delighted with it and the next day she said she would be a vegetarian. Of course I did all I could to help her for I knew she would meet with great opposition from her family and the doctor. She is at business all day, so of course she had no opportunity of doing any cooking for herself. She had first to leave off eating the flesh meat and making any little substitute she could, such as extra eggs and lentils. She told her doctor about it, and he insisted on her eating meat at least three times a week, but, I am proud to say, she resisted. This is over nine months ago and she is nearly quite well. We hope to enrol her as a member of our Order very soon. Since then her mother has turned, so now she is getting all she requires in the way of cooking. A couple of months ago the assistant minister of one of the Anglican Churches here called upon us. 'Well,' he said in answer to my query, 'our Rector is a vegetarian, but he does not think it is a sin to eat meat.' 'Well then,' I said, 'he ought to,' and I explained to him our aims, etc. But when I said I was sure if he had to kill his food before eating it, he would not do it, he laughed, and said, 'Well, I did kill a sheep once, when I was a clerk, but I admit it was not for my own dinner.' He promised me faithfully to read our *Herald* regularly so I am sending it to him and only hope he will keep his promise. We are all working and doing our best, but it is very slow progress, but no cause for discouragement, as of course it is practically new here. There are, however, a few hygienists who are all for self, self, self, until they make me weary. Will you please send me some membership forms and book of rules. I have only one left and I never know when I might need them, for we have plenty of people reading our *Heralds* and pamphlets. We are only waiting for the seed to germinate, so we must patiently watch, wait, and work. With all kind wishes and thoughts."—FLORENCE HELSBY.

* * *

KIND WORDS.

Mr. Howard Williams has laboured long and with cultured pen has written some of the standard literature of our movement. His "Ethics of Diet" will live for all time as a treasure store of information and his name will go down to posterity as one of the men who has helped to raise the question of humane dietary to the level of a philosophy.

Words of his are of no little weight and I gladly reproduce an extract from a letter just to hand, wherein he writes:—

"I most heartily wish that the *H.G.A.* and the Society which it represents may win all the success which it deserves so eminently. The mass of people, whether 'educated' or 'uneducated,' as far as my pretty extensive experience reaches, are as insensible as ever to the demands of the Higher Morality and of the Higher Civilisation. In respect to a more propagandising name than 'Vegetarianism,' it seems to me that 'a follower of the humane diet,' or, perhaps, 'an adherent of the Anti-Butchery Cause,' is as advisable a substitute as any that can be devised. Your word *Aristophagy* is a very good one for occasional use—but, like my *Kreophagy* (or e.g. like *Vivisection*), not being of the 'vulgar tongue,' is not likely to be 'understood of the people.' With best wishes for the success of the *H.G.A.* again."—HOWARD WILLIAMS.

* * *

**HOSPITAL
SUNDAY.**

Appeals have reached me from Oriole and St. Francis asking me to remember Hospital Sunday in my notes. I gladly do so, and I earnestly ask every reader to do one little act of service for our higher humanity.

You would certainly give *something* to hospitals if you were quite sure they were sound about the burning question of Vivisection, but because you are doubtful you let the collecting plate pass you by and you send your money into other channels,

This year adopt another plan which will help to teach the clergy and churchwardens to *think*.

Put your mite (whether a sixpence, or a shilling, or a sovereign, or a postal order, or a bank note, or a cheque) in an envelope, addressed to "The Humanitarian Hospital of St. Francis, New Kent Road, London, S.E.," or to "The Oriole Vegetarian Hospital, Loughton, Essex," and put it in the plate or bag at your Church or Chapel.

If you put a *coin* in the envelope, use a registered envelope. Drop a post card to the Hospital saying that you have done this and naming the Church.

If this is done by every Member of The Order all over the country on Hospital Sunday, it will be the means of making thousands of new enquiries about our aims.

* * *

THE DRINK CRAVE.

I have just received a striking bit of testimony to the value of a simple dietary from Dr. David Paulson.

There are few diseases more hopeless than the drink crave disease. It is like lupus or cancer, cure it in one place and it breaks out in another. It undermines truth, it undermines the sense of honour, it destroys the independent dignity of manhood and the sweet pride of womanhood.

You think you have cured your case and he goes steadily along improving and then suddenly the cycle comes round and, like the poor wretch possessed with devils, he bids good bye to everything that makes life beautiful for the sake of pouring alcoholic fluid upon the degenerated internal coats of his stomach.

I am quite satisfied that the best method of treatment is by a simple non-flesh dietary with plenty of juicy fruits and vegetables and an abundance of phosphates and oil—coupled with patience, infinite patience.

* * *

THE FIERY THIRST.

This is what Dr. Paulson says:

It seems remarkable to us when we read that seven times were the devils cast out of Mary Magdalene, but modern missionary experiences furnish parallel cases. I am personally acquainted with a man who, during the last few years, has given his heart to God and backslidden to the drink habit thirty-three times.

He finally stumbled into our Medical Missionary Dispensary, bound down as effectually by this demon as ever were the men who wandered about the tombs on the hills of Gadarenes. The man made marked improvement under rational remedies properly applied, and then his most pathetic enquiry was, "who shall deliver me from this body of death?" I told him how spices, condiments, and meats were creating a fiery thirst in him, that even God had not promised to quench. It was a new idea to him.

He went away determined to try the force of the truth that I had sought to impress upon his mind. For a number of days he worked about Chicago without the slightest desire for liquor. Then, upon visiting with some of his friends, they persuaded him to dine with them after the "old style," and that meant to that poor man an invitation card to return to his old life. The result was it was beer in the evening, whiskey in the morning, and then a week of profound drunkenness.

* * *

THAT WATER CANNOT SATISFY.

Sorrowful, miserable and penitent, the man returned to our dispensary, and said he had demonstrated the truth of what I told him, and asked me, for God's sake, to help him upon his feet once more. This I gladly did in the name of the Master, who continues to pity and forgive our shortcomings, even beyond the "seventy times seven."

Twenty weeks have passed away. That man has lived carefully upon the natural products of the earth, has not felt one desire for liquor, and, physically, he is another man. He has learned the valuable lesson that in physical things, as well as in spiritual, God works in harmony with the laws He has instituted. If a mustard seed plaster is applied externally to even a converted man it will raise a blister, just the same as it would on a sinner. The same amount of mustard sprinkled upon meat and applied inside will just as surely create a thirst that water cannot satisfy. God Himself has established this relation.

Providence has opened a way for this man so he has secured a fine position, at a high salary; and his testimony when he comes to the mission, has an intelligent inspiration in it that has encouraged many a poor mortal to seek to investigate the cause for the fetters that seem to fasten him to a life of sin.

Our "Difficulties" Column.

"Difficulties are not doubts."

This month two letters have come to hand. One raising difficulties, the other answering them.

Both are important and deserve careful and thoughtful reading.

Difficulties are not to be shirked or belittled or slurred over; neither are they to be magnified into mountain impasses.

We are not to sit still and wait until difficulties are solved, but we are to choose the better pathway and in spite of difficulties to press bravely on, knowing that in God's good time we shall understand what is good for us to know and



There are difficulties everywhere.

shall learn what is now beyond our power to comprehend.

In short the principle of dealing with difficulties is to 'outflank' them.

Roberts might have sat with Methuen in front of Magersfontein to this day crying out that he couldn't do anything because of the difficulty in the way.

Instead of this he says 'I recognise the difficulty, I can't overcome it, I can't solve it, I'll go round it and perhaps sooner or later if I press on to my goal, I shall find it will disappear'—and by outflanking it the difficulty soon disappeared.

We, too, must outflank our difficulties; recognise them, put a guard round them, treat them seriously, but press on without let or hindrance to the central goal—the Divine life we want to live—a life of Divine humanity.

* * *

Mrs. Brace writes from Stamford Hill:—

AN ANSWER. "Miss Redfern's 'Difficulties' are useful by the material they furnish for reflection, but are we not still too much wrapped round by the dawn-mist which is heralding the coming of the Golden Day, to lay down rules of action in such individual cases as she mentions. The principle upon which the Humanitarian Gospel is based is one of evolutionary development, and its first step was made by the first man who refrained from doing a mean action to his neighbour when that neighbour happened to be in his power. May we not feel sure that the 'kindly light' that has led man up to the height where Humanitarianism stands to-day, will still shine before those who seek it, showing them the next step they are to take as soon as they have planted their foot firmly upon the one beneath.

In individual cases, when temperament and environment play so large a part, it seems to me impossible for us to do more than *suggest* what our friends should do. A young person of humanitarian proclivities would naturally choose an occupation that would clash as little as possible with those proclivities. If, in fulfilment of duties undertaken, details presented themselves which conscience condemned, they must be settled by that conscience—whether another occupation must be sought or whether the 'situation' absolves from moral responsibility. In some cases, throwing up a situation would mean becoming a burden upon friends, or bring want upon those who owe their existence to us. When two evils are before us we must choose that one which seems to us the lesser; another cannot choose for us.

Persons, 'on tour,' actors or otherwise, must hold their vegetarian principles very lightly if they cannot get a good meal in any town or village containing a greengrocer's, a confectioner's, and a dairy. If they choose to go to places minus such trades they must of course make special provision. Difficulties with landlords usually arise from want of tact.

As for 'Difficulty 4,' if the fowls are kept for 'Eggs only' the cocks certainly won't produce eggs, even indirectly if they are killed: if they cannot be disposed of where they can carry out the purpose for which Nature seems to have intended them, surely the most humane thing to do would be to put them out of existence as skilfully as possible. I imagine

by allowing them to live they would become a nuisance to themselves and everybody about them. It would be another case of choosing the lesser evil, and such killing seems to me (in a moral sense) totally different from that done to animals brought into existence by man for the direct purpose of slaughter.

* * *

Dear Sir,—I send you the following extract from "Man and His Bodies," by Mrs. Annie Besant, as an answer to some of the difficulties propounded in your "Difficulties" column. May I add that we in India are much helped and encouraged by your words of light and leading and comfort in the midst of our many trials and difficulties.—Yours faithfully, Labhshankar Laxmidas, India :—

"You say, 'How much I should like to possess astral vision, to travel in the astral body!' but when it comes to the point you prefer a 'good' dinner. If the prize for giving up unclean food were a million pounds at the end of a year, how rapidly would difficulties disappear and ways be found for keeping the body alive without meat and wine! But when only the priceless treasures of the higher life are offered, the difficulties are insuperable. If men really desired what they pretend to desire, we should have much more rapid changes around us than we now see. But they make believe, and make believe so effectually, that they deceive themselves into the idea that they are in earnest, and they come back life after life to live in the same unprogressive manner for thousands of years; and then in some particular life they wonder why they do not advance, and why somebody else has made such rapid progress in this one life while they make none. The man who is in earnest—not spasmodically, but with steady persistence—can make what progress he chooses; while the man who is making believe will run round and round the mill-path for many a life to come."

* * *

A lady writes from Dublin :—

A DIFFICULTY. "I cannot profess myself a convert to all you advocate. For instance. My land here is infested—overrun by rabbits. They do serious injury to most crops—I am surrounded by estates on which the rabbits are equally numerous and troublesome. The owners however each year 'let' the killing of the rabbits to men who employ trappers to destroy them. The cruelty involved is very great, not alone to the poor rabbits, but to other animals which get caught in these horrible traps, cats and dogs, one's pets, so caught are for the most part mercilessly killed; if they escape it is with mutilated limbs. On my land I will not allow traps or snares, but I have the rabbits shot. Again, what is to become of the dead rabbits if they are not used for food. I fear you will have scarcely time to read much less answer this letter, still the questions are seriously asked and there is much involved in the answer given."

Yesterday, To-Day, and For Ever.

THE PAST.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.
Shakespeare.

The past is the menagerie. I hear the deep note of the king of beasts, the roar of lions (the Neros and Caligulas of the old world) and my heart is filled with a nameless fear. The music is varied with the howling of wolves, and the rattle of the rattle-snake, all human. In the old world the sworn torturer was an institution like our coroner. The silence of the torture chamber is broken only by the harsh screech of mortal agony. The question is being put. *The human tigers are at work.*

Tell me not of the civilizations of the past! Tell me not of Doric temples and Phidian statues! My eyes are in the torture chamber. *(It is my brother who lies there).*

I see the fiend—the sworn torturer. The nameless cruelties of the dark past stand out in bold relief. I behold the human heart a beautiful tomb—a painted sepulchre. Inside I see dead men's bones and all uncleanness. *The temple of Love is not yet built, but the foundations are being laid.* "Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

THE PRESENT.

The present is a transition state. The scenery is being changed in that mysterious pantomime called Life, and all is expectation.

The present is a mercenary age, a decaying age, a rotten age, an old age. "That which waxeth old and decayeth is

ready to vanish away." The present is a mere go-between. In the present we are trying to perform the impossible feat. We are trying to serve God and Mammon at one and the same time. The result is not a striking success. We please neither party.

In the present we are half devil, half angel. In the present we are human monsters. *There are no wicked people and no good people.* Only imperfect people. "There is none that doeth good, no not one." No river rises higher than its source, and no man is better than his age.

I see the temple of Love slowly rising, midst much wrangling and contention. The builders are at loggerheads. The divine stones are stained with blood. Occasionally they serve as convenient missiles to fling at one another's heads. 'Tis the age of hate!

Tell me not of nineteenth-century triumphs, of steam, of electricity, etc. I see the lurid light on yonder battle field—the disgrace of our common humanity. I see that other slaughter house, whose doors never close, even in time of peace. Inside I see my humble brothers, my poor relations—the lower animals—in various stages of mortal agony. To every deep, a lower depth. *I see a nethermost hell. 'Tis the vivisector's den.* . . . The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

THE FUTURE (Prophetic).

I hear the cuckoo sing! 'Tis the age of love, brighter and purer than Ovid ever sang. "For lo, the winter is past, the rain (of hate) is over and gone, the flowers (of love) appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Everything goes in cycles. Man has his seasons just like the year, only his cycle is larger. Here are wheels within wheels.

It belongs not to the dark past but to the bright future. The sons of God are now married to the daughters of men, and as a natural result the earth is filled with angels.

"For the tree of the field is man's life" (Deut., xx, 19). This great truth, propounded by Moses 5,000 years ago has at length found acceptance. *The world is vegetarian.* History repeats itself. "Man *did* eat angels' food." Man *does* eat angels' food.

The future is healthy, therefore holy. The future is healthy, therefore wise. The future is healthy, therefore happy. "They that are whole need not a physician." Joy dwells with man.

The golden-hours, the winged-hours dance from morn till dewy eve. Ugliness and disease have left the earth. "Neither shall there be any more pain" (Rev., xxi, 4). Those two fair virgins, Truth and Beauty, walk hand in hand in the garden of the Lord. . . .

That glittering palace of silver, the temple of Love, now stands complete; the joy of the whole earth, the true Solomon's Temple, the New Jerusalem of the future. "The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, and there shall be no night there." "And the nations of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it." No honours outside of love. No medals now for man slayers, only for man savers. "I have come that ye might have life." The glory of this latter house exceeds that of the former. . . . "The mountain of the Lord's house is established on the top of the mountain, and all nations shall flow into it." "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land be any more termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee and thy land shall be married." (Isaiah, lxii, 4).

Shakespeare's fine description of man is applicable *only* to the bright future:—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

The higher life of man! Think of it. It is a great fact gradually dawning on a dark world. As the ages revolve, the flower of man slowly opens and reveals new colours, surprising colours, heavenly colours—the *most exquisite tints*.

"The end of the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Yes, and the end of every good man is precisely similar.

'Tis now the surprise comes. It is reserved for the last. The transfiguration of the race—the grand transformation scene in that sacred mystery play called Life—now takes place.

The subject is "*the restitution of all things*, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began." (Acts, iii, 21).

The light of love (God's face), shines upon all alike, making all look equally beautiful. He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good with a like effulgence. "In Thy presence there is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Who shall go forth to preach the gospel of Joy to a sad world? Listen to the anthem of the ages! "Behold I make all things new."

"Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended" (Isaiah 60, v. 20).

Abel Andrew.

Zoroastrianism and Animal Life.

Zoroastrianism is one of the Aryan systems of religion. It is sometimes called sister-religion to the Hindu, on account of the similarity of the language of their Scriptures, their antiquity, their philosophy, their worship, and even their social customs. A teaching common to both these religions, is



that they both enjoin their votaries to have compassion and mercy towards animals, especially the kine. The Hindus are well known for their sympathy towards animals; the high caste entirely abstaining from animal food. But as the modern Parsis are a flesh-eating race, it would be interesting to note how they have gone astray, like all other nations, against the teaching of their holy Saviour. As for the other Scriptures of the Parsis, the scholars differ in that they do not contain the teaching of Zoroaster, but the Scripture known as the Gâthâs carries greater weight among all classes of people as being that of Zoroaster himself, or, if not, at least the ideas embodied in them belong to that Holy Sage.

These Gâthâs, and the Yasna in which the Gâthâs are embodied, abound in references enjoining on every Zoroastrian to protect, feed and even clothe animals. The word used in the Avesta for animals is *gospenda*, which is applied by the modern translators to domesticated animals only; but if we take the root of it, *gow*, it can be applied to all living creatures.

Granting, for the sake of argument, that it means domesticated animals only, the Parsis allow to kill for their food those

very animals which are forbidden to be killed and are to be taken care of by them in virtue of their Scriptures. The 10th Hâ of the Yasna says:

"Salutations for the *gospenda*! Salutations for the *gospenda*! Good words for the *gospenda*! Victory for the *gospenda*! Food for the *gospenda*! Clothes for the *gospenda*! Labour for the *gospenda*! Because they are useful for our sustenance."

If these animals are to be taken care of because they are created for our food, as some people would have us believe, the Gâthâs would not have treated every one as "evil" who advises to kill animals. In Gâthâ Ahunavaiti (Yasna, Hâ xxxii, 12) we are most emphatically told that:

"Evil are they who, through their deception, prevent men from righteousness, who advise to *kill animals*, and, going astray from the righteous path, act like the Karâpanas and desire the sway of the Drûgas."

In Gâthâ Vohûkshshthra (Hâ li, 15) we read:

"They [the Karâpanas] do not teach by action or advice to take care of the kine."

It is to be borne in mind that the former passage has often been mistranslated in such a way as to disguise the true sense of it. Almost all the translators being flesh-eaters, they passed unnoticed, or wilfully disguised, the sense contained in the above passage. The original word for "killing" in the text is *morenden*, which is rendered simply as "giving pain," etc. But the same word occurs at many other places in the Avesta, where it is rendered in the sense of "killing."

This rendering is consistent, again, with the teaching of a previous chapter (xxiv), in which Gâush-Urvânem (the soul of the Cow, World or Universe) complains Ahura-Mazda (God) that there is much cruelty and sin in this world and on that account Gâush-Urvânem was promised that Zoroaster will be sent into the world, thus establishing the fact that one of the missions of the holy Zarathustra was to alleviate the cruelty perpetrated by mankind on lower animals even at that remote time.

Zoroaster taught it; the Persians minded it not: they became luxurious, and the natural result was that they lost their reign, country, and even religion. This can easily be taken as *one* out of the many reasons of their losing their nationality.

In the pre-victorian days my Parsi brethren were not so luxurious in India in company with their natural cousins, the Hindus; but at present, we are sorry to observe, they are fast drowning themselves again into the mire of luxury in rank imitation of the nations of the West. While formerly they used to live—even the rich Parsis—on very abstemious food, using flesh food on rare occasions only, at present they, in company with their English rulers, are fast becoming luxurious—the poorest Parsi considering flesh food to be a daily necessity, and one of his daily avocations in the morning is to patronise the butcher! Not only the laymen, but even the priests, who were formerly in the habit of observing four days in a month, somewhat like the Roman Catholics, to abstain from flesh food, now consider it as superstition, and they daily require their flesh viands to propitiate their lower appetites.

The modern Parsis call themselves more refined, cultured, educated, intelligent, and reasoning, than their immediate forefathers; but they cannot claim to be such unless they become consistent in their food—consistent at least with the teaching of the Gâthâs, the sacred utterances of their Holy Master.

This is not enough. It behoves them to help, either physically, morally, or intellectually, all those movements which have now sprung up in the East as well as in the West,

to protect life, in whatever form it may be—say all the humanitarian movements—and join and work with them, if possible, with one accord in a united bond. In doing so, they will help in bringing nearer that millennium—that Golden Age—for which “the Bundahish,” the generis of the Parsis, gives us hope of immortality.

“In the millennium of Hūshēdar-Māh, they will desist from meat food, and eat vegetables and milk; afterwards they abstain from milk food and abstain from vegetable food, and are feeding on water, and for ten years before Sōshyans comes they remain without food—and do not die.” (Chapter xxx).
N. F. Bilimoria.

Household Wisdom.

“Frugality and beauty oft walk hand in hand.”

In reference to vegetarian cookery one frequently hears the remark, “It is all very well for those who can afford to buy the best of everything, but it is quite out of the question for those who have not means at their disposal for purchasing the more costly foods and fruits and who have little time to expend on cooking the necessary meals.”

Such a statement is not only incorrect but very misleading, for many of the most nourishing and wholesome dishes which the vegetarian housewife can provide are those which are the simplest to prepare and at the same time the least costly.

For the benefit of those who have not much time to spend on cooking and who wish to combine economy with a wholesome diet, the following recipes and suggestions may be of service.

* * *

For Breakfast, what more wholesome than a well-cooked porridge, of which there are many varieties for those who tire of the usual oatmeal. Let such try wheatmeal, frumenty, hominy, maize, or some of the prepared varieties for a change. Any of these can be made over night, and only require warming up for breakfast. Porridges are best made in a double pan, or a big jar placed in a saucepan of boiling water and left on the hob for almost any length of time that is convenient, taking care that the water does not boil away. Eat with syrup, sugar, honey, stewed figs or boiled milk, and always take brown bread with it—brown bread! wholemeal bread! If only people would discard the starvation white and nourish their bodies with the wholesome grain of the wheat! For all porridges see that the water is well boiling before sprinkling in the meal, and this done, an occasional stir is all that is necessary.

* * *

Rice Dishes are very nutritious, inexpensive, and at the same time easily prepared, both savoury and sweet.

* * *

A nice change from the usual and oft-times sloppy milk pudding, is to add a handful of chopped dates, figs, prunes or raisins to the boiling rice and milk, and cook several hours, slowly as usual. This pudding can be made overnight in a slow oven and would be ready for anyone to take to their work who does not get home to the mid-day meal.

* * *

Plain Boiled Rice is also very good eaten with any stewed fruit, jam or syrup, and is a dish which children are usually fond of.

* * *

Savoury Rice dishes are also good and can be varied in many ways. Boil the rice, or stew it in a jar (rice requires barely four times as much water as bulk of rice according to the quality). Mince and fry some onions a nice brown and put alternate layers of rice and onions in a greased dish. When full add half a pint of milk and 1 egg beaten in it, and bake a short time in the oven. A few herbs may be added for a change and of course a little salt and pepper.

Fried or sliced tomatoes, fried carrots or other vegetables chopped up may be used in the same way as the onions or along with them.

* * *

Barley is food that is not appreciated as it should be, probably because it is not often cooked sufficiently. It should be always put in the oven over night with plenty of water, and if it is not a thick jelly next morning, it should be left to cook longer.

Barley can be used instead of rice in any of the above-mentioned ways, and it is also nice with sliced cheese baked along with it.

It makes excellent **Soup** with the addition of some milk and water and fried onion or other vegetable. It is also nice for a change as a porridge, and no dish is more easily digested or suitable for children.

* * *

A nice Supper Dish can be made with boiled rice round the edge of a dish, and in the centre place some slices of buttered toast. Then get some Spanish onions, slice them and fry a nice brown and place on the toast. In the same pan brown some flour and a teaspoonful of dried sage, add a little boiling water and, when thick, pour over the onion as a gravy.

* * *

Lentils may be cooked by putting in a jar in the oven, covering well with water and cooking slowly two or three hours. They can be cooked very quickly in a pan over the fire if wanted at once. Boil until almost all the water is absorbed, add some fried or chopped onion and eat with bread and butter or potatoes.

The lentils can be potted, in jars if thickened with a few bread crumbs, and will keep some days if a little butter is run over. Excellent for sandwiches if one is away for the day. Lentils may be cooked along with any rice that may be left or with cheese or tomatoes, and baked in a dish with a few bread crumbs sprinkled on the top.

Lentils are very good for soup if made more liquid. They may be seasoned in many ways, and any fried vegetables chopped up and put in.

* * *

Excellent Soup Tablets can now be bought, which only require to be made with boiling water or milk, and which are entirely without animal food. These are convenient if there is no time for cooking.

* * *

The Haricot Bean, both the white and brown, are invaluable foods to the hard workers and those who spend much of their time in the open air. They are suitable for putting along with vegetables into pies, puddings, or patties.

The brown bean makes splendid soup, first stewed in the oven in plenty of water, and next day rubbed through a coarse sieve, and a few herbs, fried onion, etc., added, and eaten with plenty of bread and toast. Some people like to pour off the liquid, season it, and drink it like “beef tea” and eat the beans with mint sauce and potatoes or bread.

* * *

A good Substantial Pie can be made with sliced onions, potatoes, carrots or turnips all boiled together with a cupful of soaked tapioca and when nearly cooked thicken with a little flour and water. Pour into a dish, add seasoning, cover with paste and bake, or simply cover with bread crumbs and bits of butter and bake in the same way. Haricot beans or brown beans can be added with advantage to the pie.

* * *

Peas, soaked and well boiled make good soup, or can be added to any of the above dishes.

These are but a few hints, and for those who desire more information and simple recipes, there are cook books which can be had from headquarters, **The Beacon**, Ilfracombe, for one or two pence, as well as the more elaborate ones.

During the summer months no one need have a difficulty, for one could live healthily and well without any cooking at all, if so desired.

Daisy Whiston.



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ONE PENNY.

Lux Cuique.



Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray,
Grant us every closing day
Light at eventide.

At eventide upon our Western coasts there are always crowds strolling to and fro, and watching with never-wearying interest that most beautiful and solemn of Nature's acts—a sunset.

As each man stands at the water's edge, he sees a pathway of light stretching away from himself right up to the golden bosom of the setting sun.

It is his own pathway, his very own. As he gazes at the dancing light flecks and sees this clear cut line uniting him directly to the distant orb of glory, and as he gazes to the right and to the left and sees nothing but the sombre gloom of the dark waters and hears nothing but their melancholy croon coming up the fading horizon, I can well understand his proudly thinking that upon him has fallen a crowned honour—upon him alone.

The infinite has spoken to him—to him alone. The pathway to the eternal glory has been revealed to him—to him alone.

Can you not see him throw up his head? Can you not hear him talk in commanding tones? Can you not feel the dogmatic halo which is surrounding him? This man has indeed received his revelation but he has not grasped its meaning.

The blight of the ego has fallen upon the golden glory of the sunlight, and the curse of the self has dropped its blot upon the majesty of the very beautiful.

He who seeks to find God in himself too often finds self as his god.

He who sees the face of his brother in every weeping eye is not far from a vision of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The man on the shore forgot his neighbour and thereby he forgot God.

Had he remembered his neighbour he would have found that he too—each one, all along that Western shore—had his line of light which led him to the sun.

From hill and valley, from lonely rugged rock and sweeping level strand, the watchers look out on to the sea, and to each one who lifts his eyes up to the sun, the beautiful line of light is sent.

Glittering, rippling, dappling, right on from the watcher up to the very bosom of the golden sun, the pathway of light is carried.

And further, not only to every one who fixes his gaze upwards and sunwards is the pathway of light vouchsafed, but to him who can rise high enough to look down upon the sea, a further vision is unfolded.

The whole sea that looks so dark and mournful, that shrouded mystery that sobs and wails, that dim weird gloom that fades off into the night is gone—from above, it is a sea of light, every wavelet, every ripple, every bubble catches up the sun ray and laughs in happy glee as it throws up the light again to the sky.

The wide bosom of the ocean is a dancing ripple of soft light, a halo of glory rests everywhere upon its fair face.

Thus does the vision of the ocean speak to me a great lesson of life and of hope.

For every one who will turn his face upwards, a vision of light upon his pathway is shed.

There is a divine light which plays upon all my road, and so long as I will only look straight, the leading light shall not fail.

I then may be a prophet, I then may have my sacred mission. Humble, lowly, unknown and alone, to me, to my own soul, a special vision is granted, a special revelation of light is vouchsafed.

All work is beautiful, all toil is ennobled, all weariness is clothed with halo, for unto me my own sweet light is granted, unto me my own gentle voiced message is sounded.

If it teaches me nothing else, it impresses on me the importance of my own soul and its close kinship with the divine, a communion which none can injure and none can destroy.

But the lesson of humility follows closely on the lesson of importance. If I learn that *my* life is important because I have a divine pathway marked out for me, I soon learn that *every* life is important too, for every eye that lifts its humble gaze to the far off fount of life is at once blessed and becomes a potential saint.

Beggar man or king, poor man or millionaire, maimed or comely, diseased or whole, it matters not, to each there is his own pathway to the stars and his own kinship with the eternal.

No more can I despise the publican and the sinner; no longer look down upon the outcast and the fallen, for all are on the same road, all have the same noble birth and the same grand heritage.

Where the knowledge of the sonship of God tends to make me radiant with a joyful importance, the realization of the brotherhood of man must surely make me gentle with a restful humility.

But climb just a little higher, and another still grander truth is learned.

There is no darkness.

From the mountain top I may look down and see the ocean bosom, one great expanse of rippling light.

So too in the spiritual world. Get up high enough and all the gloom that is brooding on the face of the waters will have disappeared and the sweet peace of a great and abiding light will shine around.

There is no night.

The dawn is breaking now, lead kindly light, lead on.

The shadow fears are passed, the terror dreams are gone.

I am tempted to write as I have done to illustrate some of the problems of our beautiful practice of humane dietary.

There are some who make sport of vegetarianism and look upon it as a fad and a folly.

They forget that it is no light matter to be the possessor of a divine message, and to be bound to deliver that message to the most rebellious of all audiences—your own stomach.

It is no light matter to be the messenger of God to a rebellious and stiff necked people, who plead and plead again that because they *like* flesh, that therefore they *will* have it.

It is no light matter to be suddenly illumined by a flash of truth which shows up the cruelty and the repulsive loathsomeness of one half of your favourite foods.

It is no light matter to hear a voice which bids you, in the name of the all merciful and the all gentle, to come right out from the tents of butchery and from the dens of slaughtering, and take up a new life in an untried land.

The divine afflatus, wherever it falls, is no light burden to bear.

The call to vegetare is a message which comes from above, and which brings in its train its full meed of pain.

Those only who scoff at all that teaches of progress by self-sacrifice should sneer at vegetarianism as a fad.

All who reverence what makes for mercy and compassion, and for gentleness and peace; all who look for the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven upon this earth, must thank God daily for every vegetarian who chooses to live upon the food of angels rather than to perpetuate the flesh-pots and slaughter-dens of Egypt for his daily meal.

The diet of Aristophagy is the selection of the best food—the selection of the best food for the sake of a principle; for

the sake of a principle which recognizes that for a man to become like God, he must uphold in his own life the divinest attributes; the divinest attributes of self-sacrificing mercy and gentleness towards lower lives that are in his power.

By brute right the strong man knows that the lower and the weaker creatures are sent for his use and his pleasure (the weak are always sent for the use and pleasure of the strong); but by divine inspiration the gentle man is conscious that might is not the highest right, and that though the right may be his, there is a higher beauty in consciously and voluntarily abstaining from exercising it than in demanding the uttermost anguish of death in order to live upon the carcasses of the slain.

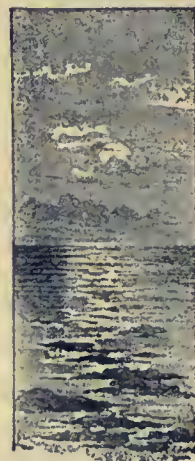
If the sacrifice of my own pleasures for the sake of saving pain to my weaker fellow-creatures is to be called a "fad," then language has lost its balance, and chivalry its meaning.

The second lesson, too, comes home to some of us. Each man has his own revelations, his own pathway of light.

I must not think that because vegetarianism has come as a sun ray into my life that therefore it is the end-all and be-all of life.

Another has been summoned to fight in the battlefield of alcoholic intemperance, and I must reverence his mission.

Another will sacrifice ease and rest to abolish the evils of slavery or of war or of impurity—for these and for every other worker who lifts his face to heaven and gets his call to work for the higher life, I must offer my humble tribute of reverential service.



And lastly, the all-light of the rippling ocean bosom teaches the beautiful fact that all our pathways are but individualisings of the all-truth. We are fellow workers in very deed.

There is no darkness, for high enough up, light is everywhere.

There is no darkness outside of ourselves.

If we are only willing to rise high enough upon our old dead selves, we find that what seemed darkling gloom is rippling light.

Arise then, despondent one, there is a holy mission for thee.

Whosoever scoffs at his neighbour's work, let him arise and do reverence to the divine that is in it.

Arise then, thou that sittest in darkness and in sorrow, for upon thee the light of the eternal is ready to dawn.

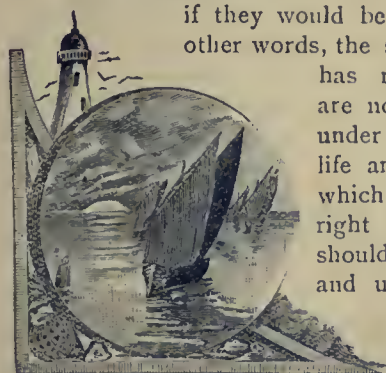
Under the canopy of holy thought
I turn to Thee; and in the silent awe
Of Thy felt presence reverently draw
Nearer Thy light; while marvellously brought
Within a sphere divine, I am taught
New revelations and sublime law
Unearthly; and I see what prophets saw
When in their spiritual soul Thy glory wrought
The work of inspiration; then absorbed
In Thine own and all that's pure, inorbed
Within an ineffable beatitude
Freed from all worldly taint, all element
Unworthy, I became a light-beam blent
In the vast fountain, the source of joy and good.†

Josiah Oldfield.

† Sir John Bowring, from *The Golden Sheaf*.

Faith and Works.

The charge of being faddists, which is levied at all reformers, often simply means that they have seen the vision of an ideal, towards which they must strive if they would be true to themselves; or in other words, the spirit of their higher nature



has realized that all things are not as they seem, and that under the white gauze of to-day's life and custom there are wrongs which need righting, that it is not right that one half the world should be indifferent to the misery and unhappiness of the other.

Work without faith is dead; for without evidence of things not seen work would be about as interesting as the treadmill is to the convict who sees nothing to labour for, and only the prospect of the same to-day as yesterday, with despair instead of the joy of something attempted as the result.

The food reformer has no room for despair. Through the eye of faith he views a new country, a land verily flowing with milk and honey.

No longer through the length and breadth of the land does the animal creation groan and send up wails and tears to its Heavenly Father. The slaughter-house, with its unutterable woe and cruelty, the shambles with its dead and dying, and even the butcher's shop with its rows of murdered animals hanging hideous in the ugliness of death, has been put out of existence never to return.

Ah! we see through the eye of faith the land of the Golden Age, for the Golden rule is the universal rule of life. The children of this land are friends with all nature. The timid rabbit no longer runs away at their approach, and the squirrels are their playmates. The lark singing his song of liberty in the deep blue sky, happy in happy nature, no longer flutters dead at the feet of the sportsman, nor is entrapped and condemned to a life of misery in a nine inch cage.

Let us take heart, for there is much to encourage us. People who eat the food of the tiger are beginning to be ashamed of themselves. "They don't take much meat," they say, "only a little," and they are beginning to doubt whether or no that little is as necessary to the weal of their bodies as they have been brought up to believe.

It is not now our turn to apologise for being food-reformers, but they who are content to eat the flesh offered to the idols of perverted appetite and lust; it is their turn to make answer for the wrong they are doing to man, and for the way they are putting off the time when the slaughterman shall turn his poleaxe into a ploughshare and his knives into pruning hooks, and when he shall kick off his blood-sodden clogs and throw away his blood-smeared apron, and take his place in the world as a man made in the image of God.

But if work without faith is dead, faith without work is dead also, and there is much to be done yet before the age of gold is abolished and the Golden Age is ushered in, aye and hard work too.

The clarion must be sounded with no uncertain sound. Every food reformer should be up and doing, using to the very best of his ability, pen, voice, and example in the glorious work of the emancipation of the slaves.

There is no time to be wasted, for while we are resting on our oars the dreadful scenes are still being acted in the slaughter-houses, our boys from the home and the Sunday School are daily being put to a degrading trade, and the appealing voices of a million a day of sentient fellow-creatures are being raised in protest, as they are put to deaths, which, if meted to the worse criminal in the land, would cause the whole country to rise in righteous indignation—and they are innocent.

The land must be flooded with literature; every available voice must be raised, the Press must be used for all it is worth, and the public conscience which has slept the sleep of indifference so long must be awakened.

The time is coming, and must come, when the children of men shall no longer be satisfied with the food from the shambles. The Kingdom of God is within us, and we can feel its silent working. Many to-day, far from being tempted by the sight and smell of roasting flesh, feel a loathing thereat, and the sight of a butcher's shop, with its rows of carcasses, is more repulsive than that of a drinking saloon.

Let those of us who have faith in man unite with that faith work. For even as we look back with wonder upon the times past, when upon the neck of the negro the yoke of bondage rested, and upon the time when Englishmen were bought and sold with the ox and plough, so shall the future races of mankind look back upon this present time and wonder where were our hearts that we could live by eating the dead bodies of our sub-human friends.

Good old times, indeed! May they be past for ever. Man must rise until, instead of being below the level of the brutes, he shall be perhaps a little higher than the angels.

For the spirit of the Christ is upon us, because He has appointed us to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the morally blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. Wm. Arthur Taylor.

DO YOU WISH?.

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do,
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.

Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts run clean and high,
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.

Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness,
As you pass along the way.

For the pleasures of the many
May be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Why I am a Food Reformer.

(Continued.)

Then comes the question of *Humaneness*, the bridge which spans the gulf between spiritual-mindedness and materialism. Humaneness is essentially a quality of spirituality, but a materialist may be equally affected by humaneness in some form or other; and as far as I can see Humaneness is capable of being made the strongest link to connect the material with the spiritual life.



It may be even more effective than love itself because we do not always love the thing we do not hate, and to be humane is to be kind and benevolent in our feelings towards all creatures we meet with in our daily lives, whether they be animal or human.

Humaneness is not actual love, but it is a part of love. We may not love a cow, a horse, a cat, or a dog, and least of all a pig, but common humanity revolts at the sight of murder, especially when accompanied by torture, caused either wilfully or by neglect. Common humanity should make the heart of all civilized persons ache at the sight of any kind of suffering and distress. What person is not sickened to see a poor sheep, cow, or even a pig led to the slaughter? Who is not sickened by the sight of the butcher splashed and soaked in blood? These sights meet the eyes of everybody, but what can be said of the horrors of vivisection; and the horrors connected with the fur trade, especially that done in sealskin, not to mention the feather trade; so-called "sport;" the training of animals to perform; and the caging of animals, birds, etc., for show? These things and their attendant evils are glaringly apparent, and if women in particular, as far as their furs and feathers are concerned, would only bring their innate curiosity to bear, and enquire *when* and *how* these luxuries are procured, I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding the love of finery possessed by the majority, that their gentleness, compassion, and good sense, would prompt them to strenuously set their face against such horrors, by refusing to wear, or purchase, furs and feathers procured at such dreadful cost.

There are many organizations at the present time, not only to protect the lower creation, but to foster the spirit of humaneness, and although custom still prevails to thwart the efforts of this noble army of workers, immense good is being done, though hardly perceptible when compared with the evils which still exist. Take "sport" for instance; a poor man, brutalized perhaps by his surroundings and lacking gentle training and education, is fined, and occasionally imprisoned for cruelty to his horse, whilst the hunter or sportsman is let off scot free because *custom approves and sanctions*. Can any person be said to be a supporter of the grand movements to protect all dumb and defenceless creatures and birds, who can so slavishly adhere to custom? Before these people talk of supporting societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals let them give up their "sport," and, in the case of the ladies,

their furs and feathers; and let them remember that cruelty is cruelty, wrong-doing is wrong-doing, and that if there is any justification for either, it is surely more to be used on the side of the poor man. The fact that the law allows, and custom condones, cruelty, does not render cruelty *not* cruelty, nor does it mitigate the pain and suffering of the poor animals.

Then look at the practice of vivisection. What good has it ever done to the afflicted and diseased? Disease has not, nor does not lessen. Judging from the number of hospitals in all our large cities and towns, and the great number of medical practitioners in *every* town, it speaks neither well of the people, nor of the cures effected, and one would think that disease was largely on the increase.

We are menaced with an inquisition—a medical inquisition, but not less horrible than the religious inquisition, which had no effect upon the people for the purpose for which it was carried on. But what of the suffering? To read of these large Hospitals being kept up, and of the continued practice of vivisection and experimentation, puts one in mind of a set of men being kept to renovate a huge building fallen into decay, who must needs continue to undo all that they do to keep themselves employed.

In addition to the foregoing, which reveal some very strong reasons why I am a Food Reformer, and a friend of the lower creation, I quite agree with the opinion that, by adopting a non-flesh diet, it would effectively deal with the *Agricultural problem*. This in turn would help to deal with the overcrowding in the cities by finding the people employment in the country, and preventing the country people rushing off to the towns. If the population would consider the question of food reform, and adopt it, there would be greater demands for agricultural products, and the fact that food reform or vegetarianism is not a fad, but an absolute necessity, would serve to clothe the agricultural calling with a dignity hitherto unknown, and so make it to be quite as much sought after as other trades.

The advanced strides made in education have not passed over the country places, but unless the effect of them is seen into, they may prove more a curse than a blessing, in this way, by making the country people discontented with the sphere in which they are born, so that when their schooldays are over they must leave the country to find employment more congenial to their tastes and ideas. A lad in the country who has attended school until he is fourteen or fifteen years of age, after a year or two dislikes to be looked upon as a simple, unsophisticated, uncouth plough-boy, and the man as a domestic servant. But unless there is work in the country, what are they to do?

Then I am with those who believe that a non-flesh diet would help to deal with the *Drink problem*, for it is a known fact, and is testified upon high authority, that total abstinence from flesh would abate the inordinate craving for drink. As is well-known, the drinking habit shortens life, but, worst of all, it is causing the race to degenerate physically and morally. They, who claim to be patriotic, and who wish to see the British Empire—yea all the world—truly great should seriously consider these questions. To educate the people is of no use unless it tends to reform them—it is like running after the shadow and leaving the substance. It is a work the churches and chapels of every denomination might with profit take in hand. A grand day it will be when ministers of religion will fearlessly proclaim the truth from the pulpits. When will they prove themselves to be true leaders of the people, and not "Blind leaders of the blind?" It is a grievous

pity that reforms should have to be the work of private enterprise, and very often quite outside the pale of any church.

Temperance workers might look into it, and so dive to the root of the drink evil at once; Socialists might look into it, and regard it in its bearing upon the overcrowding; Statesmen might study it with regard to agriculture; Educationalists might think upon the advisability of teaching it in the day schools; Medical men might teach their patients, and let, above all, the public denounce custom as the greatest tyrant of all, and act like beings of common sense and independent thought.

But my strongest motive for abstaining from dead flesh food is the deep significance I attach to our Lord's last act upon earth, and the Holy Communion; and my arguments from this point of view I have found to make the deepest impression where people have brought forth passages from Scripture which in their isolated sense would seem to justify and condone slaughter and flesh-eating. In order to arrive at the point it is necessary to review the Bible, and divide the period from Genesis to Revelation into three parts, or dispensations.

In the beginning a law was given unto man by God, which if he broke he should surely die, *i.e.*, his body should die, not his soul, because it was not a sin of the soul. After the lapse of about two thousand years the law was given unto Moses, which if any of it was broken "That soul should be cut off from his people." But here stepped in the sacrifice of the Atonement, and the lamb offered was as mediator between the breaker of the law and the offended God. Another two thousand years rolled by and ushered in the Saviour of the world, and the third or Christian dispensation. Jesus said "I come to fulfil the law and not to break it." Jesus was a true Jew, and this sentence clearly proves that a true Jew ought to be a true Christian and vice versa, and that the law and the testimony must be taken into conjunction.

But this is not the question at issue now. It is this, Christ instituted Baptism as a sign of regeneration, and did away with the sacrifice of the Atonement, by offering Himself "the Lamb of God" as the Atonement for the sin of the whole world from the beginning to the end of time. Now, if Jesus the Christ broke not the law of Moses, and yet did away with the sacrifice for atonement—the slaughtering of the Lamb for the soul—is it consistent with reason and common sense that Jesus would either approve or sanction the slaughter for the body—that is, to slay animals for food? I cannot conceive for a moment our Lord supporting the butchers, or eating the dead flesh they offer for sale.

Then there is the nature of the Last Supper to be considered. We read that our Lord took *bread*, blessed and brake it, and gave unto His disciples saying: "Take, eat: this is my body." After which He took the cup, gave thanks, and said "Drink ye all of it: for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The bread was symbolical not only of the purity of the body, but also of what man's food should consist, namely the product of the soil. The wine was representative of the fruits of the earth in their pure state. The bread and the wine were the flesh and blood they were to partake of, His own flesh being the substance, and blood the life. And this Last Supper He commanded them to observe "In remembrance of Me." The Holy Communion is the holiest and sublimest act of devotion in which an earnest, devout, and practical Christian can take

part. It is not merely a rite of the church to be observed, but it is one—the all-important one—wherein the soul and spirit, claiming the redemption of the body, may enter the Holy of Holies and commune with the Almighty, and remember the *tremendous sacrifice* of the Son of God.

It is not a mere effect of the senses when one prepares in the early morning to attend this sacred service; when the day is as yet pure and innocent of sin: and the mind is in a contemplative mood and ready to receive the powerful prompting to henceforth live a life nothing short of Divine. He enters the church; he is awe inspired; in overwhelming thought he prays, and oh! happiness grandest of all when he reaches the chancel and kneels down to hear the whispered words diving down to his inmost soul: "Take, eat: this is my body." "Drink ye all of it: this is my blood."

Is it possible that anyone so purified and exalted can leave the sanctuary of the Most High, and hurry homewards to partake of his bacon or ham—swine's flesh, and to ask the Creator's blessing upon it? This, without taking into consideration the life brought into being and taken, perhaps, with great cruelty too. Can ladies, too, attend this solemn service with peace of mind, decked out in finery—either furs or feathers or both, and think of the Saviour's words: "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say that *Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*" It is not an effect of the senses to be awe-inspired, to be drawn into heaven as it were, but the senses are sickened by the filthy odour of dead flesh cooking. The two I could not unite; I must forego one or the other; I could not serve God and Mammon.

This then is my greatest reason for being a food reformer, and instead of adhering to isolated passages of Scripture, I take the whole life of Christ, the greatest Jew, the only one *who broke not the law* as making it quite clear the teaching of the Bible, and a protest against bloodshed and murder in every form. We are to eat to live, and *not* to live to eat, and I believe that if people would only think for themselves, and understand the deep significance of the 1st chapter of Isaiah, the 11th and 12th verses, and the 15th verse which says: "And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes; yea, when ye make many prayers: your hands are *full of blood.*" But a little further on the prophet writes: "Come now, and let us *reason* together, saith the Lord." Truly, the words relate to the sacrifices, but the case of the butcher is infinitely worse because there is no sacrifice. "The earth is full of the goodness (good things) of the Lord," which renders flesh as a food absolutely unnecessary.

If the Kingdom of God is to be with men, and the Revelation says it is, then must the body—the temple—be kept pure, and this is impossible if we pander to a degenerate taste, and feed off things impure. Food Reform is neither a fad nor a mere theory, and they who say it is do us a great wrong. It is a reform far-reaching in its effects when understood, and is one which is not too deep for the most illiterate to comprehend nor yet too simple for the most learned to despise. Would that we were not fettered by custom and wilful ignorance. But the day is fast approaching when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed by the Light of God, and then we shall know the full meaning of the words "Many come, but few are chosen," and "Not everyone that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but *he that doeth the will of my Father*"—Whose mercy is over all His works, and for Whose pleasure all things were and are created.

Elizabeth Redfern.

Editorial Notes.

I had a curious cynical message the other day. I don't think it was meant so, but by its thoughtlessness it threw a lurid light on the present attitude of the ordinary human mind towards the killing of animals. The Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals sent me a card requesting "the pleasure" of my company to see some animals slaughtered by the Greener method!



an invitation, and characterise the meeting as one of "pleasure."

AN INVITATION.

It seemed as if the next step would be for the Howard Association to send out invitations for the "pleasure" of my company to inspect the next execution at Newgate by a new and improved process!

REVERENCE IS DUE.

upon the death-chamber of our little brothers as the place for an intercourse of pleasure—even as a figure of speech!

INSTANTANEOUS DEATH.

The bullet in its brain, or the point of the axe in its medulla, sent a lightening shiver through every muscle of its body, and with a ghastly stiffening tremor, the animal fell in a quivering heap upon the floor.

NOT DEAD.

them apart, the poor animal struggled again. The exact length of time which elapsed between the moment when the bullet entered the skull, and the time when the reflexes of the eye were absent, was longer in seconds than between the time when the poleaxe struck the base of the skull, and the abolition of these reflexes.

This seems to prove that the poleaxe, followed by that tremendous smashing up of medulla and cord with the cane, in what is called "pithing," may be actually a more rapid method of killing than the bullet of the Greener blunderbus.

THE SIGHT OF THE EXECUTIONER.

right in front and trying to place something against its forehead, is far more terrifying to the poor lonely creature than the advent of the butcher, when from the side he brings down the axe upon the bullock's head before he is even seen.

CURIOSITY AND HORROR.

On the whole of my journey to Islington I was filled with a sense of mixed curiosity and horror, and the premonitions of the horror of an execution predominated; and I wondered with a strange wonder how a council of humanely minded men and women could send out such

But omitting for the moment all the HOODWINKING. ghastly horrors of the prentice hand hitting till he finds the right spot, and the horrible mistakes in the stroke made by the drunken, and the careless, and the overtired, I want most solemnly to warn every reader against the miserable attempt which is in some quarters being made to hoodwink and deceive the tender-hearted and the compassionate.

THE PIN-PRICK FALLACY.

Again and again I have been told by those who wanted to save their consciences, that vivisection is but a "pin-prick." Again and again I have been assured by those who wanted to save their stomachs, that animals could now be killed quite painlessly and quite instantaneously.

Both statements are accurately true in the letter, but both statements are hopelessly false in the spirit.

PAIN.

Take a pin sufficiently large and jagged, and charge its point with certain pathogenic organisms, and drive it down into the quick of your nail, and you will know for long days, and longer sleepless nights the direst agony of pain—and yet it was but a pin prick!

AGONY.

Drag an animal from its home and its comrades; drive it by dog and by stick long journeys by road and by rail; deprive it of food and water for hours, till in its hunger and its thirst it bellows and moans the livelong night; prod it in its tenderest places to force it up narrow passages; twist its tail till the joints are broken, to get it past the reeking blood channels which fill it with nameless terror; haul it by the inexorable chain in front, and by the sharp stinging blows behind, until the eyeballs start from the sockets and the blood-stained froth falls from the champing mouth—and then—and then when after all this you have forced it to hold its stretched head for one long moment in a tense strained agony of motionlessness, the sharp axe pierces to the brain, and in a moment of time the sweet messenger of death has brought peace and sweet oblivion.

DEATH.

And they blind their eyes, and harden their hearts, and go on feeding upon the slain because they are told that now animals are killed instantaneously and painlessly.

CRIME.

All death is instantaneous—one moment you are alive and the next moment dead—and all death is painless—none feel themselves die—but it is what goes before the moment of death, which is the important problem.

It is here that the horrors of slaughter come in, and it is here that the crimes against humanity are being perpetrated.

BLUNDERBUS OR POLEAXE.

What does the Greener method do to lessen this terrible crime? Nothing, for it *can* do nothing.

I am of opinion that a poleaxe in the hands of a skilled man is as efficacious an instrument of death as a Greener blunderbus.

I am of opinion that for butchering purposes the Greener blunderbus is no better, and is more dangerous, than the poleaxe.

STREET ACCIDENTS.

I welcome it however as a merciful messenger of death for street accidents to horses.

If every police station was provided with one, then we need have no more scenes of the shattered horse lying on the pavement for hours waiting for someone to come and kill it.

As a painless method of death for an animal that trusts you, and where there is no skilled slaughterman at hand

I welcome the Greener blunderbus, but as a substitute for the poleaxe in the abattoir or the slaughter-house, it will bring no balm, or rest, or healing, or respite, to the agonized crowd on their *via dolorosa* to death.

* * *

A PARSON BUT NO PRAYER.

There was a young parson present at this demonstration. I suppose he belonged to the Anglican Christian Church, and yet it seemed to him a novel idea to look upon killing as an essentially religious matter.

I had half hoped, half hoped against hope, that he had come as a messenger of the God who will not let the sparrows fall unheeded, and that he would propose to offer up a priestly prayer of invocation and for forgiveness for the deed of death that was to be done.

I had hoped that the Church Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals, had learnt that the church which claims a special place beside the dying, would in its special society take up some striking position to teach reverence in death and sanctity in dying, but—it was not so.

* * *

JEW'S PRAY.

The Jewish Shochet utters his prayer over every animal he kills that he may remind himself and teach his people that the act of killing is a priestly function of great sacredness, but the Christian priest who represented the Church Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals, was simply one of a curious crowd who quietly watched and gossiped while the butchers performed their paid labour of slaughter.

* * *

SALVATION ARMY TO THE FRONT.

Recognising the great message of stirring import which Mr. Bramwell Booth has sent round to his staff officers, I look to the Salvation Army to be the pioneers of the Church in the *real religious* doctrine of the sanctity of life and the essential evil of cruelty, rather than to a Society which seems to be satisfied if it can hold a few demonstrations upon quicker methods of killing!

* * *

AN INVITATION.

Do not forget that the Provost's letter, which I quoted last month, is a standing invitation—yea, an exhortation—addressed month by month, and week by week, and day by day, to every member of our Order, to be arranging at once for a meeting in the Autumn.

The rapid growth of The Order throughout the length and breadth of the world renders it impossible for the Executive to know all the members, and there may be hundreds therefore who want to work and are only waiting to be asked.

"By this message the Provost and Executive ask you."

You who read are invited to arrange, at least, one meeting—it may be a drawing room circle, or a social gathering, or a public debate, or a Town Hall meeting.

It may be small or it may be large, but it must be meant to be earnest, and it must be meant to be devotional.

If you have no speaker the Executive will send you one; but the Executive can only help those who will begin to help themselves, and who will write and ask for help.

Remember that The Order does not want quantity, but quality; not the show of a hundred meetings on paper, but the earnest enthusiasm of a dozen meetings wherein men and women of higher thought and culture will be enthused to a great sacrifice and to greater devotion.

* * *

A NEW BOOK.

Mr. Sidney Beard has been busy during the last few months in preparing an important work for publication. It is now in the press, and before the next month is over it will be ready.

There has been a long felt want for such a guide to health on vegetarian lines, that it will meet with a warm welcome.

Orders should be booked at once. Full particulars will be announced in next month's *Herald*.

A VEGETARIAN COMPANY.

Vegetarian Company ventures in commerce in London have not always been wholly successful. Many of them have started with a splendid aim, but have not been as happy in their business administration as they have in their ideals.

There is, however, room, and room enough, in London, for scores and hundreds of such restaurants as are paying well enough in the provinces, and there seems no reason why meat-eaters should not help to pay the cost of the vegetarian propaganda by providing dividends for the cause.

While therefore I very heartily welcome the new venture which is just being floated (*vide inset*) and wish it all the success possible, I give no opinion whatever as to its financial future.

If the Directors are capable business men who understand what the public want and will provide it for them, it will do well, and shares will double in value; but if not, shareholders need expect no dividends.

The name seems to me very cumbersome and unattractive—but there, the company will not succeed through a good name, nor fail through a bad one.

It is the capacity of the Board and the demands of the public which will settle its future.

* * *

A CANADIAN PIONEER.

Last month I quoted some extracts from a letter of Miss Florence Helsby to Headquarters. This month I have received several numbers of *The Montreal Herald*, and in them I find that Miss Helsby is doing splendid service in her own city by keeping the Press well informed, both of our principles and of our method of life.

If only there were a hundred Miss Helsby's who would send recipes every week to their local paper with just a word of patient pleading for the sub-human races, how much more rapidly would public opinion be swayed and turned and guided to a higher level and a more honourable state.

Here is just one bit from a letter as forceful as it is winning:

You say "If only our doctors would stop advising us to eat meat." I am very thankful to say there are a few in this city who will tell you the truth and not sacrifice principle for money. A doctor means a teacher, but how many of them are brave enough to teach the laws of health, even when they are high enough up to grasp the truth. If we were all vegetarians there would be very little use for the ordinary practitioner. The author of the pamphlet, "Aristophagy," is a medical man, but he wrote in the capacity of the editor of *The Herald of the Golden Age*. We use milk and eggs. We do not see any harm in using them, but there are plenty of vegetarians who exclude them entirely from their diet. We members of The Order of the Golden Age pledge ourselves to avoid all foods necessitating bloodshed and cruelty. To hasten the coming of the Golden Age, when love and good-will towards all fellow creatures shall reign in every human heart. To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless and oppressed, to deprecate war, injustice, oppression, and cruelty, and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. This last is in answer to your "but will it ever be?" I hope and pray so. That is what we are all striving for. The race of meat-eaters will die out as the cannibals are doing. Don't let us forget that all the sub-humans are entitled to our love and protection as God's creatures. If it meets with your approval I should be pleased to furnish one day's living per week on vegetarian lines, as the six meals given you only represent a fractional part of the vast variety of the products of our beautiful earth.

* * *

INSTINCT REJECTS FLESH FOOD.

When people tell me that they *like* meat, and that this therefore proves that flesh food is natural and good for them, I always try to raise them up one step—from physical liking to mental selection. "Does not your instinct revolt at the idea of eating a piece of the dead body of an animal?" I ask.

They may reply, as their mind travels to a vision of smoking cutlets or steaming sirloin, that they have no feeling of repulsion—that their mind approves what their physical appetite enjoys.

Again, then, they seem to score a point and are supremely happy.

THE FORCE OF HABIT!

Dealing however with this mental plane, and not going on to the higher plane still—the spiritual basis of our antagonism to flesh eating—I am always anxious to impress upon them the fallacy in this argument.

Is it the mind which approves, or is it only an instinct blunted by habit which is unable to make a sign?

It is habit and habit alone which enables civilized men and women—even women—to sit down and cut up a dead animal into pieces and actually to put those pieces of muscle or fat into their mouths and swallow them without being violently sick with nausea.

It is habit, it is custom, it is not instinct.

A STRANGE BEASTIE.

This is easily proved by trying a new animal—some strange beastie. The man who will deliberately dissect a cow and eat slices of her body, would turn away with real instinctive horror if I were to give him the body of an ass to cut into pieces for food.

Yet wherein is the difference? Chemistry knows none. The ass is a clean feeder—far cleaner than the pig.

The ass is a healthy animal—far more healthy than the sheep—and yet instinct—true instinct—tells a man that it were a loathsome, unholy thing (excepting under the direst need) to take a lowly ass and cut its throat and skin it and carve its flesh into pieces and eat them.

THE PRACTICE OF COW EATING.

And why not the cow? Simply because we have grown up eating cows from childhood, and have got habituated to the practice before our mental faculties of discrimination became developed. Bring in a new animal and the feeling of loathing comes over us at once.

HORSEFLESH.

The Rev. E. E. Kelly sends me a striking illustration of my contention, which he has copied from Dr. Ashe's book entitled, "Besieged." He writes:—

HORSEFLESH.

In relation to this unfamiliar viand, which for some time failed to achieve popularity, Dr. Ashe tells a good story about Colonel Peakman, who was in command of the mounted forces at Kimberley.

"The first day horse was served out some of it was cooked for the officers' mess at the mounted camp. At the table Peakman said:—'Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that we were unable to get all our ration in beef to-day, and we had to take a part of it in horseflesh. This which I am carving is beef; the horse is at the other end, and anyone who prefers it can help himself.' Nobody did prefer it, and so they all ate beef, and made a good dinner. When they had finished, Peakman suddenly exclaimed: 'By Jove! gentlemen, I find I have made a mistake in the joints; this is the horseflesh and the other is the beef.' It was just a dodge of his to get them started on the horseflesh."

A COLLECTING BOX.

Here are the first fruits. What will the complete harvest be? Those who can do nothing else can take a collecting box and help to raise some funds, but it is my experience that those who work hardest with voice and pen and personal influence are generally willing to help to collect funds. One hundred collecting boxes regularly sent in every quarter would double the income of The Order. Who will help? Miss Kay writes:—

"According to promise I now send you the contents of O.G.A. Collecting Box. Enclosed please find P.O. 10/- and stamps 4½d. I will try again and send the cash to you September 21st."

HELPFUL WORDS.

This month brings its quota of cheering words and kindly helping thoughts. If members only knew how much they would help Headquarters by letters of sympathy and advice and experience and encouragement, I am sure our post bag would be even double its present bulky proportions.

Miss Wigglesworth in writing for a fresh stock of leaflets adds:

"I am so pleased with our Monthly. I tell all my friends about it and show it to them, and I would like to forward it to some friends at a

distance. I wish it was in the hands of every thoughtful person, it could not fail to be a power for good, it is so stimulating and helpful. I do not know when I have read anything which gave me so much pleasure as the leader on "Failures."

* * *

I have just received a letter from the South, from a gentleman who is not a vegetarian, yet his views make it quite illogical for him to eat of the dead

bodies of the slain.

Ah well, it is better to confess the right, even if your poor weak body goes on craving for the wrong, than to hide your conscience in wilful blindness and to go on teaching falsehoods merely for the sake of covering your own misdeeds.

My correspondent stands as a sign post towards his own salvation. In good time he needs must follow his best self. He writes:

"I am convinced that the butchers' trade and the shambles are disgusting and demoralizing; they blunt the sensibilities and foster indifference to suffering; they also foster the avoiding of reflection and consistency, for if these were given play people would eschew animal food."

* * *

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

The Rev. Chas. Voysey, preaching on the "Sympathy of God," says:—"Sympathy is one of the fairest, if not the most lovely, of all human qualities. The sympathy which begins and ends in hysterical shrinking from the sight of pain and misery, which consists only in highly wrought nerves and a keen imagination, is no true sympathy at all. True sympathy . . . is the fervent longing to give relief to the sufferer, or prompt action whenever it be possible."

A vegetarian writer adds:—"The sympathies of man are often very limited. Race, country, creed, social status, often form boundary lines; so far as the sub-human races are concerned, it is only by slow degrees that men are realizing that animals have feelings very closely akin to their own. Brutality to animals will cease only with the growth of a larger sympathetic imagination in the highest of all animals."

God, who is the all-sympathizing, feels every pang experienced in any part of His conscious creation. The awful dread of the dog stretched on the vivisection's table, half-conscious of its impending fate; or the slow weeks of lingering agony experienced by the "inoculated guinea-pig," as it slowly perishes to prove or disprove some physiologist's theory, are alike known and shared by the ever-present God.

The tortures inflicted on the millions of innocent cattle and birds, not only in the moment of their deaths in the various "slaughter-houses," but during the long dark railway journeys in those barbarisms known as "cattle trains," or the fearsome sea-voyages; the tail-twisting, eye-prodding, hide-tearing atrocities of every cattle market, not to mention the awful pangs of thirst and other unrelieved wants, to which millions of sentient creatures are yearly subject in order that we may eat a kind of food which is by no means essential, are all felt by that Eternal Love to whom we daily pray, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Is it not our duty to imitate the holy St. Francis, and so love 'our little brothers and sisters' that we will no longer feed on, or profit by, their mangled and tortured bodies?"

* * *

Here is a bit of true pathos, true poetry, MISUNDERSTOOD, true inspiration. It has reached me without name or clue, but I gratefully thank the author of it and pass it on to a wider audience:—

"To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand; it is the cruellest trial reserved for self-devotion; it is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of Man; and if God could suffer, it would be the wound we should be for ever inflicting upon Him. He also—He above all—is the most misunderstood, the least comprehended. Alas! alas! Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender, to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always like God; to love always—this is duty."

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to hope always, to love always—this were sublime.

SOUTH
AUSTRALIA.

From another part of the great Australian Continent I get a letter this month. It is just as full of interest as the one I published a short time back from Victoria, and records the same spirit of earnest devotion. Mr. Fawcett writes:—

"I am extremely pleased with the April number of *The Herald of the Golden Age*. Its contents are very much to the point. Your note in regard to literature I am quite in agreement with, and sincerely wish we had funds to order largely from you."

"To what extent are the churches encouraging our movement and work in England? For my own part, I am sure if we follow out Christ's teaching in the true spirit of its teaching, we must see the folly and wrong in taking the lives of poor dumb creatures. I am practically a life vegetarian of 24½ years, but am desirous of proving the importance of true living from the highest standpoints."

"During the last nine months I have had the opportunity of distributing some literature in Hobart (Tas.), Sydney (N.S.W.), and Melbourne (Vic.), also St. Pine (S.A.). I trust soon to arrange another Public Meeting, with music and addresses."

* * *

VIVISECTION. The Council of the Metropolitan Radical Federation have decided to speak out about the destination of public monies subscribed for hospital purposes. They rightly claim that if a poor man subscribes a shilling to a hospital to enable it to supply medical and surgical skill free to the destitute, this hospital has no right to grant a penny of it to another institution—used for the education of students and for vivisection researches—without the consent of the donor.

It is the old story of money given or left for one purpose being used for another.

In their comprehensive reply to the unsigned statement of the Executive Committee of the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund they say:—

"That the medical schools and the laboratories licensed for vivisection which publish no accounts should be subsidised by grants out of funds subscribed by the charitable for the tending of the sick remains, in the opinion of the federation one of the gravest scandals of our time, against which, as representing a very large body of working men, they feel bound solemnly to protest.

That the Committee of the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund, should make no effort to discountenance this scandal, but should even fail to fulfil a definite pledge made by his Royal Highness that his Hospital Fund should be free from it, cannot but be a matter of serious concern to every one who regards the interests of the patients as paramount in our hospitals.

But the profoundest regret of all is felt by every member of the Federation that His Royal Highness should allow the pledge he gave in this matter to be openly disregarded by his committee, and should suffer the great influence of his name and person to be employed in defending the diversion of money by hospital managers in London to purposes for which it was not contributed.

* * *

THE WORLD
OF THE
UNSEEN.

Mrs. Annie Besant has written many beautiful and striking things. She has fearlessly taught stage by stage what she has believed to be the truth.

There were many in years gone by who looked upon themselves as far above her, but they have lolled on lazily and are now stupidly conscious that she has reached and passed them in the evolutionary development of ideals and of character.

They were insolent when they thought themselves better, they are indolent now they know themselves worse. What *will* arouse the conscience hypnotised by selfishness and custom?

Here are some thoughts which Mrs. Besant has written and which cannot pass unheeded. They must be weighed. They must be weighed carefully:—

"The killing of animals in order to devour their flesh is so obviously an outrage on all humane feeling, that one feels almost ashamed to mention it in a paper that is regarding man as a director of evolution. If every one who eats flesh could be taken to a shambles to watch the agonised struggles of the terrified victims as they are dragged to the spot where knife or mallet slays them; if he could be made to stand with the odours of the blood reeking in his nostrils; if there his astral visions could be opened, so that he might see the filthy creatures that flock round to feast on the loathsome exhalations, and see also the fear and horror of the slaughtered creatures as they arrive in the astral world and send back thence currents of dread and hatred that flow between man and animals in continually re-fed streams; if a man could pass through these experiences, he, at least, would be cured of meat-eating for ever. These things are, though men do not see them, and they befoul and degrade the world."

Our "Difficulties" Column.

"Difficulties are not doubts."

A valuable letter, clear, sound and logical has come for this column this month. It is written by one of the leaders of vegetarian thought to his nephew, and incidentally it answers several of the questions raised last month.

If doubters would be content to be answered on their own plane, there would be much less difficulty in convincing them of the soundness of the vegetarian platform, but they so often slide away.

They bring logic, and when you answer them with logic they want to introduce religion.

They bring religion, and when you answer them with the basic foundation of religion they bring the letter of a single creed.

We cannot emphasize too often and two widely that (1) we cannot solve *all* difficulties, that (2) difficulties about *details* are not doubts about *principles*, (3) that our life has to be lived *in spite of* insoluble difficulties on every hand.

Contributions for this column will be very gladly received. The first letter is as follows:

* * *

Dear Alphonso,

I am glad you have sent on your questions to me, and I have perused them with deep interest. They are such questions as present themselves to the minds of everyone when they first begin to think upon the question at issue. As far as I am concerned, the questions have been finally solved long ago, and I earnestly hope that I shall be able to give you such light as will enable you to arrive at a satisfactory solution yourself. I believe you are free from prejudice upon this matter, and are bringing a dispassionate and truth-seeking mind to the study of this subject, and if so, the light will soon be revealed to you. Passion and prejudice blind men; the earnest seeker sees at last with unclouded vision.

Your letter is rightly framed, and is not pedantic. You conclude your letter by asking me to point out any fallacious premise which may have been introduced. The opening argument in your letter contains several such false premises. It reads—"Imprimis, I argue that animals were created by God to be of some use, directly or indirectly, to mankind and other animals. Dumb creatures have no hereafter, they live their span here below, they die and are seen no more. For what purpose, then, could the Almighty have created animals? Of what use is their life if not to benefit higher organisms, especially man?"

Now, logically, the above paragraph contains two propositions, the first of which takes this form—"Animals were created by God for a purpose, men eat animals, therefore animals were created to be eaten by men." The Heaven-inspired Plotinus long ago demonstrated the falsity of this proposition by the following sophistical syllogism—"Man was created by God for a purpose, fleas prey upon man, therefore man was created for fleas to prey upon."

The second proposition contained in your argument, logically put, is as follows—"That which dies and passes away and is seen no more, has no hereafter; animals die and pass away and are seen no more, therefore animals have no hereafter." This is likewise proved to be false by the following syllogism—"That which dies and passes away and is seen no more has no hereafter; men die and pass away and are seen no more, therefore men have no hereafter."

Now the tribunal to which you appealed, namely, that of logic, has proved your argument to be false, by the untenability of the conclusions to which it leads, and now if you will take just one short step into the laws of ethics, you can easily prove to yourself that all justification for flesh-eating that is based upon false conclusions, at once falls to the ground; your duty, therefore, is now to seek for sounder and less vulnerable premises.

You recognise that the purpose of the cow may be to yield milk, and not necessarily to provide beef, that the sheep "gives us wool, which is much more valuable than mutton," that the goat supplies hair and milk, and that the elephant and horse are beasts of burden; and now you want to know for what purpose the pig, rabbit, lion and tiger were created.

The hog is a natural scavenger; this is admitted even by those who eat its flesh. What useful purpose the rabbit serves in the economy of nature I do not know, though doubtless it has its use. Until quite recently birds were looked upon as vermin, but it is now known that, as destroyers of weeds and baneful insects they are the agriculturalist's greatest friend and helper. Formerly it was considered that worms impoverished the land, and that they served no useful purpose, but it is now known that they act as natural drainers to the land. Even rats are found to be of great use in their proper place, namely, the sewage culvert, and it may yet be discovered that the rabbit serves some useful end. But when you say, "Since we are obliged to kill some of them (rabbits), why not eat the flesh?" I think you are treading on very dangerous ground, for seeing that we have to kill rats and mice, and other undesirable creatures, why not eat them also? Do you not think that the better way to dispose of dead bodies is to bury or burn them? They make passable manure.

With regard to the beast of prey, we must assume that it has its part in the cosmic plan, although at present it may be indeterminable by us, and here I would refer to the argument so frequently and thoughtlessly employed, and also used by you in this particular, that "all things were created by God." In its spiritual sense this is true, but in its literal application it cannot be true. Creation, or the beginning of things, is a postulate of the mind of man, which feels the necessity of having a beginning and an end to everything, but in reality there is neither beginning nor end. We find in the universe involution and evolution as the result of supreme law, but creation we cannot find, it is outside experience, it eludes our final grasp, it is a figment of the limited thought of man. He who says "God created, or did this or that," not only errs, but falls into the sins of irreverence and assumption, for he is attributing to God that which exists only in his own mind; let us therefore clothe ourselves with humility, and seek diligently and reverently for Truth.

You think that the vegetarian Turk compares very unfavourably, as regards enduring power, with the flesh-eating Englishman, but the late Graeco-Turkish war certainly proved that, in courage and hardihood, the Turk, when brought to the test, is in no way inferior to the Englishman. Nevertheless, the flesh-eating nations are those which, by constant and aggressive warfare, subdue the earth. This seems to prove that flesh-eating fosters a selfish and fighting spirit. But the flesh-eating nations do not endure. They are quickly burnt up by the fire of their own internal passions, and their short-lived glory passes away. But the eastern nations, which are practically vegetarian, and are meek and unaggressive, persist through the ages, in spite of slaughter, slavery and conquest. Here we have an inkling of the prophesy which is to be fulfilled, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Finally, you say, "A prominent scientist has argued that in taking meat, we take in certain forms of nourishment from plants already assimilated."

It is easy to build up plausible theories, but such theories are utterly valueless if they fail under the test of reason and experience; and the above statement does so fail: under the scrutiny of reason, because it is an argument which would justify cannibalism, and in the light of experience because the lives of more than half the human race prove and have proved that vegetable products are more easily assimilable than flesh, and upon their use man is happier, healthier and more divine.

I shall be pleased to aid you in the solution of any other difficulties which may present themselves, and that you may be ultimately led into the light of untrammelled knowledge, is the sincere hope of—Your affectionate UNCLE,

* * *

AN ANSWER.

Mrs. Brace writes from Stamford Hill—"Is not the rabbit difficultly mentioned by the 'lady from Dublin' another of those many details about which we cannot at present lay down any definite line of conduct, but which do not in the least weaken the basis upon which Humanitarian teaching rests? Nature is a stern mother, and in her cleansing fires of the long 'Martyrdom of Man' her children are taught they cannot with impunity transgress her laws. In his too great eagerness to carry out his self-imposed task of scavenger of certain forms of life, Man has upset Nature's balance: by his inability to grasp the connection between cause and effect, and by moral short-sightedness, he has got himself into some holes so deep and dark he cannot yet quite see where hands are held out to rescue him. We sadly want a 'moral' Newton to make 'all light.' In the meantime we must grope along by what glimmerings we have, and surely they are sufficient to show us that two wrongs do not make a right. Is it not adding insult to injury to advocate the building into our hearts, brains, and nerves, of the poor unwanted corpses of a too prolific mode of life, that by an unfortunate 'necessity' needs considerable limitation. Eighty per cent. of the twenty-three thousand cats received at the 'Home' have been mercifully destroyed; why not ask what is to become of these cats if they are not used for food?"

BROTHERHOOD.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A Kingly power upon the race;
And till it come we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then clear the way!
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood, make way for man.

Edwin Markham.

The Dangers of Flesh-food.



In a powerful letter to the *Macclesfield Courier* Mr. Harold Whiston deals with the important subject of the danger to the health of the community which arises from flesh-eating.

Mr. Whiston has done more than stir up the readers of the *Courier*. He has convinced the Editor himself of the pressing need of some reform, so that in a subsequent issue the subject is further

dealt with in an editorial article which supports

Mr. Whiston's position.

There is an opening now for all who would like to join in the fray and who will send short, thoughtful letters in support of the position of The Order of the Golden Age to the Editor, *The Macclesfield Courier*, Macclesfield.

The following paragraphs from Mr. Whiston's comprehensive letter will be new to the readers of *The Herald*:

Numbers of cases are continually brought before the public, through the daily press, of people who have been half poisoned by some kind of animal food. Our walls are frequently placarded with posters, telling us to beware of sometimes "incipient swine fever," sometimes "anthrax," sometimes "sheep scab," sometimes "pleuro-pneumonia," and only the other day we had the President of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. W. H. Long, telling everyone to beware of "foot and mouth disease," and stating at the same time that he understood that the flesh of animals which had brought the disease to Deptford from Buenos Ayres had not been condemned by the sanitary authorities, although on the "Ethelhilda," out of 244 head of cattle, landed at Deptford, 154 were certified to be affected with "foot and mouth disease"—truly an interesting list and a strange state of affairs for flesh-eaters to contemplate!

Only very recently the London County Council was recommended by Sir William MacCormac (President of the Royal College of Surgeons), and Sir William Broadbent (President of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption), to abolish all private slaughter-houses so as to "ensure the proper examination of meat," and also to reduce "the present mortality from tuberculosis." In their recommendation, both of these eminent men refer to the "urgent necessity for such measures," owing to the large amount of "meat of a dangerous quality" which must of necessity find its way into the households of the people, under the present system of slaughtering.

Then, Sir, following on this, came the important meeting at Marlborough House, fresh in all our memories, under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Here, again, Sir William Broadbent reminded his hearers. "It is now definitely known that consumption is a contagious disease, that it is communicated from person to person and from animal to man, and that it arises in no other way." At this meeting Lord Salisbury stated in the presence of some of the most able of our statesmen that legislation could do very little in the matter, but that it was a question upon which public opinion must be educated.

Then upon the top of this weighty testimony comes the *British Medical Journal* for March 10th, 1900, containing

the Lettsonian Lectures on cancer by the eminent Liverpool surgeon, Sir William Banks. Here, again, is an admitted high authority, definitely stating that cancer is the outcome of free and unrestricted use of animal food, and moreover proving the undeniable increase of the disease to be in ratio to the increased consumption of the flesh of dead animals. Now, sir, here we have the two most terrible of our national diseases, consumption and cancer, deliberately and recently traced by three of the most eminent of English surgeons to our animal diet, and all united in condemning private slaughter-houses as a primary step towards checking their growth.

(I might mention in passing that a personal friend of mine, whilst cutting into a roast leg of mutton at dinner one day, with guests at the table, cut into two large cancers and instantly the matter which filled them ran all over the dish, making all present sick and ill. Needless to say they have never touched animal food since and never will again).

Whatever may be the opinions of your readers upon the wider issues involved in the Food Reform movement, I would like to ask them a few questions in the face of the testimonies which I have put forward—Is it worth the price? Is it worth while running the awful risk day by day of contracting terrible diseases by eating food which in all probability is infected with some kind of disease? Is it worth while allowing the present systems to exist considering they are fraught with such mischief to the health of the people?

Love Much.

Love much. Earth has enough of bitter in it;
Cast sweets into its cup when'er you can.
No heart so hard but love at least may win it.
Love is the grand primeval cause of man.
All hate is foreign to the first great plan.

Love much. Your heart will be led out to slaughter
On altars built of envy and deceit.
Love on, love on! 'tis bread upon the water;
It shall be cast in loaves yet at your feet,
Unleavened manna, most divinely sweet.

Love much. Your faith will be dethroned and shaken,
Your trust betrayed by many a fair, false lure;
Remount your faith, and let new trusts awaken.
Though clouds obscure them, yet the stars are pure;
Love is a vital source, and must endure.

Love much. Men's souls contract with cold suspicion.
Shine on them with warm love, and they expand.
'Tis love, not creeds, that from a low condition
Leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand.
O, that the world could see and understand!

Love much. There is no waste in freely giving;
More blessed is it even than to receive.
He who loves much alone finds life worth living.
Love on, through doubt and darkness, and believe
There is no thing which love may not achieve.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CHARACTER.

Character is more precious than craft or skill. Fullness of being is superior to encyclopedic learning; the graces of gentleness and pity and love are more beautiful than all the accomplishments of art. Integrity and wisdom and chivalrous temper are better than power and fame. To be a capable artisan, a successful salesman, a great financier, an eloquent orator, a brilliant writer, or an accomplished teacher, is of much less importance than to be a true whole man, a true whole woman.

Extract.

Glimpses of Truth.



ut one enemy exists—the lower nature. All outward forces are powerless to save or destroy.

HESSAY GRAVES.

The power to think is the power that makes for civilization.

J. ELIZABETH HOTCHKISS.

To a noble soul no vice is more revolting than that of pretending to be the virtuous person you are not.

REV. J. RICE BYRNE, M.A.

Congregations of men thrive materially best in valleys, but spiritualized souls seek the mountain-tops—alone.

EDWIN D. CASTERLINE.

Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end, but that every end is a beginning.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

If a man by causing pain to others, wishes to obtain pleasure for himself, he, entangled in the bonds of selfishness, will never be free from hatred.

BUDDHA.

As the stormy weather and the raging billows call forth the mariner's greatest energies and develop his skill, so the trials and difficulties of life bring out the strength of the soul and develop the powers of man.

B. W. WILLIAMS.

Even those who do not know you, who are merely told of your acts of goodness and deeds of love—if you be not good according to the invisible goodness—these, even, will feel that something is lacking, and that they will never be touched in the depths of their being.

MAETERLINCK.

If you do this work that is yours to do, you shall be crowned with it; you shall wear that most royal of all crowns, the crown of thorns. Woven into a regal diadem instead of rankling in the flesh, these thorns shall show their powerlessness beside the power of him who overcomes.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

To love God and man proves to be not enough; there are other creatures to be taken account of. As it now appears, goodness and gentleness cannot stop at the line that separates human from other life. The heart that has attained to the highest sympathy will manifest its quality towards every creature it has to do with.

NEWTON M. MANN.

If we desire to become possessors of our own souls we must have a rock under our feet that is our own, and not that of another. To feel this foundation we must dare to live up to our own convictions; to stand in the world as a representative of what we discern to be the Truth, even if opposition and adverse criticism should be called forth for the time being from those ignorant of our motive and purpose.

JOSEPHINE VERLAGE.

The Fountain of Youth, like the kingdom of heaven, is only found when unselfish love opens the eyes. Then the dreamer awakens, and beholds the beauty and grandeur of the true life, and the narrow way that leads to the fountain from which flow the spiritual waters of Life. This fountain is not hid away in some unknown land, but it is *within*. Its waters are free and open to all. They are pure, clean, and unclouded by hate or discord. The vibrations of pure, spiritual love open this fountain; they are regenerative, giving health and happiness.

J. G. WAIT.

Household Wisdom.

This month I have suggested one or two recipes which were quite new to me until lately, but which have proved very satisfactory upon trial. The Hiawatha patties are made from the tinned green corn, and are delicious. I do not know if there is more than one brand, but what I get is called "Mountain Sugar Corn" and is 6d the tin, which is more than sufficient for a dinner for 4 people. Many other dishes may be made from tinned corn, and I shall hope to give other recipes later.

For a long time I was distressed at the feeling of waste in throwing away the tender sweet pods of the early peas and when I was told that they would make excellent soup I hastened to try it, and the result is very good.

Hiawatha Patties.

1 tin mountain sugar corn, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper, fat for frying.

Put the corn into a bowl, add the eggs and beat well together, add the flour, pepper and salt and mix thoroughly. Put one tablespoonful to each patty and fry in boiling fat. Garnish with parsley.

Spring Stew.

Young carrots, young turnips, cucumber, onions, tomatoes, fennel.

Cut up all the vegetables (except the tomatoes) into small pieces. Put into a saucepan with only sufficient water to cover them. Add pepper and salt and stew very slowly for 1½ hours. Add the tomatoes and enough milk to cover them again. Bring all to a boil, and thicken with a dessertspoonful of flour mixed with a little milk.

Green Pea Soup.

Young pea pods, 1 pint of green peas, sprig of mint, butter, pepper, salt and milk.

Let the pods stew for about 3 hours with the mint. Rub them through a wire sieve, a few at a time, until nothing is left but the thin middle skin. Put back into the saucepan with an equal amount of milk and an ounce of butter, thicken if necessary with a little flour and add the pint of cooked peas whole.

Broad Bean Sandwiches.

A delicious sandwich may be made from cold broad beans, mashed with a little butter, pepper and salt, and laid between 2 pieces of bread and butter.

Savoury Maccaroni.

Maccaroni, onions, batter.

Boil the maccaroni until tender, cut the onions into slices and fry a rich brown. Make the batter—4 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 eggs, 1 pint of milk.

Place the onions in the bottom of a pie dish, then the maccaroni, sprinkle with a little pepper and salt and pour the batter over it. Bake in a brisk oven for 20 minutes, serve with brown gravy.

Gertrude Oldfield.

Plasmon Snow Cream.

Take 3 teaspoonfuls (1 oz.) of plasmon, and ½-pint of luke-warm water.

Mix the plasmon into a thick paste with a little of the water, then add the remainder and put into a saucepan, and stir well until it boils, then set aside until quite cold. It will then be in a jelly form; then whip with a whisk (a wheel whisk that fits a 1 lb. jar is the best), it will soon become a lovely snow cream.

In this condition it can be used in a great variety of ways, as cream for tea, coffee, or cocoa; or it can be added to soups, fruit, or other forms of food, rendering them most nourishing and delicious. If icing sugar be whipped with the plasmon snow it can be used as icing for confectionery of all kinds.

Egg Dariols.

Take 4 eggs, chopped parsley, a few bread crumbs (browned in oven and sifted), pepper and salt. Chop some cooked beetroot finely (if liked) to colour moulds. Butter four small tin moulds and sprinkle in some chopped parsley, or bread crumbs. Break 1 egg into each mould, place the moulds in a shallow tin of hot water in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes until the eggs are set firm on top. If oven is very hot put a piece of thick white paper in bottom of tin before adding water. Turn out of moulds on a dish and pour celery sauce round.

* * *

Life and Health Cookery, by Lauretta Kress, M.D., price 6d. Contains not only the usual recipes for food, but much useful information regarding the laws of digestion and principles which should govern our methods of preparing and taking food. There are many recipes given which should be very welcome to the wearied housewife who sighs for novelty, and they have all the charm of simplicity. Very little flavouring of any kind is used, the vegetables or legumens being cooked and served in the simplest manner. The union of nuts and legumens is a distinct novelty. A useful chapter is the one on sick room cookery where special emphasis is laid on the necessity for a dainty method of serving meals for the sick.

An Order of Simplicity.

It will at once be recognised that **SIMPLE TASTES.** simplicity of life will be one of the first results of the New Order. If we and our friends are to do the necessary work of society, we will not wish to be burdened with unnecessary toil. All kinds of luxury will surely disappear, for we shall have neither the time nor the inclination to waste our energies in the production of trifles that owe their existence to-day to the whims of selfish and thoughtless people, and are made not by choice but under the compulsion of the market. This tendency towards simplicity will probably make itself felt in every department of our life. Much of the clumsy paraphernalia with which we load down our houses, notably bric-a-brac and stuffy upholstery, could find no place in rooms of which we ourselves were the guardians and caretakers. The funeral garb of modern mankind and the costly dresses and jewels of wealthy and vulgar women would at once be banished from a society of equals. Starch, stiffness, and "respectability" will speedily give way to beauty and comfort. Womankind will learn once again that true beauty is always simple.

* * *

In the matter of food the change is likely to be a radical one. Whether we learn **SIMPLE FOOD.** to cook for ourselves, or allow our friends to cook for us in return for services rendered to them, the return to simplicity would be equally marked. In neither case would we wish to cause more trouble than was necessary, and we will make our diet plain and rational. It is probable that vegetarianism would largely prevail under such conditions as these. If we had to kill with our own hands the animals and birds that now come unto our tables, we should turn with horror from this flesh food. To-day we have brutalized a class to perform this disgusting work, but in the future we shall feel more inclined to turn our attention toward the development of a humane diet.

* * *

The place of woman in a Socialist society is likely to be on the plane of frank equality with man. Unmarried women would take their share in the national industry, either in or out of their homes, at the tasks for which they are most obviously fitted, e.g., sewing, domestic work, &c. Married women would be able to make their sphere in life as wide or as narrow as they choose. It is rational to suppose, however, that their chief duty and privilege then, as now, would be the care of the children.

R. Blatchford,
Editor of Clarion.



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ONE PENNY.

The Festival of Harvest.



Far and near, wide and far,
The beautiful bells are ringing;
Silver bells of tasselled barley,
Golden bells of drooping oats,
Bearded wheat and ragged rye;
All, all are singing
The world-old Harvest song.

Autumn flowers ripening their seeds full of rich colour are joining in the same glad heaven-born melody. Men of every age have been drawn towards God as the winter stores were gathered in. Barbarian and civilized, bond and free, a little flame of love to God sprang up, a little spark of faith was lighted, a little ray of hope of a hereafter shone into dark lives, when the earth spread out the fullness of her stores, and a bounteous harvest of field and forest and orchard spoke of loving fatherhood, and of immortality, and of a life to come.

Come with me for one moment into the sanctuary of nature and listen to the message from her altar—a message which has been ringing out through all the ages the same sacred lesson of life.

Men have peeped out from beneath the heavy forest trees as they cowered in fearful terror at the storm, and saw the lightning flash. Men have watched it from the cave mouth when they dwelt burrowing in the bowels of earth. Men upon the desolate plains shivered as the sky blazed with fire, and the wanderers upon mountain-tops, or burning desert, thrilled with a wondrous dread as the mystic lightning played its jagged forks across the vault of heaven.

Age after age passed on; race after race lived and died. The world passed from its youth to its age, and not till then was the meaning of the electric power revealed.

So with many another wondrous manifestation; there they stood, signs against the sky, standing boldly up in letters

large enough for all to read who willed, and yet no one deciphered the message.

The letters upon the wall in vivid fire flame played clear and startling, but all that the watchers could do was to wring their hands and declare a portent and await an interpreter.

The message of Harvest is one of **plenty**.

Not one seed replacing one seed or one grain following to succeed one grain, but on every hand the bending ear carries its twenty-fold, its fifty-fold, its hundred-fold.

With lavish hand and free the great mother nature pours out into every lap double the measure it can hold; full and free, full and free is the burden of her song.

Food for the wild creatures of the forest; food for the birds of the limpid air; food for the countless insects of grass and ground; food for man and yet enough and to spare to reproduce the seed of its kind in endless succession.

"Be not niggardly," the voices seem to cry, "do not lay up treasures merely for your own pleasure and comfort, be not satisfied to put aside for the sons and the daughters of your own body; be wide and generous in all your provisioning. From him that asketh turn not away your face, and for him that needeth lay up bounteously and give out generously."

The time of harvest is an ever reiteration of an example of infinite unselfishness coupled with infinite care for self preservation.

But to us there comes a message still more striking and still more pathetic.

The pathos of a creation sorrowing, and of a creation pleading with mute appeal for mercy, for pity, for peace, for Justice!

The pathos of the yearning of hopeless anguish, the pathos of dumb voices crying out for some one to pity, the pathos of loneliness and pain in death.

I have heard of other harvests. Men talk in hushed whispers of the Harvest of Death, of the Harvest of Death, of the grim Harvest of Death.

Plague and pestilence; famine and war; earthquake and cataclysm bring in their train the dread scytheman who cuts down the fair striplings of life and lays them in dank swathes upon the rotting earth.

It is a Harvest indeed, and jackals and cormorants, vultures and hyenas prowl and gloat and lick their blood-stained chops, and, snarling all night and croaking all day, they tear and claw and hop like ghouls among the graves.

The battle is fierce and long and men and horses fall wounded and dying, and overhead the host of the unclean hover and lower and watch and wait, and the failing strength and glazing eye is agonised with the thought that all too soon the carrion host will pounce down and begin their feast upon the helpless living and upon the hopeless dead.

To whom and to what does such a feast appeal? To the highest or to the lowest in nature? To that part which is aiming to grow up by tiny rungs and by gradient steps until it can touch hands with the divine, or to that demonish element in the Cosmos which is dragging life down again to the pit whence it was digged and to the hole of anguish whence it is being delivered?

Rightly did the ancients dedicate the doomed to the gods of the lower world. Violent death speaks of degradation and retrogression and decadence, because it inculcates disregard for the most sacred thing the world knows—**Love and Life**.

The one Harvest, sweet and beautiful, draws men up towards the All-Bountiful, the All-Merciful; the other Harvest, deadly and brutal, drags men down towards the All-Cruel and the All-Merciless.

To which of these Harvests do the hecatombs of Deptford and the shambles of Smithfield belong? Go ask your highest instincts whither they lead you! Go ask the best within you what answer it gives to your aspirations! Call out the secret occupant of your chamber beautiful and bid it whisper to you.

Can you decorate your temples with scalps and bones and teeth brought from the terrible battle fields of the Transvaal or Natal?

No, for though we war with men, we know that our God is a God of peace, and that in warring we must go out with a heart praying for peace, even though the hand be armed with sword and lance and rifle.

We must only make war of necessity, and not of convenience or luxury or pleasure. We must ever keep before us the time of the great peace when swords shall be sharpened for the other Harvest, and spears shall be bent for the same.

We must learn that the time of Enmity is only a transient stage, and that the reign of Amity is the eternal.

We cannot hang scalps in our temples because our best instinct rebels against it, and when we analyze the reason why we learn that it is because the God of our hopes and of our affections is not a God of war, but a God of peace—that war may be a transient necessity, but that we must ever labour for its final termination.

But our highest instinct, our inmost best, our secret monitor, tells us that we cannot pollute our Harvest Festivals with naked ribs, or raw red sides, or hanging entrails.

We cannot decorate our pulpits with dead oxen, nor hang the slaughtered lamb beneath the picture of the Good Shepherd.

We cannot lay piles of opened sheep upon the chancel floor, nor bring the Mosaic condemned hog within the altar rails.

And why not? The grapes hang there in ripe clusters; the wheat sheaves stand up rich and brown; the oats and barley nod in tasseled harmony from lectern and prayer desk; the texts with their wondrous messages of meaning are embowered in the produce of field and orchard; the very altar table itself has its pile of rosy fruit—why do ruddy fruits and golden grains and nestling nuts speak of God in a sweet harmony with our hymns and our psalms and our prayers and our longings to touch the divine?

Why do the red fruits of raven and the livid products of the abbatoir strike a discord so jarring that we dare not so decorate our churches?

The answer is the same—our God is not a God of cruelty, but is a God of mercy.

He is not a God of brutal selfishness but of infinite self sacrifice.

He is not a God of perpetuating pain, but One who ever comes with the sweet soothing of rest and peace.

This is why no Harvest Festival in a Christian land can hold a decoration of the dead, or offer up the produce of the slaughter-house in the temple of the divine.

This is why every Harvest Festival, year after year, in lowly village and in crowded town is holding up the beautiful gospel of our humane dietary.

Unconsciously the priest in the pulpit is preaching Aristophagy at every harvest time.

Unconsciously every choir who sings, every gentle lady who helps to decorate, every joyous school-child whose face beams at the beauty of the church, is learning and is teaching the great moral gospel of vegetarianism.

Unconsciously, all unconsciously, but none the less surely, the coming race will learn from the festivals of the church that flesh eating is condemned by the moral instinct, and must therefore die its death.

Flesh-eating is doomed to die, and its death-blow is being dealt by those whose eyes are blinded to the truth they are teaching, and whose minds are all unconscious of the modification of the race which they are helping to accomplish.

Take up your story, you who are brave, and teach the best at all costs. Take up your parable, you who are preaching the good tidings of peace to the world. Tell it out from pulpit and desk and altar rail, that the message of Harvest is a message of freedom from blood-guiltiness, is a message of peace to all creation, is a message of deliverance to that creation which is groaning and travailing in pain and anguish and sorrow, and longing for the deliverance which the White Christ has promised shall come.

— Josiah Oldfield.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

As in the gloom-embroidered night
The stars, like yellow blossoms, gleam;
As on a dark pool's turbid breast
The fairest lilies whitely beam,
From trodden grapes the red wine flows,
From heaven's tears the rainbow springs,
From Love's despair of anguish born,
The nightingale so sweetly sings;
As rise the coral's rosy reefs
From tiny burdens ceaseless borne;
As pearls upon the sea-shell's wounds
Grow fast and heal the edges torn—
So shall thy deeds shine forth to make
Or mar thy life's fair tapestry,
Each noble act that thou hast done
Comes back in fruitage rich to thee.
The smile that cheers the fainting heart,
The word that makes another glad,
The hand that heals thy brother's hurt,
Uplifts the wan and soothes the sad,
Upon thy robe of life shall shine
In priceless gem of purest ray.
Weave well thy web in fashion fair
With cunning hand, nor ever stay
Until the Master's voice shall fall
In sweetest cadence on thine ear:
"Well hast thou wrought, O faithful one!
Lay down thy task and enter here."

Alice F. Schmall.

A New Form of Chivalry.

In olden times when it was customary for strong and unscrupulous men to trample upon human rights—and



especially those of woman-kind—trusting to thick walls or sharp weapons for protection from any interference, many true-hearted souls consecrated their lives to the task of combatting oppression and injustice—of upholding the cause of the defenceless. After counting well the cost of waging war

against prevalent lawlessness and barbarity, and of proclaiming themselves champions of Right against Might, they held a solemn vigil over their arms and the insignia of their knighthood, and then with earnest purpose they went forth to

strive against tyranny, to help the weak and down-trodden ones of this world, and to enlighten the intellectual darkness of their time by exalting noble ideals in a materialistic and degenerate age. As we read of the doings of such men and apprehend the altruism and romance that shed a halo over their lives, some of us, perhaps, find ourselves wishing that we had lived in the 'good old days' of the 'Bayards' and 'Galahads' and of King Arthur's round table, so that we, too, might have embraced chivalry as a career and have won both the golden spurs of knighthood and a deathless fame.

But the olden times have gone and in particular that type of chivalry has passed away with them. We cannot now ride forth in armour, thus to do and dare with trusty lance and sword. If we would be knights in any true sense to-day, we must seek a knighthood that is adapted to the age in which we live, we must search for such wrongs as stand in most urgent need of redress in this closing year of the nineteenth century, we must embrace a life of chivalry under changed conditions and in a different garb. Yet such a life can be ours! We may emulate the deeds of those who carve their names upon the scrolls of history by their unselfish efforts to befriend the friendless, to uplift the fallen and to deliver the captive ones of their day and generation.

The Order of the Golden Age was founded for the express purpose of creating just such aspirations as these in the hearts of men and women of this present day, and of banding them together into a holy and united Brotherhood which should be pledged, essentially, to just such a life as those knights lived in the by-gone days—to the doing of the same sort of deeds—to the uplifting of the same kind of ideals. For nearly five years, messages have now been sent forth to the ends of the earth, calling earnest souls to a crusade against prevalent tyrannical customs and degenerate ideas, against the unjust exploitation and sacrifice of whole races of weak and defenceless beings, against widespread inhumanity and pitiless massacre. By hundreds they have responded to this call and in all lands these first recruits of a great crusading host, which is destined to transform Christendom, are now striving to further the three main purposes which we have at heart—the promotion of spirituality, enlightenment and humaneness, the creation of a general recognition of the rights of all our fellow-creatures (both human and sub-human), and the abolition of cruelty, butchery and carnivorousness.

It is no Utopian programme which we have before us. Our ideals are so practical and utilitarian in their nature that they concern all the great social problems of our time. The plan of campaign which we, as workers for God and Humanity and for a Golden Age, have adopted, promises to bring about a solution of these problems more speedily and more thoroughly than any other methods yet put forward either from the pulpit or the press. We are not mere visionary enthusiasts! There is common-sense in our strategy—as time will prove! We are not beating the air, nor does the chivalry we advocate savour of mere "carpet knighthood." Heavy fighting is before us, but our warfare is pregnant with limitless possibilities concerning the world's amelioration. Its beneficent nature is twofold! We seek to deliver the oppressed and at the same time to bring blessing to the oppressors—to save countless millions of sentient beings from pitiless ill-treatment and from the death penalty unjustly and mercilessly inflicted, and to prevent an incalculable amount of human pain, sin and misery by removing the cause of the same.

We strive to uphold the Laws of God, physical and moral, we deprecate the general transgression of such Laws which is now taking place throughout Christian lands with such disastrous results, unchecked and unchallenged by Church or State. We strive to uplift noble ideals, to exalt true gentleness and courtesy, to promote the quest after Truth and the search for the "Holy Grail," we seek to follow the Christ and to establish the Kingdom of Love, Righteousness, Spirituality and Power which He came to proclaim.

Having thus endeavoured to show that the form of chivalry which we have embraced is practical, real, and worthy of respect, I will now say something about a new form of Knighthood which is to be established. For some time past the Executive Council have realized the necessity of recognising in some way such distinguished service and conspicuous devotion to the interests of our great Cause as is displayed by some of the Members of The Order. This is necessary, not so much for their own sakes as to encourage others to follow their example; but at the same time it is felt that they will be strengthened and inspired to put forth still greater effort in the future if they realize more fully the dignity and honour which is connected with such work, and which is attached to it by those whose enlightenment enables them to justly appraise its value. As a result of this conviction, the Council have passed a resolution to the following effect, viz.: "That the time has now arrived when the interests of The Order demand that some special distinction shall be conferred upon such members as put forth earnest effort to accomplish the fulfilment of its ideals and who consecrate time, strength and money to this end. That the rank of Knighthood of The Order of the Golden Age be therefore created and that the distinction be conferred upon such members as the Executive Council may consider, from time to time, to merit and to be likely to worthily bear the same, and who are prepared to make the following pledges in writing to the Council.

1.—I hereby declare that I embrace the ideals set forth in the Prospectus and Rules of The Order of the Golden Age and that I will devote as much of my time, strength and money as I conscientiously feel I can do, to the accomplishment of those ideals.

2.—I further promise that for so long as I remain a Member of The Order, I will, in the spirit of true loyalty and brotherhood uphold and stand by the Members of the Executive Council and the Knights of The Order. And if a time should ever come when I feel that I can no longer do this, or

if a majority of the Executive Council should consider that I am no longer worthy to bear the title of a Knight of The Order of the Golden Age and should request me to resign the same, I will peaceably acquiesce in their decision and will return my certificate and badge of Knighthood, and refrain from doing any injury to the interests of The Order or its leaders, either by word or deed.

Apart from the distinction thus conferred upon our most able and devoted workers with a view to their encouragement, the Council feel that a band of front-rank men and women will thus be formed who can be depended upon to stand together in any hour of trial or emergency, and to worthily uphold the prestige of The Order and the interests of our Movement upon public platforms and in the Press. 'Quality' rather than 'quantity' has been our motto from the first, and we have not sought to enlist mere 'adherents' by enrolling all and sundry in our Fraternity who chose to offer themselves. The door to Membership has, nevertheless, been necessarily open to such as would sign the pledges printed upon our application form, and who we had reason to believe (after making enquiry of others), were conscientious and sincere persons of sound mind and of true heart.

With very few exceptions our Members have proved to be true and steadfast souls, and such defections as we have had during the past five years could be counted upon one's fingers. Many more might have been expected, seeing that we call upon all who seek admission to The Order to become pledged abstainers from animal food and advocates of our principles, and that we can only test the thoroughness of our converts by experience. Yet, although the Council feel gratified and encouraged on account of having such a record, and although they feel they may look to the majority of our Members to bear themselves worthily, and to uphold the interests of this Order, they cannot avoid the conviction that an inner circle should be created of fully accredited representatives of the Brotherhood—by whom the world may judge it—an inner circle of Members who not only understand and share our ideals, but who have proved that they are individually prepared to labour earnestly for their advancement, and to deny themselves daily in some manner, in order to bring about their accomplishment.

On the first day of the Twentieth Century the first Members of this new Order of Knighthood will be elected and enrolled—to battle for the conversion of the world in general, and of Christendom in particular, to a recognition of the kinship and the rights of the sub-human races; to the conviction that carnivorism on the part of man is a transgression against physical and moral law which entails certain penalty; to a realization of the fact that the wanton and needless infliction of torture, pain or death upon defenceless but sentient creatures, either by individuals or communities, is an outrage of the principles of Justice, Mercy and Love, which, as such, stands condemned at the judgment seat of Heaven; to the belief that God requires the manifestation of kindness and benevolence on the part of man towards his earth-mates rather than a correct theological creed; and to the apprehension of the truth that purity of food tends to promote purity of thought and life, that carnality, whether of body or mind, entails death, and that spirituality, if earnestly sought after and attained, will bring to its possessor Life, Happiness, Power and Immortality.

On the last day of the dying Century those who are to be enrolled will be asked to spend some hours alone with God, face to face with the responsibility of such a life-work as this,

and to pass the last two hours before the dawn of the coming Century in a solemn vigil. Their gold Badge of Knighthood will be before them and they will be asked to fully count the cost before they take it up and make it their own. After election they will be entitled to wear the hood and stole of The Order at public and private conventions of the same, to attend all meetings of the General Council, and to write the letters K.O.G.A. after their names if so disposed. The Executive Council will henceforth rely upon them to make their presence felt in the front rank of our fighting-line, and to aid the leaders of this movement as much as they are able, and in any way which commends itself to them. Other names will be added to the Roll from time to time as new converts and workers come to the front, but the Council feel that all Members will understand the many reasons which exist to cause them to proceed slowly and prudently in this matter. There are some who may be worthy of the distinction who are not yet sufficiently known to the Executive Council to make their election possible. Such will become better known and recognized in due course. There may be others who could win their way to this distinction but who have not yet fully realized the greatness and significance of the mission of The Order as an agency raised up by the Higher Powers for leading Christendom to a higher conception of life and duty—a "Christian" conception in place of the semi-pagan one which at present generally prevails. Such consequently have not yet engaged in this work in a whole hearted manner; they have not yet put forth the effort which they could do; the divine fire has not yet reached them to kindle a burning enthusiasm and a prophetic zeal. Let them reflect upon the world's pain, let them read about and dwell upon the awful pangs which are being hourly endured by creatures who can feel and suffer just as we do, but who are condemned to life-long slavery, to continued beating and ill-treatment, to execution at the hands of human brutes, or to appalling torture at the hands of human fiends. Let them realize the fate of the horses that fall dead by scores upon the streets of the Metropolis of Christian England, overlaid and pitilessly thrashed to death after only five years of existence, or of those tens of thousands of still more wretched victims who have been mutilated or overworked to exhaustion, and left to the vultures, by Englishmen in Africa. Let them visit our abattoirs and slaughter-houses, let them get into our laboratories for physical research (if they can) and learn what atrocities are licensed by the elected legislators of this Christian land for the supposed benefit, ultimately, of selfish men and women who cheerfully acquiesce in such deeds, whilst singing psalms and crying to Heaven for mercy *for themselves*.

If such Members or Friends thus became acquainted with stern facts they may feel constrained to consecrate their lives and their best efforts to this work of "breaking the bonds of wickedness asunder, and of letting the oppressed go free."

We expect that thousands of such Crusaders will be raised up, for the hour has arrived when God wants this work to be done. *There can be no Millennium until it is done!* Pain and Death cannot be abolished until orthodox Christendom ceases its wanton, selfish, and heedless infliction of the same. The groaning of creation will not cease until the Sons of God are made manifest upon this earth—those who like their Lord, "the first-born amongst many Brethren," are gentle, harmless, and self-sacrificing, and bent upon promoting the doing of God's holy and beneficent will upon Earth. Neither can the abolition of human pain, suffering and misery be accom-

plished until man ceases to violate the physical laws which govern his being. Already there is evidence that a new dispensation is at hand, a humane and spiritual dispensation. It is for those who have "eyes to see" to hasten the advent of this brighter day—by throwing themselves heart and soul into the glorious work of exalting such ideals as will humanize mankind and christianize Christendom.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Sidney H Beard.

Performing Animals.

The trainers of performing animals have of late been enjoying a very pleasant time in London. They have been well to the fore in the variety theatres,



and the section of the press to which the public looks for information about trainers and their ways, has published a series of interviews and articles all tending to show that the men who train animals are little lower than the angels. Now, in point of fact, the case of the unfortunate dogs, bears, and other animals put through ridiculous exercises for the amusement of an unthinking public, is no better than it was some years ago when I called attention to a few of the barbarities practised, and the *Daily Chronicle* appointed a Commissioner to enquire into the matter. No good may follow further exposure, but protest becomes due

when well-meaning, simple writers go to men who train animals, ask them if they are cruel, and on receiving the inevitable reply in the negative, gravely state that kindness does all that is required.

Some time ago one of our most popular weekly papers published an interview with a man who trains bears. "Training is the embodiment of everything benevolent," said the trainer in effect. "Sugar and soft words avail to make bears swing upon the trapeze, balance themselves upon big balls, and go through the rest of their funny manoeuvres." The article duly appeared, and Mr. Trainer went on from London to a theatre in the North of England, where the chief engineer of the house, entering upon the scene of daily practice one morning unexpectedly, found the trainer behaving so cruelly to his unfortunate beasts, that he went up and remonstrated with him. "Leave me to mind my own business and attend to your own," said the gentle trainer, who had previously explained the possibilities of kindness to a credulous journalist. "English law does not come between a man and his bears." This is strictly true, bears are in law *feræ naturæ*, you can torture them daily if the pastime is sufficiently amusing.

More recently I was watching a troupe of performing animals on a London stage. The trainer put his hand up to his ear, a cat ran up to him and began to lick his hand—to the audience it appeared as though the cat were talking to the trainer. "There is no cruelty in that," said a lady who accompanied me. I made careful enquiry. Mr. Trainer feeds his cats once only in the twenty-four hours, always after the performance, they come upon the stage in a starving condition. Before he works this particular trick he rubs some rancid fat on the palm of his hand, the starving cat rushes up to lick it off.

I went to a director of one of our great variety houses and said to him: "Mr. X., whose performing dogs are here, is as cruel a brute as you will find in London. He tortures his animals; their life is a short experience of hell, for happily many die off." The director is a kind good-hearted man, who would not have a horse driven with a bearing rein. He asked me to come into the auditorium. Mr. X. was giving his turn, the public was applauding vehemently. "Now," said the director, "you see what the public wants. When X. is on the stage he may not ill-treat his animals; the shifters and carpenters have instructions to report any case of cruelty to the stage manager. I can't be expected to interfere with what is done outside the theatre, and the public chooses the form of its own entertainment." *Voilà tout.*

The condition of trained animals is going from bad to worse, for with every season competition between the trainers becomes keener, and the intellect of the animals is not progressive. I say in all seriousness, and with deep regret, that the majority of elephants, lions, bears, dogs, and cats, exhibited before the public suffer constant and unremitting torture, that the delicate tricks performed can only be accomplished under most rigid coercion since they are entirely foreign to the animals' understanding. There are a few, a very few, humane trainers; the simpler tricks can be taught by kindness, and severe ill-treatment is not usually inflicted upon horses or monkeys, for the horses sulk and the monkeys die. If the public could see the training instead of the performance, there are half-a-dozen men regularly appearing in London who could not face an audience without a fair chance of being lynched.

I do not write with any hope of an immediate improvement in the condition of trained animals; while the public remains indifferent, the blot upon our public entertainment must remain. I merely wish to protest against the misleading stories of training by kindness with which the reading public has been recently overwhelmed. The seekers after truth must go to the trainer, he must find out where the trainer keeps his animals and make a few casual inquiries in the neighbourhood. He will find that the neighbours know all about training time. Then he must inspect the animals, or get an unprejudiced person to do so—a task often difficult, but one I have not yet failed to accomplish. The very last person in the world to consult is the trainer himself. "I lof mein animals," said a particularly brutal foreigner to me one night, little suspecting that I knew all his black record by heart, "unt mein wif, she lofs the animals alzo." He and his wife have been known to kill animals in training if they could not do the work required, and of the two his wife is, if possible, the more vicious. Doubtless the inexperienced writer would take Mr. Z. at his word, and declare that his animals enjoyed one long holiday from birth to death.

Sometimes when I look round the house in some brilliant palace of variety, and see the audience that applauds performing animal "turns," I am satisfied that if the truth could be brought home to them, they would prefer to protest rather than to applaud. Many a manager only awaits the first unmistakable indication of the public's preference for other turns, to banish the performing animals from his house. I know journalists whose influence and humane feeling are equally great, and editors whose natural kindness of heart would astonish Miss Corelli. And yet week after week I see the dull hopeless procession of tortured animals; I know when their trainers leave London they carry contracts to return, and that they will devote all the spare time to making fresh experiments utterly regardless of the means to the end. Elsewhere I read glowing reports of the success attending the labours of the R.S.P.C.A. I see that the mutilation of horses, dogs, and poultry is being sternly discouraged, diatribes against bull-fighting and cock-fighting are as regularly recurrent as the odes to Spring. Dubbing and docking are out of fashion. Improvement is rife everywhere, except upon the variety stage where cruelty, hideous revolting, and, above all, unnecessary remains rampant.

S. L. Bensusan.

Editorial Notes.

I have several times pointed out that every member of The Order should do something to help on the Cause.



A METHOD.

We must not *dream* about others working, we must not merely sit on the roadside and clap our hands as the toilers wear their way to the front, we must not be content to pray for the Golden Age, we must work for it, we must self-sacrifice for it.

* * *

One of the simplest and at the same time one of the most efficacious ways of working is to get little paragraphs or letters into the ordinary Press.

The circulation of all the vegetarian papers put together is not equal to that of one of our great London dailies.

The vegetarian journals circulate largely among vegetarians, who already know a great deal of the truth, while the ordinary press circulates among the Philistines, whom we want to teach and whose eyes we are anxious to open.

* * *

A LITERARY LEAGUE.

We ought to have a picked band of writers who will be ready to send a letter whenever an opening occurs in a newspaper and who will be prepared to support each other when a correspondence is once started on our subject.

The Literary League which I founded years ago in connection with *The Vegetarian* is doing splendid work as an adjunct of the Vegetarian Federal Union, but we ought to have twice as many members upon it as we have.

Mr. Downes, on going out to Mashonaland, had to resign the work he had so enthusiastically taken up, but Miss Ethel Springett has undertaken the Honorary Secretaryship and will welcome all new members who will help with their pen.

* * *

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

Here is an illustration. You see a paragraph in your local paper which relates to a case of cruelty in killing an animal for food. You promptly cut out the piece and send it to Miss Springett, marking on it the name and address and date of the paper. You also write a letter to your newspaper pointing out the essential connection which exists between Butchery and Cruelty, and demanding in the name of our common Humanity that the vulgarisation of character, which cruelty always brings with it, should be terminated.

The secretary on receipt of your cutting, sends a message to two or three other members of the League and they promptly write letters to the Editor of your local paper supporting you, and thus all the readers of your local Press. get instruction on this most important gospel of Humaneness.

* * *

WHAT ALL CAN DO.

There are some who cannot do even this, but there are other things that even *they* can do.

First: They can send us cuttings from any papers they read, so that if unable to write a letter themselves, other members can be got to take up the matter.

Second: They can cut *something* out of *The Herald* every month and send it to the Editor of a newspaper. If this is done judiciously, a good many of these paragraphs will be printed, for Editors are always pleased to receive and use suitable articles.

By this means not only will the name and existence of *The Herald* become widely known, but our Gospel will be preached to an immense audience that we otherwise could not reach.

METHOD.

Do not forget that no good work is done by spasms. Carnivorous animals work spasmodically and do but little to improve the character of the world. Vegetarian animals work with a patient perseverance which makes the desert bloom and transforms the wilderness into a home of fertility.

We must remember our kin and ever work with patience and with perseverance, with one steadfast aim, and with one single purpose win our way to influence and to power.

* * *

THE RESULT.

I quote the following as an interesting illustration of the result which can be achieved from my advice.

The *Daily News*, in an article entitled "A Few Vegetarian Dishes," written in reply to an enquiry, says to its thousands of readers:—

Vegetarians have already divided themselves into sects, which may roughly be classified as the broad, the high, and the low. Taking the broad as a basis, the field of possible dishes may be regarded as large enough to supply a man with all he needs, if he be not habituated to a very frequent eating of meat. Eggs and milk are full of nourishment, and any recipes dealing with these may safely be selected from ordinary cookery books, only taking care to substitute butter for dripping. The latter is, of course, a heresy, proceeding as it does, from cooked meat. Vegetables fried in butter largely supply the flavour to soups and broths which the meat-eater would at first most certainly miss. Macaroni is valuable indeed to the vegetarian, if he can only get it pure. Wholemeal bread should be preferred to white for the same reason. Macaroni made in England is, as a rule, composed of ordinary flour, instead of wheatmeal. This robs it of at least two-thirds of its value. It should always be thrown into boiling water. The Italians cook it in the following way:—Fry an onion in slices in some butter in the bottom of a saucepan, and when the onion is a golden brown, add some chopped mushrooms, and add sufficient water in which these may simmer for two hours. Plunge half a pound of macaroni in a pint of boiling water, and when it is tender drain it, pour cold water over it, drain again, then add it to the stock. When thoroughly hot, serve it with grated Parmesan. Quenelles of macaroni are excellent. The latter is boiled till tender, then passed through a sieve, mixed with finely grated bread-crumbs and well-beaten eggs, with pepper, salt, &c. It is formed into balls, poached in boiling water, and served with tomato sauce.

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SOUPS.

Excellent soups can be made of tapioca, eggs, and cream; tomatoes and rice; apples, celery, cream, and bread fried in butter; chestnuts, butter, and cream; artichokes, salsify, and many other kinds of vegetable. The well-known "potage à la bonne femme" is quite a vegetarian dish, composed of lettuce, sorrel, tarragon, chervil, cucumber, and cream. Eggs may be largely used in soups as a substitute for cream. There are at least one hundred and fifty ways of cooking eggs, and if our supply were only as fresh and abundant as it ought to be the vegetarian would find in them an infinite variety. Omelets with tomatoes, herbs, or cheese are not difficult to make. There is the whole range of puddings, pies, and patties open to the vegetarian, if only he remembers to use butter instead of suet or dripping.

* * *

HARMONY OR DISCORD.

Here is a beautiful little sermon which some kind friend has sent me. We must be in harmony with the beautiful and not at discord with the best within us. This is the message.

Who is there that does not acknowledge that his own well-being consists, not exclusively in the absence of physical pain and the presence of the sources and conditions of physical pleasure, but also in the moral, spiritual, and emotional relations in which he finds himself with human beings, the animate and inanimate nature around him, and the all-embracing and all-pervading Spirit in whom we live and have our being?

The man who in advocating any line of supposed progress, finds himself attempting to benefit humanity by securing some degree of physical comfort at the expense of establishing a spiritual discord between man and his surroundings, should surely ask himself whether he is not misconceiving the essential conditions and objects of human action.

* * *

SPIRITUAL OR MATERIAL.

When we get nearer to the borderland we begin to learn that it is the spirit which lives and the body which dies—that it is the spiritual which is all important, and that it is the material which fades into insignificance.

Let us learn to live in the spirit and we shall live indeed. This is the message which I gather from the speech of the aged Prince Hohenlohe, the German Chancellor, when he

was addressing the Berlin Academy of Science, and when he said :—

I have grown old in the belief in the progress of man, and, indeed, in his upward progress. Now I must confess that my belief has in latter years become somewhat shaken. The naturally necessary struggle for existence has lately assumed a direction and a form which remind one of occurrences in the animal world, and make one fear progress in a descending line. So it is beneficial to see so many distinguished representatives of science, the heroes of mental work, assembled here, and to gain the comforting conviction that there still exists sufficient spiritual strength and power to dam the threatening torrent of material interests back to its right level. May you also further succeed in the solution of this task.

A science which will restore spirituality and put fetters upon materialism, that is science indeed.

* * *

ABATTOIRS AND PRIVATE SLAUGHTER- HOUSES.

The Executive Council of The Order of the Golden Age has passed a unanimous resolution to the effect that

The Order can in no way advocate the substitution of Abattoirs for Private Slaughter-houses.

The Council has decided that while other societies may advocate half measures and substitutionary ideals, it can have no lower aim than the termination of Butchery for commercial purposes and no lesser measures than the abolition of the vulgarity of using flesh for human food.

To The Order and its Members, therefore, the Abattoir and the Private Slaughter-house alike must be *anathema maranatha*.

* * *

REASONS.

For the moment I cannot give the reasons which have weighed with the Council in arriving at this conclusion, but would rather point to that beautiful bond of obedience which in our Order unites all so indissolubly in one.

The Council have weighed the subject and considered it with the greatest care, and having arrived at a definite decision, lay it upon the members to carry it out and uphold it earnestly, loyally, and strenuously wherever they may be.

* * *

MUNICIPAL PUBLIC HOUSES.

I am tempted, however, when dealing with this subject, to quote the words of the great Temperance authority, who is also a staunch Vegetarian, Mr. Joseph Malins.

If what he says is true about a preparation made from the grains of the field, how much more would it be true about that which can only be obtained by agony and death, by torture and suffering, by moans and weariness, by long drawn-out pain, by deterioration of character and brutalising of mind, by turning men from gentle angels of mercy into death-dealing emblems of destruction. Mr. Malins writes :—

Strong as the liquor traffic is as a private monopoly, it is nevertheless vulnerable. As a municipal or public monopoly we think it would be almost invulnerable. But this is a case in which we should not ask, "Is it expedient?" but "Is it right for us to enter into and carry on the liquor traffic—even to reform it?" To say we Temperance men are already in the traffic is to play with language. The nation, as such, is implicated in it, but we individual abstainers and prohibitionists are not in it. God keep us clear of it still. This proposal for us to join in carrying it on is well meant, but is rotten in principle, and would be horrible to practise.

Even with a narrow municipal archway over it, it is still the gate of hell, and so it will remain—even though Nonconformist ministers straighten the road to it, and clericals perfume its paving with incense or sprinkle it with holy water. It is a time for plain speaking. When it becomes right for Y.M.C.A.'s to engage to sell to Satan a milder brimstone, and to apply the profits to Christian missions, it will be time for holy men to enter this traffic in alcohol in order to moderate its evils and apply the profit to Temperance recreation rooms.

* * *

RED WAR.

The more I read of the war the more dreadful it all seems.

There is no use striving to prevent individual wars and blaming men here and men there for causing them.

Individual men can't make war. It needs the spirit of two nations before a war can be entered upon.

It is *character* therefore which must be altered, and *mind* which must be modified, before wars will cease and nations live at unity and be willing to bear and to forbear.

For this development of the divine character ye shall labour and shall pray.

* * *

A DYING WAR HORSE.

Mr. Hales of the *Daily News* is a fearless correspondent. He writes his opinions without caring for any man. Of man and beast alike his reports are infinitely pathetic. Here is an example of the latter :—

A horse drops wearily upon his knees, looks round dumbly on the wilderness of blackness, then turns his piteous eyes upward towards the skies that seem so full of laughing loveliness, then, with a sob which is almost human in the intensity of its pathos, the tired head falls downwards, the limbs contract with spasmodic pain, then stiffen into rigidity; and one wonders if the Eternal mocked that silent appeal from those sad eyes, eyes that had neither part nor lot in the sin and sorrow of war, how shall a man dare look upwards for help when the bitterness of death draws nigh unto him?

The grey lines above, on flank and front and rear, were with greedy speed converging to one point, until they flock in a horrid, struggling, fighting, revolting mass of beaks and feathers above the fallen steed, as devils flock around the deathbed of a defaulting deacon.

A soldier on the outer edge of the extended line swings his rifle with swift back-handed motion over his shoulder, and brings the butt amidst the crowd of carrion.

The vultures hop with grotesque ungainly motions from their prey, and stand with wings extended and clawed feet apart, their necks outstretched and curved heads dripping slime and blood, a fitting setting amongst the black ruin of war.

The charger now looks upward from eyeless sockets; his gutted carcass, flattened into a shapeless streak, shrinks towards the earth, as if asking to be veiled from the laughter of the skies.

But there is neither pity from above nor shelter from below as the red wave of war, like the curse of the white Christ, sweeps over the land.

God grant that merry England may never witness, on her own green meadow lands, these sights and sounds which meet the eye and ear on African soil.

* * *

MY CORRES- PONDENTS.

One of the happiest duties in connection with our great movement is to receive the good news of its rapid spread.

Men's minds are opening to receive the good tidings of the simpler life, and women are beginning to ask themselves if it is not just a little bit vulgar, now-a-days, to be seen eating dead bodies.

From East and West, from North and South, from rich and poor, from young and old, the cheering words of sympathy, of strength, and of progress pour in.

Mrs. Hume, who has herself been a practical pioneer, and who has taught many a hundred visitors to her home in Bournemouth that variety and beauty, that fulness of satisfying nutriment, are to be obtained from the fleshless foods, writes :—

"I am so glad that the good tidings are spreading, as far as one can judge, I only wish that the Golden Age had indeed come when men's hearts would be fuller of love for their fellows and for the lesser animals too.

I am thankful to you for all the good things you write in *The Herald*. I look forward to its coming very much."

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PIGEON SHOOTING.

Verily the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty and evil. If you ever hear of a pigeon shooting match, ponder over the striking words of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, uttered in the House of Commons in 1883, in which he says :—

In my opinion, the sight of a pigeon-ground, abounding with masses of feathers and blood, and wounded birds surrounding the trap, contrasting so hideously with the green grass and trees all around—with the sun, perhaps, shining brilliantly on the scene—is without exception the most horrible and repulsive sight possible to imagine. I have had the opportunity of watching the sight at Monte Carlo, though I never had the satisfaction of killing a pigeon myself.

The pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo was conducted on the same principles as that at Hurlingham, and under similar rules. I saw the birds taken out of the basket, and before being put into the trap a man cut their tails with a large pair of scissors. That probably was not very cruel, because he only cut the quill, though at times he seemed to cut very close. But worse followed. After cutting the tail I saw the man take the bird in one hand, and with the other tear a great bunch of feathers from the breast and stomach of every pigeon. On asking the man what he did that for, he replied that it was to stimulate the birds in order that, maddened by excitement and pain, they might take a more eccentric leap into the air, and increase the chance of the pigeon gamblers.

TO-DAY.

It may be answered that Lord Randolph Churchill described the "sport" as it was years ago. But it is the same to-day. The fronts of houses are altered, new signs are put up, fresh paint is applied. But the same old drinking goes on inside.

A cruel "sport" is *always* cruel, whatever glosses may be put upon it, and whatever names it may be called by.

Here is a letter which proves my point, which I have cut from to-day's *Daily Express* :—

Valuable as the provisions of the Cruelty to Wild Animals in Captivity Bill may be in other ways, they will not go very far to suppress the cruelties of pigeon shooting. The proposal is to make it an offence to maltreat a wild animal while it "is kept in close confinement, or is maimed, pinioned, or subjected to any appliance or contrivance so as to hinder or prevent its escape."

But as soon as the pigeon trap was opened the prohibition would cease to apply. Thus the essential cruelty connected with the actual shooting and wounding of birds which are kept in captivity and released only in order that their dash for freedom may test the skill of "Sportsmen" is left untouched. Any preliminary cruelties would, of course, be made offences; but so long as the "sport" itself goes on unchecked it will be very difficult to obtain the evidence necessary to secure convictions for these.

The so-called "sport," with both its regular and its irregular cruelties, should be put down altogether. What is really wanted is the revival and the passing of the Spurious Sports Bill of 1898, which proposed to make it an offence to hunt, course, or shoot, within one month of its release, "any animal which has been kept in confinement, and is released for the purpose of such hunting coursing or shooting;" and which also proposes to make it an offence to keep or use or assist in the management of any place for the purpose of such hunting, coursing, or shooting.

Stop the principal cruelty and the subordinate cruelties will cease. Even if public opinion is not ripe for the Spurious Sports Bill in its general application, it is certainly ripe for the application of these provisions to the case of birds. Then that first step will make the others easier.

J. DUNDAS WHITE.

I caught a blue rock pigeon on Saturday morning which had evidently been used for the purpose of affording some brutal "sport" to so-called Englishmen. The bird was shockingly mutilated—one of the legs being broken—the tail pulled out, and the wing flights twisted. Needless to say, I quickly despatched the poor thing out of its misery.—A. GEO. SMITH
Streatham Hill, S.W. (a pigeon fancier).

* * *

NEW ZEALAND. From the uttermost ends of the earth the post brings in its varied budget, but every mail is a good one and every month sees fresh converts and new realms permeated with the gospel of humane living. Mr. Reynolds' thoughtful letter will be read with deep interest by thousands of readers and will, I hope, be the forerunner of many more to follow. Letters are always welcome.

"I cannot see my way clear yet," Mr. Reynolds writes, "to start a Food Reform Depot in New Zealand, not having sufficient capital to work upon. However I have handed the matter to the Secretary of the Christchurch Vegetarian Society to see what he can do in the way of introducing food reform stuffs to the public in Canterbury, New Zealand. I sent him a parcel of literature on vegetarianism, and he has informed me that he intends procuring a large parcel of books, papers, etc., from you regularly for the Society."

The cause is steadily progressing in New Zealand. The people are awakening to the fact that flesh-eating is unnatural and a bar to the progress of high living and thinking. At the same time, there is a great deal of aggressive work to be done yet. We have not even got public abattoirs for the slaughtering of animals in some of the principal townships in New Zealand. Cancer is terribly on the increase and yet very little is being done amongst the medical fraternity to lessen the disease. When will the New Zealand people open their eyes to the living truths before them of the great advantages to be derived from a non-flesh diet. The consumption of flesh food in the colony is enormous and the diseases produced thereby are rapidly on the increase. Send as much literature to New Zealand as you can. The people need it to educate them up to a higher standard of living.

* * *

WORK AND BUTCHERY.

I am working single handed in the cause of Vegetarianism in Akaroa, and, though I have had many a battle to fight, I consider it a greater victory when I have secured a convert than a victory secured on a bloody battle field. When will war cease—the killing of our fellowman? Eh? Not until the slaughtering of animals for food ceases. Killing man or beast cultivates the brutal instincts in man and must have a detrimental effect upon humanity. The present war at the Transvaal will either make or mar the future of England.

That nation which bestows upon the world humanitarian benefits must eventually predominate. The causes of the rise and fall of nations have been uniform the world's history over. We need not go so far back as the Chinese Empire, we may revert to Egypt, containing within itself the splendid powers and results of ages of civili-

sation that preceded it, the seat and citadel of learning, of science, of government, of wealth, of power—Egypt also held within her breast the germs of the same destruction that had caused the decadence of the nations of the East, namely, with prosperity came first disease, the desire of ambition, aggressive wars, pestilence, famine, destruction.

The Grecian and Roman Empires, supposed to represent the acme of human civilisation and culture, and even now pointed to as the highest and best efforts of human enlightenment and human civilisation, owed their decadence to the existence of two distinguished faults, isolation and ambition—isolation from the rest of the world because of their supposed superiority; ambition which restricted itself to material and intellectual instead of combining spiritual excellence also; and these caused the final overthrow of the finest evidences of civilisation that have yet existed upon the earth, because the later nations have not yet reached the acme of their power.

* * *

MORAL PROGRESS.

The Egyptians had one kind of morality, the ancient Brahmin had another, the reformed Buddhist has another. All systems of moral law vary according to the nation in which they exist. The laws of the Spartan Lycurgus would be considered immoral to-day, since he caused to be put to death every imperfect infant that was born, and since no deformed person could be allowed to live. To-day that would be considered murder; it was then considered the epitome of moral law. It is considered by the majority of the British people at the present day perfectly moral to kill animals to satisfy man's depraved appetite; in three or four generations it will be considered murder to destroy warm-blooded animals who are essentially sentient creatures.

* * *

A WORLD'S SAVIOUR.

He is the world's saviour who invents a method or devises a means whereby millions of human beings may be put in possession of the means of life, for the great question with the mass of humanity is not what to do to each other, but how to live. The great question with the masses is not simply the moral law, and the higher code of nature, but what to feed their children with, and I affirm that the destiny of any race will greatly depend upon what it feeds its people on. Flesh foods demoralise and corrupt a nation. A mixed diet for a race, consisting of fruits, nuts, cereals and vegetables, elevate that race physically, mentally and morally. New Zealand is a fine country, and if the land was cut up into small sections it would support twenty times the present population (800,000 about, inclusive of Maori population). It is the large runs in New Zealand that prevent the rapid progress of New Zealand.

I enclose you a donation of £1 and shall be glad if you can send me 16 copies of *The Herald* monthly in future for free distribution. All new literature published by *The Herald* will be gladly accepted by one who desires to see New Zealand possessing an ideal and lofty humanity.

With kind greetings to yourself and co-workers in the cause."

* * *

ORIOLET HOSPITAL

I am asked to print the following notice and to extend a welcome to all members of The Order. This I very gladly do.

The Annual Festival of this Hospital (which is under the control of the Council of the Humanitarian Hospital of S. Francis, New Kent Road, London, S.E.) will be held on Saturday, Sept. 8th, from 3.30 to 7.30 p.m. Visitors will be received by the Council of the Hospital.

An Address dedicatory of the new OPEN AIR WARD to "God and Humanity," will be delivered by the Dowager Countess of Portsmouth. Nurses' Certificates will be presented by the Lady Gwendolen Herbert.

Tea in the Grounds (which adjoin Epping Forest), and Silver Collection, Festival Service in the Hospital Chapel, and Address by Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

Application for Invitation Tickets should be made at once to the Sec., Hospital of S. Francis, New Kent Road, S.E.; or Oriolet Hospital, Loughton, Essex. Loughton is half-an-hour from Liverpool Street Station.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHS. Miss Braddon is busy working for The Order in North Devon, and to a long and helpful letter she adds:—

"I greedily devour *The Herald*, and assimilate it to the help of my soul directly I get it, and lend it—after marking—to anyone who will read it. I always wish it was a weekly paper, but I don't forget how busy those who compile it are, and so am content."

I should also be glad to know if pictures of the Editor, and the late Editor, and all the moving souls in the Cause are to be had at your publishing house? I want especially Mr. Sidney Beard's and Dr. Oldfield's to be amongst my collection of "Makers of History."

The Herald as a monthly paper is doing work which no weekly paper can ever do. A weekly paper is almost necessarily a news paper; *The Herald* is an *Evangel* paper.

Photographs of most of our workers can be obtained from headquarters at the usual rates, and there is an album there ready to receive and welcome the photograph of every member of The Order.

Six Months' Hard Labour.



Few people have very accurate ideas of "Dungeons," "Bread and Water," etc.; others seem to think that Gaol should contain all the advantages of Hotel life.

To give my readers a fair idea of "durance vile" I shall place myself in the prisoner's position and serve "Six Months' Hard Labour."

It is a breezy day in April and I am walking down High Street, in a contemplative mood, when I feel a hand laid upon my shoulder and I hear a voice say: "Mr. Y——, I

believe?"

I wheel round, and in a moment my hand is grasped affectionately, and I am gazing into the eyes of a shrewd-looking individual.

"Hadn't we better take a cab?" I suggest; and in a few minutes we are bowling along in the direction of the Town Hall.

Arrived there, I am led upstairs into an office, and after supplying my name, address, age, etc., and yielding up my worldly possessions, I am introduced to a mug of weak tea and some bread and butter (?) A door is then opened and I am ushered into a long corridor, on the right of which are about half-a-dozen cells. At the end is a lavatory and three water closets.

The windows, strongly barred, look down upon a court, where several scavengers are at work.

There are no other prisoners in the station, so entering one of the cells I sit down upon the wooden bench which runs along the side—a combined seat and bed. The clock is just above me, and I can hear each quarter chime.

About four o'clock the door is opened, and a dishevelled figure lurches in. He mutters a greeting, staggers into the nearest cell, and immediately falls asleep.

How long that night appeared! At 6.30 I am washed and impatiently waiting to be taken down to the Police Court.

My friend the "drunk," after washing himself and imbibing a great deal of water, appears sufficiently sober to deny the charge of having been "disorderly" on the previous day.

At ten o'clock the door is thrown open, and I am at last invited upstairs. After answering the superintendent's searching questions, we proceed through the courts to Dickenson Street. The ready courtesy of the genial "Head" has supplied a cab to convey us to Minshull Street, and in a few minutes I am walking down some steps that lead to the "cages."

About 11.30, I and my new companions are released, and, ascending a narrow staircase, we are placed in the partitioned space immediately below the dock.

I need not describe the case, etc.; all who delight in their newspaper will be familiar with the scene.

At about 3 o'clock I am introduced to the prison van. It is a dark conveyance, divided down by the centre by a screen, the men being placed on the one side and the women on the other.

It is almost dark, only having a few holes in the roof for ventilation. We are huddled in like sheep in a pen. I am

wedged in a corner, and the monotony of the journey is relieved by my nearest companion, an old burglar, who relates some of his most startling adventures.

At last we arrive at Strangeways, and, following the warder who has guarded the door during our short journey, we are ushered into the reception ward. Here, after being carefully examined, the particulars of our complexions, colour of hair and eyes, defects and tattoo marks (if any) are entered into a large book. We then have a hurried bath, and receive a new suit of "brown." In a state of half-dress we are then placed in a long line, and one by one are examined by the doctor. He sounds each one of us, and, after asking a few questions, we pass out by another door and finish dressing.

One of the head warders now appears with a card of rules, and after reading these in an impressive manner, we are each locked in a small box-like compartment. How long we remained there I cannot say, but eventually the doors are opened, and we are led to the Central Hall. Here we are again placed in a line, and the warder-librarian passes along with the question: "Protestant or Catholic?" Each prisoner receives his books and we are then passed by the Governor.

It is now apparently supper time, for warders are hurrying hither and thither, and soon a babel of voices is calling for Jones, Brown, or Robinson. I hear a voice calling Y—— Y——, and, stepping hastily forward, I am seized by the arm, and a tin and piece of bread being thrust into my hands, I am hurriedly led upstairs into my cell.

"Too busy to speak to you to-night, sir, see you to-morrow," and clang goes my door.

I look around me, I am in an apartment about 14ft. x 12ft. The walls are freshly white-washed and the floor is tiled. Light is admitted by means of a high window, strongly barred; the panes are of thick muffled glass, so that I cannot view the scenery from my "home." A table and stool seem to be the only furniture. Several tin utensils—water can and washing bowl, are placed against the wall, and in a corner is a small shelf upon which are placed salt-box, small drinking can, soap, wooden spoon, slate and pencil, and comb and brush. I look at my newly-acquired treasures and find that I hold a Bible, a Prayer Book, and Hymn Book. I place these on the shelf and sit down on my stool. On the opposite wall are hung three cards. I rise to examine these, and find that one is a brief account of the Prisoners' Aid Society, the second contains hymns and prayers, for morning and evening use; and the third is headed in bold black letters—"Progressive Stages for Prisoners." From this I learn the following particulars which I have, of course, condensed:—

"There shall be four stages, and each prisoner shall go through all or as many of them as his term of imprisonment admits.

A prisoner shall be able to earn eight, seven, or six marks per day, according to the degree of his industry.

He shall commence in the first stage and shall remain in that stage until he has earned 8 x 28 or 224 marks.

In the second and third stages until he has earned further 224 marks or 672 in all.

In the fourth stage during the remainder of his term.

A prisoner in the first stage will (1) Be employed on hard manual or bodily labour for not more than ten nor less than six hours each day, exclusive of meals. (2) Sleep without a mattress for the first 14 days of his sentence. (3) Be allowed books of religious education.

A prisoner in the second stage will (1) Be employed on labour of a less hard description. (2) Receive school

instruction if eligible under the Prison Rules. (3) Be allowed a library book which shall be changed once a week.

In the third stage (1) Be employed on labour as in the second stage. (2) Receive school instruction. (3) Be allowed a library book which will be changed twice a week, as well as books of instruction. (4) Be allowed to write and receive a letter, and have a visit of 20 minutes.

In the fourth stage (1) Be employed on labour as in the second stage. (2) Receive school instruction. (3) Be allowed a library book which shall be changed twice a week. (4) Be allowed to receive and write a letter when he has earned 112 marks in this stage, and a further letter and visit for each 224 further marks.

On the opposite side of the card are a list of rules. These rules have been greatly modified within the last 12 months. There are about 25 offences which render a prisoner liable to punishment, but only two render him liable to corporal punishment, *i.e.*, Mutiny or incitement to mutiny, and assault upon any officer or employé of the prison or works.

In a little while the warder comes round for the empty supper tin and I am left to slumber.

The prison day commences at 6 a.m.; breakfast at 7.30; chapel on alternate mornings at 8.45; exercise at 10.30; dinner at 12; supper at 5.45; bed at 8. In a few days I am quite at home, and after the first two months have elapsed I am enjoying the perusal of two library books per week. I need not say how eagerly I had anticipated this privilege, and how I valued my homely-bound "friends."

As before stated, from the hour when he enters into the cell which crime or misconduct has assigned him for a place of punishment, a certain solace of books is granted to the prisoner. Besides his Bible, Prayer, and Hymn Books and a little Book of Prayers, he has a simple primer or "reader" which may be conned for learning or amusement. With ability to read this is not such a hopeless beginning of a sentence of "hard labour."

How long does it take to read the Bible through? I think there are scores, if not hundreds of persons in Strangeways Gaol who could answer the question at once. In the first four weeks of my six months I had opportunity of reading it through twice, and I am not ashamed to admit that, although I have always posed as an authority on certain doctrines, I found out many errors which had once held me in their thrall, and I have left prison with a better understanding of the God-Man than I had six months ago.

The library is in the care and under the personal supervision of the Chaplain. With the business of the library is associated that of the educational department of the prison, over which the Chaplain presides, assisted by a qualified and experienced schoolmaster, who has under him one (or two) warder-schoolmasters.

Mere literary education experience has taught us is not the panacea for crime which the reformers of the early part of this century fondly believed it to be; and it is obvious that the fruits of the best system that could be devised must be extremely slight in the cases of undeveloped *adult* prisoners confined for short periods, and assuredly not satisfactory in the cases of hardened criminals, whose morals are apt to grow blunter as their wits become sharper.

Instruction is principally given to prisoners who are below that standard of education at the time of their reception, and who would therefore derive most profit from study.

Unlettered prisoners are taught every day in class, and they carry on their lesson work in their cells, rigid separation,

except during the hours of exercise and chapel, being the chief feature of prison life. As stated in the Rules just quoted, the privilege of coming under the schoolmasters' hands, is not granted to the convict until he has earned 224 marks.

It is curious and perhaps amusing to observe prisoners of forty years old and upwards bending laboriously over copy-books and primers. Prisoners above forty, I understand, do not, however receive instruction, except in special cases. The *quite* illiterate prisoner of middle age is beginning to "disappear." "Prisoners found to have no capacity for learning, or who are idle, are excluded from instruction." (*vide* Rules).

The limits of instruction in the prison are: *Reading* as far as Standard III inclusive; *writing* as far as transcribing a portion of the book read, and reading what has been transcribed; *arithmetic* as far as casting simple money accounts.

Certain special inducements and encouragement are held out to prisoners to take the utmost advantage of these teachings. Thus no prisoner is allowed a library book until he can read with a certain degree of fluency, and prisoners who cannot write well enough for their letters to be intelligible to their correspondents are after a period of instruction required to write for themselves, and are forbidden, except by very special favour, to have letters written for them.

Prisoners are not allowed to hear public news, or explain the prison routine to their friends; consequently their letters are amusing in their eager demands for news of everyone's health. It is said that a French prisoner wrote thus to his wife after a two month's absence.

"Ma chère Marie,—Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien a faire; et je finis parceque je n'ai rien a dire.—JACQUES."

I am inclined to take this with the proverbial pinch of salt, but the fact remains that a dearth of subjects is realized by prisoners.

I have said sufficient to show that the convict, while he remains in Her Majesty's keeping, has reason to devote himself to such accomplishments as are recognised and rewarded within the prison walls. Curious to know in what manner our English system compared with the Continental systems, I looked up the subject and learned the following facts from a little book by Du Cane.

In the United States the prisoners are generally allowed a *free use of newspapers*, which appear in most cases to be their chief reading. In British prisons newspapers are never permitted. It seems a startling statement, but it is nevertheless a fact that there are at the present moment some hundred thousand of more or less educated persons in our prisons who are unaware of the fact that there is a war between our country and the Boers.

On the Continent considerable attention is given to the prison libraries in the Protestant countries, especially in Holland, Sweden, and Germany. Some of the German and Norsk Chaplains have taken great interest in this matter. In France and most of the Catholic countries the subject receives less attention.

I should imagine that in our prisons we have struck a balance between Europe and America.

Considering the character of so large a proportion of the prisoners, the books are very well treated. No prisoner cares to be convicted of spoiling his book, for he is then at once deprived for a time of the privileges of the library, and this is a very sore penalty, for I learned myself that the library is the first and last boon of the prisoner. The book that it lends him is his one actual and only link with the world which has (for a time) cast him off.

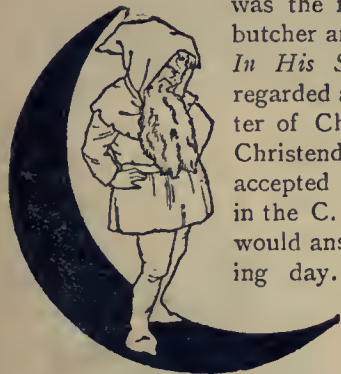
With his novel he carries himself back to the life which his misconduct has lost him; and it relieves the weary monotony of the wheel, oakum picking or bag-making.

Prisoners like to read over their meals. Dinner allows them an hour, breakfast and supper about half-an-hour and twenty minutes respectively. If the prisoner works hard through the day he can complete his task by six o'clock so that he can call the two hours between six and eight his own. Sunday might be given almost wholly to his book. In the summer months he can read until nine, or until he tires; and in winter his gas is not put out until eight.

Have I drawn my picture with a too sympathetic pencil? Are my colours too bright? Probably some dozens of persons will read this article who have visited one of Her Majesty's prisons, and I think all will agree with me when I say that I have only stated the bare facts. Much depends on the prisoner himself. If he determines to do his duty and is able to adapt himself to circumstances, his stay in "durance vile" will be instructive and interesting. John M. Stuart-Young.

Mr. Sheldon in a Dilemma.

Amongst the numerous questions publicly presented to Rev. C. Sheldon for solution, at the Christian Endeavour Convention, recently held at the Alexandra Palace, was the following:—Ought Christians to butcher animals for food? The author of *In His Steps*, who may now fairly be regarded as one who poses as an interpreter of Christian Ethics to the youth of Christendom, and who is enthusiastically accepted by such of them as are enrolled in the C. E. Movement, replied that he would answer the question on the following day. As this response evidenced



apprehension of the gravity of the subject, and the intention to hold consultation and to 'weigh and consider' the question before answering it in the presence of a large number of earnest and enquiring souls, it was a commendable one. But the action of Mr. Sheldon on the following day, when he failed to fulfil his promise and shelved the matter by declaring that the subject was outside the scope of the C. E. Convention was anything but commendable. It was *weak*—to say the least of it. For it was manifestly a paltry excuse for refraining from facing a straightforward question which he either could not or dared not answer.

This statement may, at first, seem rather hard, but we must remember that the meeting was held for the express purpose of answering questions concerning Conscience and Duty, and that Mr. Sheldon had dealt with the subject of smoking and had considered that comparatively harmless habit to be worthy of public pronouncement on his part—which, if his words are correctly reported, was to the effect that a man could not be regarded as a strict Christian if he indulged in smoking. Therefore the practice of inhaling the fumes of dried tobacco leaves (a practice which even many rigid hygienists have felt to be so innocuous, generally, as not to merit condemnation on their part after investigation) comes within the scope of Christian Endeavour ethics, whilst the cruel murder of our fellow-creatures of the animal king-

dom by countless millions, in order that their flesh may be devoured, and that a most unnecessary, unwholesome, and barbarous type of food may be supplied to the followers of the compassionate and merciful Founder of Christianity, apparently does *not* do so.

This would appear to be the opinion of Mr. Sheldon and his colleagues, and its manifestation forces intelligent persons to come to the conclusion that these good men lay themselves open to the charge of "straining at gnats and swallowing camels." For Carnivorism *must* involve blood-guiltiness on the part of those who practise it, seeing that purchasers of animal flesh are accessories—"before and after the fact"—to the cold-blooded butchery of the victim who is sacrificed in order that their degenerate appetite may be pandered to. And flesh-food is now generally admitted, by most intelligent persons, to be liable to cause serious physical maladies in the bodies of those who consume it, and especially when it is in a diseased condition (as is so frequently the case). It is true that the bloodshed involved is "*only that of animals*," who are not, at present, supposed to possess any "rights" or any title to just and considerate treatment. Fifty years ago the enslaved human animals in America were regarded just in the same manner by the purblind teachers of Christendom, as the sub-human animals are to-day. The fact that *they* could both feel and suffer, and that *they* manifested love of life and freedom, was ignored just in the same way—*because their skins were black*. Biblical texts by the dozen were also quoted in support of the enslavement and exploitation of those weak and defenceless fellow creatures of ours. Before many years have passed away religious leaders of to-day will be compelled by the growth of public opinion to grasp the fact that other animals than human ones come "within the scope" of the Divine regard, benevolence, and care—even if they do happen to be born with four legs instead of two.

Nineveh was spared because it contained both humans and sub-humans, and Jesus taught that not even such a small and easily destroyed creature as a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of God. Does not the Omnipresent Being then regard the needless butchery of a million large creatures every day—sentient creatures who yield up their lives in terror and anguish in slaughter dens which few Carnivorous Christians will venture to visit, lest their peace of mind should be banished by the horrors which are there enacted? Will He not visit the consequences of this pitiless barbarity upon those who consciously condone and acquiesce in this wholesale system of murder, and the physical transgression which is also involved in flesh-eating. Is He not doing so by the operation of inexorable Law? Are not the good people who punctiliously attend religious services and who hurry home to feast upon the limbs or internal organs of their Earth-mates sorely afflicted by the "maladies of Egypt"—which even they themselves ascribe to the "mysterious dispensations of Providence"? Do not they die untimely deaths of consumption, cancer, gout, rheumatism, and Bright's disease? Do not they suffer from parasites, from calculus and other uric-acid complaints, from fatty degeneration, and from ptomaine poisoning? Why should "Providence" thus mysteriously punish them, in spite of their correct theology and conventional uprightness? Is there not some cause? Yea! Verily! The Law—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—is in operation!

Now this question asked of Mr. Sheldon merits an answer of some sort, for it involves a great Principle—and religion is concerned with Principles. Can a Christian wantonly and

needlessly murder his fellow creatures, by proxy or otherwise, without suffering deterioration of character and without incurring judgment and loss? The subject is too serious to be brushed aside in this off-hand fashion — which is the plan adopted by too many professional teachers of ethics and religion. The ostrich may think to escape the hunter by hiding its head in the sand, but ministers and others will not escape the facing of this problem — of pitiless and wholesale butchery — in such an easy manner. There are already thousands of earnest and resolute men and women who are determined to press home the enquiry whether they can justify their participation in this shedding of innocent blood — and the number of such is increasing every day. Can they defend their action by any sound reasoning, and plead the only argument which can justify the infliction of pain and death upon a highly-organised sentient creature — *stern necessity*? If not, then in God's name we respectfully ask them to wash their hands of this unjust and merciless system of traffic in quivering flesh, as an example to the youth of Christendom. If they can demonstrate that they eat this type of food "in faith" and "to the glory of God" it is high time that some of the representative leaders of Christian thought came forward to do so, and we would courteously invite Mr. Sheldon or Dr. Clark to answer this question either in the columns of one of the religious papers or in the pages of this journal. In the name of the Council of The Order of the Golden Age I offer these gentlemen two pages or more of our next issue for this purpose. A copy is sent regularly to nearly every Y.M.C.A. Reading Room in the United Kingdom, as well as to other Institutions both at home and abroad. A large audience of Christian young men will thus be enabled to hear what they have to say on the subject and many will await with interest their response to this invitation. If they should maintain a policy of discreet silence, these young men will draw their own conclusions and probably form the conviction that flesh-eating is not morally defensible, and that the Presidents and Leaders of our Churches dare not publicly face the question: "Ought Christians to butcher animals for food."

The thought at once suggests itself to our minds "What would Jesus do" if He were upon Earth to-day and this question were asked Him? Of one thing we may feel sure — He would not have considered a matter which involved the principles of Justice and Mercy (two of the three "weightier matters of the Law") as being "outside the scope" of His teaching, for His words have been ringing throughout these nineteen centuries in the hearts of men, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Sidney H. Beard.

Household Wisdom.

For the first two of the recipes this month I am again indebted to Mrs. Jarvis, of Salcombe, and I feel they need no further recommendation.

Potato Scallops.

Ingredients.—4 medium sized potatoes, 4-oz. cream or butter, 1 unbeaten egg, 1 teaspoon finely minced parsley. Pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the potatoes in their skins. Mash while hot, mixing in the cream or butter, the egg, parsley, and seasoning. Line the patty pans with a short paste, fill with potato mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes till a light golden brown.

The Short Paste.

Ingredients.—4-oz. Nucleine, 2-oz cooking butter, to 1lb. of flour.

Method.—Mix with cold soft water to fair consistency, and roll out thin.

Hash.

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread crusts, 1 large onion, 3-oz. cooking butter, 1-oz. cold boiled rice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme, 2 peeled tomatoes, pepper and salt to taste.

Method.—Soak the bread overnight in cold water. Fry the onion (finely chopped) in 3-oz. butter. When quite cooked add the bread, squeezed dry, with the rice and other ingredients. Mix it thoroughly and chop finely. Then let it simmer, to blend the flavour, for 1 hour. Serve with rice garnished round.

Creamed Potatoes.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, white sauce, yolk of egg, seasoning, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the potatoes and cut up into slices and fill a pie dish. Make a good white sauce and add to it the yolk of the egg and the seasoning. Pour over the potatoes and bake for a quarter of an hour.

White Sauce.

To make a good white sauce the method *must* be followed absolutely.

Put 1-oz. of butter into an enamelled saucepan and let it melt; stir into it, off the fire, 1 tablespoonful of flour, then add gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and stir over the fire until it boils. This method gives quite a different flavour and quite avoids lumps.

White Soup.

Ingredients.—6 onions, 9 potatoes, 1 quart milk, 1-oz butter, salt, water, 1 doz. peppercorns.

Method.—Peel onions and potatoes and boil together in saucepan with 1 quart water for about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Rub the whole through a sieve; put back into the saucepan, adding the milk, pepper and salt, and butter; boil for about $\frac{1}{4}$ hour. Serve with fried sippets.

Stewed Fruit with Curd.

A way of using up sour milk.

Few people know how delicious curds are served with stewed fruit and cream. The curd may be made by boiling sour milk or by adding a tablespoonful of lemon juice to fresh milk. The curds must then be strained and pressed into a shape.

Cup Arrowroot.

Ingredients.—1 dessertspoonful arrowroot, 1 slice lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, sugar.

Method.—Mix the arrowroot with a spoonful of cold milk, boil the rest of the milk with the lemon rind and sugar in it, and pour on to the arrowroot. Boil it up and take off the fire and stir in the yolk of the egg, beat up the white to a stiff froth, and just before serving, mix very lightly with the arrowroot.

This may also be made into a pudding if put into a pie dish and baked for a few minutes after the whites of egg have been added, and this method of adding an egg will be found a great improvement to any of the soft milk puddings.

Now is the jamming season approaching its close, but there is still time to make marrow jam, and the following recipe will be found delicious:—

Marrow Jam.

Ingredients.—Marrow, loaf sugar, lemon juice, lemon rind, whole root ginger.

Method.—Peel and slice the marrow, cutting it into finger-lengths, weigh it, and to every lb., allow 1 lb. of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of lemon juice. Put the marrow, sugar, and lemon juice into a vessel, and let it stand two or three days. Then add to every 3 lbs. of marrow, the grated rind of 2 lemons, 2-oz. of the whole ginger (which must be crushed and tied in muslin), and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. Boil altogether till the marrow is quite tender, turn into a pan, and let it stand 24 hours, drain off the syrup and boil it alone, adding the marrow when putting into the jars.

Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes.

Ingredients.—Allow one egg to each person, and one medium sized tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. butter. Pepper and salt.

Method.—Put the butter into the saucepan and add the tomatoes (peeled), let them cook a few minutes and then add the eggs well beaten. Stir all together until just set. Turn on to slices of toast to serve. When cold this makes a delicious sandwich.

Gertrude Oldfield.



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The Duty of Joy.

Where'er great pity is and piteousness,
Where'er great Love and Love's strange sorrow stay,
Where'er men cease to curse, but bend to bless
Frail brethren fashioned like themselves of clay;
Where'er the lamb and lion side by side
Lie down in peace, where'er on land or sea
Infinite Love and Mercy heavenly eyed
Emerge, there stirs the God that is to be!

Robert Buchanan.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

I am tired of hearing apologies for sentiment. No one should apologise for what he knows to be true.



Sometimes great revelations come to us. The simplest thing that we have seen and known every day of our life, and that we have hitherto called the commonplace, suddenly reveals itself to our soul; suddenly takes on a new and wondrous garment; suddenly becomes a divine life poem, and we wonder why we never knew it before.

The old cottage home, with its low ceiling and its dark corners, with its broken firegrate and its shaky doors, becomes a holy place as our memory travels back to all the battles of our childhood—to our victories and our failures, to the little untruths we told, and the temptations to little pilferings that we resisted.

What we despise one day, we hold sacred the next. What is beautiful is always sacred, and, sooner or later, becomes sacred to us. There is nothing which may not be made beautiful except evil.

Evil is always and essentially ugly, whatever robes it dons. The good is always and essentially beautiful, whatever coat it wears.

From the beautiful it is but one step to the happy.

Happiness is one form of mental and spiritual beauty.

Thus the creed of the philosophers of old becomes justified in its fulfilment—"Call the good blessed, for theirs is the inheritance of happiness"—and the thought comes like

a swift message from the stars—"It is your duty to be happy," for it is your duty to be good.

I had always looked upon happiness as an ideal to be sought for with many tears, and with much sorrowing; and, lo, the message bids me pick it up from the stones beneath my feet.

I had always looked upon happiness as a personal possession, belonging only to each one's self, and that its pursuit was always tinged with selfishness—and lo the message tells me that it is a common property, and that what I have belongs to others, and that I must take up my share, not for my own selfish ends, but for the sake of others.

It is my duty to be happy in order that I may bring joy to others.

But is it possible to be happy in sordid dwellings and in sunless homes? Is it possible to be happy in the utter desolation of a wasted hearth and a homeless home? Is it possible to be happy in the work that jars, and in the idleness that frets where brain is busy and limbs are paralysed?

Is it possible to be happy in the loneliness of loved ones lost, or in the unequal yoke of minds all out of tune?

From palace and prison, from crowded slums and lonely desert, from the cushions of comfort and the cold rack of agony, from the lisping lips of children and from the parched palates of the dying comes the same testimony, "we are happy;" not in the trivial joys that come and go and flow and ebb and fret and flicker as the sunlight fades, but we are happy with a joy which is deep and peaceful and restful and eternal. It is the joy of resting upon the bosom of the Infinite. It is the joy of knowing that there is no more death, that there is no more loneliness, that there is no more restlessness, that there is only a little pain, a little weariness here and there, and this upon the surface only, while underneath there lies a sweet eternal calm.

I have heard of men singing amid the flames of their martyrdom. I have heard of women chanting during the agonies of their being racked. I have known and seen sweet smiles and radiant faces amid the squalor of grinding poverty and the long aching weariness of years of pain.

Happiness depends not on the without but on the within. Not on the possession of wealth or fair face but on the inner consciousness that all is well.

Have you watched the faces of those who have gone through great tribulations and have come forth with robes

unsullied? They are beautiful with a restful strength that has no care for the tiny slights and worries and pin pricks of the passing hour. They have faced the frown of death and have eaten bread at the portals of the temple of silence. Henceforth they live above the range of the venomous arrows of spite, and beyond the power of the magnet of seduction.

So is it with happiness. Those who will, may take of the cup of joy and pour it forth upon a thirsting world.

The world is groaning and wearying itself in sorrow and heartache, and all the time you refuse to fill the pitcher which stands beside you at the fountain, and to empty it within the upturned burning lips.

There is a duty of joy, a responsibility of happiness.

You are the holy pitcher, and the springing well of eternal happiness is ever beside you. Fill yourself full to the brim, full to the brim and running over, and soon around you the rough rocks will take on their coat of green and the jagged spines will blossom forth with a sweetness beyond compare.

There was an old garden with a granite figure standing in the centre, in each hand there was the horn of plenty, and from the mouth stood out the semblance of an open pipe, but all was barren and burnt and dry. The bare earth was cracked and parched and the withered boughs hung listlessly and rattled as they moved.

Well might the stalwart figure have cried "What happiness for me in such a forbidding desolate wilderness? How can I be joyful amid such marks of misery and such a burnt-up waste?"

But the remedy lay within. The turning of one small tap and the figure came into communion with the rich waterways of the world, and from hands and mouth poured out a ceaseless stream of limpid crystal.

The hours had scarce passed into days before the desert began to blossom and the earth sent up a chorus shout of living green. The trees burst forth into luxuriant foliage, the birds gathered round and the air was full of joy and sweet gladness.

Joy is a duty.

Whether you can water your own heart or not you must water other people's. You must pour out the happiness which you can obtain freely and without price for the sake of creation around you.

Well has it been said, "If you have drunk deeply of the cup of bitterness it is well—but if you pass on the cup to another, you are acting the traitor to your kin."

The privilege is there—

"You may be happy."

The possibility is there—

"You can be happy."

The duty is there, too—

"You must be happy."

And what is the first act of the man into whose lap a fortune has fallen? It is to give the first fruits to God, remembering that inasmuch as it is done to the poor, and the halt, and the maimed, and the blind, it is done unto God.

What then shall be the first act of those upon whom the priceless treasure of happiness has fallen?

It shall be to offer the first-fruits to God, remembering that inasmuch as we bring joy into the lives of the meanest of His creatures, we bring joy into the sacred heart of God Himself.

The untold agonies of the animal creation slaughtered for human food are untellable. Who then will rise up and say, "For me henceforth no mother cow shall be dragged across the bloody floor to the fatal axe. No patient sheep shall be cast headlong upon the trough for its poor throat to be cut from side to side, no sucking calf or frisking lamb shall be shut up in darkness and starvation until its time of death is come."

Inasmuch as I have received freely of the cup of joy, so shall I shed it out upon that lower creation which looks up to me for its very existence.

Even were flesh-food *necessary* I would daily mourn as I ate my piece of my little brother's dead body, and would sorrow for his cruel death as I partook of the sacrifice of his pain.

I would even then try and remember that the soul is more than the body, and that evolution of character is of greater importance than physical development, and would quote to myself that famous anecdote of Socrates until I had learned its meaning:—

"'Where shall we bury you?' said the weeping disciple Crito to Socrates, when suffering from the fatal hemlock. 'Bury me!' exclaimed Socrates. 'Bury me just where you please,' he added, 'if you can only catch me.' Continuing, he said: 'Have I not told you, O Crito, and the wise men, that the body is not Socrates?'"

But since it is all *unnecessary* how can I dare to go on perpetuating an "animals' hell" merely as a tainted pleasure to my stomach.

Of joy and gladness I have fully received, of joy and gladness to all creation shall I not freely give. I cannot but vegetare.

Josiah Oldfield.

Looking Forward.

I lifted the veil of the future
One day in a fireside dream,
I gazed through the unborn ages
On the promised land unseen;
I looked with a wondrous feeling,
All was so bright and new;
The sights I saw in that fireside dream
Were wondrous, strange, and true.

I saw in that fleeting vision
A change in the earthly life;
Though greater the city's commotion,
No sign could I see of strife;
No hungry, naked, or wretched,
Downtrodden for earthly gain;
The blush of health, and the pride of wealth
Were present, a happy twain.

I sought for the sin-curst alleys,
I asked for the haunts of sin;
The people all heard and wondered
In that future time I was in!
They knew not the name of the outcast,
The drunkard was known no more;
And each one knew his brother was true
In the promised land before.

I waked from my fireside dreaming,
I rose from the easy chair,
And wondered if such were coming,
Such a promised land so fair;
I'd hail such a restoration
Of the age of liberty;
I'd die for a sight of another night
In that glorious land to be.

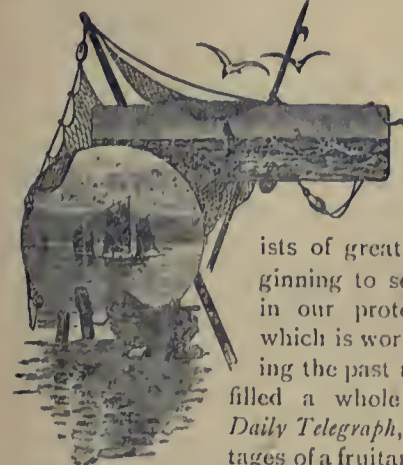
R. Crawford.



A Golden Opportunity.

An Invitation to Members and Friends of The Order.

The Executive Council realize that the time is opportune for making a strong effort to induce leaders of public opinion throughout the world to



seriously consider the importance, the feasibility, and the beneficent nature of the reform of thought and custom which we are seeking to bring about. There have been many signs lately that journal-

ists of great influence are at last beginning to see that there is something in our protest against 'carnivorism' which is worthy of consideration. During the past month a leading article that filled a whole column appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, which extolled the advantages of a fruitarian diet and deprecated the

folly which characterises the action of English men and women in eating any butcher's meat in the hot weather. The *Penny Illustrated Paper* contained an article which declared that large numbers of human beings poisoned their blood and inflamed and upset their digestive organs by eating meat to excess. Many other papers have recently come to hand which contain similar indications of an awakening to the truth concerning this matter, and there can be no doubt that the time is ripe for a great effort to win over to our ranks a large number of journalists in all lands.

The importance of doing so must be apparent to us all, for the Press is rapidly taking the place of the Pulpit as far as the work of moulding the destinies of our race is concerned. The pulpit orator may reach a few hundreds with his voice, but the journalist and literary man speaks to an audience of hundreds of thousands. Apart from this consideration, literary men of the true sort are ready to embrace and proclaim new ideas or fresh conceptions of truth, and they will make powerful and fearless allies when we have won them. Our policy from the commencement of our Movement has been to endeavour to win leaders of thought rather than persons of small influence and ability. Our efforts have been much blessed with success in this direction, and we now have fellow-workers in most countries who are swaying contemporary opinion in a very marked manner, and it is this influence—combined with that exerted by the continuous stream of literature which we are pouring forth from our Headquarters—that is at last beginning to tell, and to produce the manifest signs which are now apparent, that the triumph of Humane Principle and the establishment of the Food-Reformation will be brought about in the near future.

The issue of our new Guide-Book provides us with a new weapon with which we may strike a blow at 'carnivorism.' It not only hits hard at this evil, but it shows how easy and how feasible is the adoption of natural and humane diet, and how sufficient it is for human needs. It is produced in such a manner as to win respect and interest, and the majority of journalists and other thoughtful persons who read it will probably cease to sneer at the Food-Reform Movement, and will feel constrained to investigate the subject. We have

already received evidences which justify this statement, amongst which I may mention the following: Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., who have up to the present declined to place our publications on their bookstalls, wrote to us after the receipt of a rough proof, saying they would be pleased to offer the Guide-Book for sale and expressed their opinion that "the book is clearly an interesting one, and calculated to do good if bought and used." The leading publishers in connection with the New-wick Movement have kindly promised to review it and advertise it; the Leaders of the Salvation Army have agreed to stock it and recommend it; one of the principal Temperance publishers has adopted the same course, and one of the first publishing houses in America has undertaken to advertise and push it in the States. We feel, therefore, that this book, accompanied by suitable enclosures, carefully selected from our literary ammunition stores, should be sent out—with the compliments of The Council—to thousands of those who are engaged in the work of influencing the thought and the destinies of mankind. The attractiveness of the cover and the first glance at the interior of the book will in most cases awaken interest, and many of them will probably take it home for perusal at leisure, and for their wives to read, instead of tossing it amongst the pile of literature which is sent for review. It is impossible to estimate the ultimate result of the influence thus exerted upon the minds of these men—and upon the world in general *through them*.

This work of judicious distribution will, however, cost a great deal of money, and our funds are at the present moment overdrawn. The Council, therefore, feel justified in inviting those of our Members and Friends who have means, to contribute specially toward the expense of this effort, after they have sent to us for a copy for themselves and have formed their own opinion as to what influence the book is likely to have if thus widely circulated.

Personally, I feel no hesitation in issuing this invitation, for as I have, from the commencement of the Movement, contributed a considerable portion of my income towards the support of the work of The Order, and have given the whole of my available time and strength to the Movement without stint, I feel justified in asking those who share our ideals, but who are unable to labour as I have done for their accomplishment, to provide some of the money which is needed to accomplish the great end we have in view. An organization has been created and a powerful band of fellow-workers who are scattered over all lands has been raised up. Our Official Journal, the circulation of which has steadily increased every month from the commencement, provides us with a platform from which we can proclaim truth of such a sort as the world needs to know, but which we could not convey to it through the ordinary channels—owing to the popular prejudice and ignorance which has prevailed until the present time. With a few thousands of pounds, and a few men and women of marked ability who were able to devote the whole of their time to this work, we could now rapidly carry our Movement to victory. I am doing all that I can do, and many of my comrades and fellow-workers are doing the same. What we need is, that *all* who share our ideals should feel, *as we feel*, the burden of the work and the responsibility which rests upon us—in view of the light which has been shed upon our path and the great vision of possibility which has been revealed to our minds.

I ask those who cannot contribute money to this work, to render their services in some appreciable measure. If each of our Members and Friends would only endeavour personally to

push the sale of this Guide-Book, by persuading their acquaintances and the public in general to buy it, the circulation would run into hundreds of thousands and our Movement would receive a great impetus at once. If Clergymen and Ministers would mention it to their congregations, and stock it for sale in their Church book-rooms, our efforts would be much furthered.

Any profit that is made from the sale of the book will be devoted to replenishing the depleted exchequer of The Order. I have cheerfully given the time which was necessary for its production, although I sorely needed it for rest and recreation after five years' incessant toil on Sundays and week-days alike. I therefore ask my fellow-workers to help me to get this book into every home in England, America and the Colonies, if possible. Either small or large parcels will be supplied, carriage paid, from Headquarters, and as our members can say (when offering the book) that their efforts are disinterested, they need have no hesitation in starting business as amateur booksellers. Shopkeepers and Colporteurs can be supplied direct upon the same terms as are quoted by the London publishers, namely, ten shillings per dozen copies carriage paid. This will be a convenience for those who have no railway contract for parcels. The book is published, and will be retailed, at net prices for the two editions (1/- and 1/6). Copies will be supplied from Headquarters, packed in strong envelopes, post free, and our Members are requested to send for them direct. In each copy will be placed a leaflet advertisement of the book, which can be handed to a friend, and a batch of these leaflets will be sent gratis to anyone who is willing to use them as a means of introducing the book to others.

On behalf of The Council, who trust to receive the hearty co-operation of all Members in this matter,

Sidney H. Beard.

Health at Home.

It has always been one of the misfortunes of vegetarianism that so many of its recruits have been drawn from the ranks of the sick and suffering.

Dyspeptics and nervous sufferers, who often fly to vegetarianism as a last resource, are apt to expect too much from the change of diet. Being unaware that vegetarianism signifies a good deal more than the giving up of flesh meat, they frequently neglect certain auxiliaries which are indispensable to the successful carrying out of the system.

Having myself a vivid recollection of the trials and difficulties of the "transition period," I naturally feel much sympathy with those who are led to try vegetarianism on account of ill-health, since I must confess that inveterate dyspepsia was the means of driving me into the ranks some 40 years ago. A more miserable victim of that horrible complaint than I was at that period could hardly be imagined. To my mind there seems very little doubt that the adoption at that juncture of a strict vegetarian regimen, aided by hydropathy, saved me from a premature grave.

Assuming, that a fair start has been made with a carefully-chosen, and well regulated dietary, the next requisite, I take it, is attention to the skin, or **Skin-Culture**. This great organ, from its importance in the bodily economy, has been aptly termed "the safety valve of life." Being the only vital organ that the Creator has placed under our own immediate inspection and control, it deserves the utmost care and attention. With a clogged or inactive skin the strictest dieting will avail

nothing. Yet, how few recognise this important fact! Instead of regarding the skin as a great breathing surface, or, as it has been described, a "great drying, draining, and ventilating apparatus," how many treat it simply as a convenient body-covering, and nothing more!

There are various methods of promoting the health of the skin, the most popular being the cold bath, or the "morning tub," as it is commonly called. Another plan is to have a good dry-rubbing of the whole surface twice a day, with a full tepid bath once a week. A rapid cold sponging before the rub-down would add materially to its bracing effect.

With regard to the appliances needed for this process, the rough towel answers well enough. Some recommend friction mittens, of which there are many excellent kinds. But whether the rough towel or gloves be employed, the final polishing of the skin is best done with the bare hand. The vitalising effect of good brisk palm-rubbing is indescribable. In winter it is helpful to use a very little pure olive oil in this hand-rubbing.

By prolonging this operation, which, by the way, should take place in a pure atmosphere, the enthusiastic hygienist may, at the same time, enjoy all the advantages of Dr. Benjamin Franklin's favourite air bath. This exposure of the body to the cold air is productive of the most surprising results. Not only is it a splendid nerve tonic, but it is also one of the best means of preventing "colds." Simultaneously with the air bath another curative agent may be brought into play. If the windows of the bathing room fortunately happen to face the east, what should hinder the adventurous bather from indulging in a Sun bath in fine summer weather? Thus may these three vitalising processes be combined, and a quarter of an hour can scarcely be more profitably spent.

But these simple expedients, though so effective, are, at best, only meagre substitutes for that greatest of all skin cleansers, the Turkish Bath.

More than twenty years' personal experience in the use of this bath warrants me in characterising it as the most powerful therapeutic instrument ever devised by the wit of man. It has been asserted, even by some doctors, that the perspiration caused by such intense heat is weakening. It requires no science to refute this calumny. "An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory." All I can say is, if that charge be true, I must be an uncommonly tough bit of humanity, for during the period named I have taken some 3,000 of these baths, at all temperatures ranging from 120° to 250°, and even 300° Fahr., and yet, up to this time, I fail to notice any diminution of strength. I remember that a medical friend of mine used to joke me a good deal about this at first. He declared that if I continued to use such abnormal heat, some fine morning my friends would find on the bath floor a spot of oil, the size of half-a-crown, representing all that remained of my poor self!

When building my first bath, in 1873, I had the good fortune to obtain the advice and assistance of that great authority on curative heat, the late Mr. David Urquhart, the introducer of the Eastern bath into this country. Although the first outlay was considerable for one of only moderate means, I can honestly say that it has proved the very best investment I have ever made; besides which, I regard the bath itself as not only the most reliable, but also the cheapest of family doctors. In fact, for years it has been our only doctor in a household numbering nine individuals of various ages. This alone I consider a good practical test of its efficiency.

Although the lungs, unlike the skin, are hidden from view, and cannot be handled, yet there is such a thing as **Lung-Culture**. For this there are two prime requisites—pure air and right breathing. The importance of pure air is obvious. A person may continue to exist without food for a considerable time, but without air a few minutes would be sufficient to end his career.

Of course, the best way of getting a proper supply of fresh air is by out-door exercise, but since we cannot be always in the open air, in this climate, we must arrange to bring fresh air into our dwellings. The subject of ventilation is very little understood even in these days of enlightenment. How many people are content to pass one-third of their lives in stuffy bedrooms with closed doors and windows, and, sometimes, even stopped-up chimneys! Bad air may take a little longer to kill than bad water, but kill it does in the end. "Live as much as you can with open windows, wearing whatever extra clothes are necessary. In this way you will turn the hours of your work to physical profit instead of to physical loss. If you cannot bear an open window, even with an extra coat, and a rug over your knees, when you are sitting in a room, do the next best thing, which is, to throw the window wide open—not a poor six inches—whenever you leave it, and thus get rid of the taint of the many dead bodies that we have breathed out of ourselves, and that hang like ghosts about our rooms. Smuts, as we confess, may be bad, but they are white as snow compared with impure air. Avoid chill, that is one form of poisoning. Avoid impure air, which is another and much more insidious form of poisoning."

For those who, through fear of "draughts," cannot endure the open window in winter, the following is a simple contrivance, which I have myself tested:—Get a strip of wood, 3 or 4 inches deep, to fit closely into the window under the lower sash, which is to be shut down upon it. This will cause the sashes to overlap in the centre of the window, thereby causing a continuous current of fresh air, and this being directed upwards will cause no draught.

Having provided for a sufficiency of pure air, we now come to the next requisite—Right Breathing, which is by no means a universal accomplishment. Mr. George Catlin, in his well-known book, with the rather startling title, "Shut your Mouth and Save your Life," says "There is no animal in Nature, excepting Man, that sleeps with the mouth open, and with mankind, the habit, which is not natural, is confined to civilized communities. There is no perfect sleep for man or brute with the mouth open; it is unnatural, and a strain upon the lungs." From long practice of this useful habit of breathing through the nostrils only I can testify to the fact that a closed mouth is superior to all the artificial respirators in existence.

Another powerful aid to lung-culture is Deep Breathing. Hygienic doctors have long recognised the great value of the practice of frequently taking deep inspirations, expanding the chest to the fullest extent, and then slowly "breathing out" until the lungs are nearly emptied. People, as a rule, only half breathe, especially those who take but little exercise. Major-General Drayson has a very suggestive and readable article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1893, on "The Art of Breathing," in which he records his experience of the reviving effects of deep and rapid breathing, especially in sudden attacks of faintness or exhaustion. He concludes by saying that he attributes his immunity from colds, coughs, sore throats, and other ailments that afflict humanity, to his having during many years studied the "art of breathing."

My last point is the care of the stomach, or **Stomach-Culture**. Here diet of course comes first. To the vegetarian "all things are lawful" (excepting the three F's), but "all things are not expedient." Simplicity of living is the main requisite. The old proverb, "Many dishes, many diseases," is just as applicable to vegetarianism as to any other system. Elaborate cookery is not only a weariness of the flesh, but also a fruitful source of most of our bodily discomforts. A celebrated doctor says somewhere, "Were it not for his stomach, man would be a god." By the insertion of a single word this would be nearer the truth:—"Were it not for man's treatment of his stomach he would be a god!"

I have just one more wholesome practice to suggest, viz.: Hot Water Drinking. As an old and persistent hot water drinker I can vouch for the extraordinary virtues of a tumbler of hot water sipped an hour and a half before each meal, and the last thing at night. As a promoter of digestion it is invaluable, and as a cure for insomnia it is absolutely unrivalled. I venture to say there is no sleeping draught in the whole pharmacopœia to equal it. A few precautions are necessary. The water must be soft. Hard water is useless. Distilled water, or rain water filtered and boiled should be used. It must be taken hot (120° Fahr. at least), and always on an empty stomach. I heartily recommend this simple, safe, and costless remedy to all who are practising the diet cure.

T. Owen.

A Tragedy in Three Parts.

Part I.—The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand,
Bows of ribbon and lace,
Wire sufficient to make them stand,
A handful of roses, a velvet band—
It lacks but one crowning grace.

Part II.—The Bird.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings,
Four wide open mouths in a nest;
From morning till night she brings and brings,
For growing birds they are hungry things,
Aye! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped,
A crimson stain on the grass,
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—
Ah, well! we will leave the rest unsaid;
Some things it were better to pass.

Part III.—The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;
The bonnet had flowers, and ribbon, and lace,
But the bird has added the crowning grace—
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,
In a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall;
He hears when the starving nestlings call—
Can a tender woman not care?



"The Coming Race."

I will wear no livery of death, nor deck myself with the emblems of suffering and pain.

Editorial Notes.

Whenever your heart is torn by the dreadful picture of a pitiful famine in India, and when you remember that men can live there comfortably on a penny-worth of food a day, and when you remember that they cannot get this, you will understand what a really poor country India is, and how terrible is the drain upon her to find the millions that we annually withdraw from her.



If a cow is milked too severely she will be debilitated, and in time of strain she will fail, because her surplus stamina is exhausted.

India's taxation is too great for her means, and in time of strain her millions die of famine.

We must agitate for justice for our fellow Vegetarians.

* * *

IRISH SOLDIERS. I was talking to an officer of the Limericks' the other day and he was very interested in the subject of dietary. He told me that so far as his personal experience went of the class of men from which soldiers and militiamen are drawn, they were practical but not theoretical vegetarians.

He treated flesh-eating as quite a thing of habit and custom, and told me that while the Irish peasantry were ready at any time to eat anything, yet, as a matter of fact they hardly ever took meat or bacon, simply because it was not the habit of their class to do so.

* * *

PHYSIQUE. "Well," I asked, "and what is your opinion about their physique? Can they— to use the popular query—'keep up their strength' without meat?"

"My dear fellow," he answered, "they are as fine a lot of men as I would ever care to command; sturdy, well developed, hard muscled, strong and tough in wind and limb, ready for anything at any time, and, barring their love of the drink, they are as fine a set of fellows as you will meet with in the kingdom."

* * *

THEIR DIET. "What do they live on at home?" "Oh from childhood," he replied, "they are brought up on bread and milk and potatoes, and as soon as they become men and women they add porter or beer."

"What about fruit and vegetables?"

"Practically none. In fact Dublin is supplied largely with these commodities direct from Covent Garden and not from the country districts of Ireland."

"Eggs, I suppose?"

"Yes to a limited extent, but the higglers collect a large proportion of Irish laid eggs for sending over to England. No, I think I am right when I say that the staple food of the Irish peasants, the food from which they draw their muscle and bone and nerve, and wonderful good humour, is what I have told you—bread and potatoes, and milk and porter."

* * *

CAMP RATIONS. "Do you approve of their camp rations?" I went on to enquire.

"No, I don't," he answered, "a lot of meat may be all very well for English Tommies who are used

to it, but our Irish soldiers don't need it and they would be better without it—it makes them hot, it makes them restless, and I believe adds to their longings for the wet canteen.

An Irishman is always ready for a drink, but when he is put on meat rations he goes for it like a pig."

* * *

MORALS. "I should like to add," continued the officer, "that the Irish peasant has none of that love of immorality which people often credit the soldier with, he is a very fine moral fellow, and in spite of all his blarney he is the best chap in the world to keep straight;" tell all this, he went on, "to anybody who wants to know whether people can 'keep up their strength' without meat, and if they doubt it, then let them come and inspect my Limerick boys just as I get them, straight from their country home, and they will learn a lesson about vegetarian stamina that they will never forget."

* * *

MEAT INSPECTION.

During last month I had an experience as valuable as it was unpleasant. Amongst my duties in camp was that of inspecting daily rations, and in the early morning I used to go and lift the lids from boiling cauldrons of tea, open tins of condensed milk picked at random from the stores, tear open a specimen loaf of bread from the huge pile brought in from the bakery, poke my nose into butter tubs and bacon casks, and, last but not least, carefully go over the butcher's shop and inspect all the great sides and bodies that lay there.

* * *

THE SMELL OF FLESH.

I can never dissociate cutting into a joint of meat from dissecting a human body, and as time after time the butcher sliced a doubtful lump of meat right across for me to smell into the centre of it, I was reminded that all animal muscle smells much alike—whether it be man or ox, woman or sheep. The smell is faint and deathly, sickly and a little nauseating.

I could not conjure up any instinctive suggestion that the red, soft mass before me with its streaks of fat and drops of blood had anything to do with my food. It seemed impossible to me to think that I or any of my fellow-men or women could put this stuff into our mouths without being sick, and when I went outside and saw a dog running off with a scraggy hanging piece and beginning to gnaw off bits and swallow them, I could not help feeling a little proud of my evolution and a little gladness that I was not a dog!

* * *

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE ANIMALS?

This is always a serious problem to objectors. They will have it that one of the functions of man—made in the image of God—is to keep down the surplus animals by eating them. The definition of "vermin" is, I believe, "destructive or unwanted animals," and therefore these gentlemen believe that one of their functions, and one they feel bound in duty to discharge, is that of vermin eating.

Very well. I don't quarrel with them. In fact I think it rather nice and good of them to be willing to undertake this somewhat repulsive duty.

* * *

THE LOWEST CASTE.

Personally I should have inclined to have put this duty on the lower classes, upon men of lower development. The hyenas and jackals of the human race must be placed in the lowest caste, whatever their wealth or lineage or social status may be.

If then men are willing to come forward and voluntarily place themselves with the pariah feeders, in order that the demands of the cosmic law for the destruction of the superabundant may be fulfilled, I can only say 'all honour to their self-sacrifice'—if such be the reason of their flesh-eating.

MR. BEARD'S
BOOK.

can for a moment doubt.

We want more common sense in our propaganda, more sanctified common sense, more of the practical, but not any less of the ideal.

In the making of cookery books there is no end, some are good, others are poor, and some are worse than useless; but there are few books which give real scientific advice as to the value of foods and their preparation, looked at from the point of view of making men healthier, stronger and better as the result of their dietary.

Fewer still which add to this wise, advice upon other laws of living and which look upon man as an intelligent being anxious to live naturally, healthfully and hygienically, if he only be shown how to do it.

* * *

FOR
THOUGHTFUL
WOMEN.

I tried this myself in a small way when I wrote my *Best Sixpenny Cookery* and my *Best Way to Begin*, but Mr. Beard has covered a much wider ground and in an able way has prepared for the world a book which may be put fearlessly into the hands of every thoughtful woman in the land.

This "Guide" is one which will take rank in popularity and value with the best vegetarian literature of the day, and all Members of The Order should keep one copy for their own use and one copy to lend to friends.

* * *

CANCER.

There are so many foolish notions prevalent about the cause of cancer that I am always glad to publish facts which can help to set people's minds at rest and prevent them worrying about fallacies. The following letter from our brave pioneer, the Rev. A. M. Mitchell, is valuable testimony and should be widely read.

He says: In conversation with our Assistant Bishop (Dr. Royston) the other day, he told me that tomato is used in some form or other at every meal in the Mauritius, where he was Bishop for some eighteen years, I think. As I had heard it stated that the prevalence of cancer is due to the free use of tomatoes, I asked him if cancer prevailed to any extent on the Island. His answer was that, in the whole course of his episcopate, he did not remember one case of cancer, except that of a man who developed it in his tongue, but whose case was not pronounced until he had left the Mauritius.

* * *

A MOTTO.

The Rev. J. Cranford writes that he had the following stanza printed and put up in his stables. It is more than delightful to find that the Gospel of Humaneness is spreading far and wide.

When men learn that they may not be cruel to their horses because God made the horse as well as the man, the time is not far off when the cow and the sheep and the bullock will also be protected from an agonised death, because God made *them* too as well as the gourmand.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
Remember, He who made thee made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason formed him mule,
He can't complain, but God's All-seeing Eye
Beholds thy cruelty and hears his cry;
He was ordained thy servant, not thy drudge,
But know that his Creator is thy Judge.

* * *

MEAT
EXTRACTS.

The present generation swears by meat extracts. I am not sure that the irreverent in the next generation will not swear at them. They are believed to be fountains of strength and mines of nutriment and fatuous followers of the cult of canned essences are always asking in high pitched tones "But what would Vegetarians do for beef tea when they are ill"? — as if the sick kept up their strength or recovered by the power of beef tea!

How do babies progress from the weakness of absolute incapacity to the sturdy strength of independent vitality?

Without beef tea, and without meat extracts, they build up a strength which every invalid can envy.

* * *

AN INDEPEN-
DENT OPINION.

However, it is always well to get an independent opinion however strong you may know your own case to be, and I quote, therefore, with some pleasure a few extracts from a very interesting paper which Dr. Bolam contributed a few months ago to a Medical Journal. He says:—

The different commercial preparations are grouped under four heads:—
I. *Beef extracts*, of which Liebig's is the type, are made by extracting meat at at least the boiling point. They have practically no nutritive value.

II. *Beef juices* are expressed from the meat and preserved in a condition approaching the raw material as nearly as possible. The majority are unpalatable. In the more concentrated, alcohol is used as a preservative. Analyses of those most commonly used showed a proteid merit varying from 8 to 11.15. But the cost is relatively exorbitant. When it is remembered that the proteid merit of lean beef is 20, and that the best of these juices has little more than half its food value, it is evident that the homeopathic doses usually given can have little nutritive value.

III. *Beef jellies and essences* give 9 to 11 per cent. alcohol precipitate which consists, instead of proteid and gelatin, as might be expected, almost entirely of mucin. Although mucin is a compound proteid it is very doubtful if its food value is even as good as gelatin. It is to be suspected that they are manufactured much as calf's foot jelly is, and that the only difference lies in the addition of the flavouring principles of meat. As foods then they are of little worth.

IV. *Fluid beef preparations*, now largely exploited on account of their relatively high proteid value, are very much alike in composition and mode of manufacture. It must always be remembered that even fluid beef is only a little more nutritious (as 5 to 4) than the original meat, and must, therefore, be prescribed in proportionate amount. The statements current in advertising literature, as to the concentration of such products, hold good only for the extractives and salts, not for the important proteid constituents.

* * *

WHO CAN
ADVISE?

I have received an interesting letter from a lady in Northampton who is trying amid many difficulties to follow the "better way," and like those who have received the "good news" into their hearts, she is anxious to do what she can to bring others into the same path. Her idea is to start a "Food Reform Depot," where not only Vegetarian specialities could be obtained, but where she could provide ready-made dishes, cakes, pastry, etc., so as to demonstrate Vegetarian food in a practical manner. Can any friend who has had similar experience give her advice or help in her undertaking? Miss Marriott writes:—

* * *

HOW I BEGAN.

I went to an eminent doctor about five years ago to have my eyes tested with a view to getting suitable glasses, but he told me they would be no use to me and advised me not to eat much butcher's meat. I never had been a large meat-eater, but the worst of it was that he did not tell me what to eat in its place. I tried to do without any at all for about three days in the week, but did not feel right with the ordinary vegetables, so took a smaller portion every day. However, one day a traveller called on me and he happened to say that he was a Vegetarian. He looked so hearty, rosy, and well that I asked him if he would tell me how he lived, but he said he did not know that he could very well because his food was so varied, but he just told me a few things he had.

* * *

A XMAS DINNER.

When I had *The Herald* last Xmas I began to practise in earnest and got a Vegetarian supper for my Xmas party with the exception of the plum pudding and mince pies which were made before I knew how to make them otherwise, but next time I make them they will be made on the Reformed lines.

I feel to loathe meat now and could on no account go back to it, I do not like the smell of any kind of it as it is cooking.

* * *

A FOOD REFORM
DEPOT.

I have planned a little alteration in my shop and the placing of a gas oven in which I could bake nice cakes or other things. I can make some nice things in pastry and puddings and cakes which perhaps will draw attention to the Vegetarian specialities. I shall be very glad for any suggestions or help you can afford me in this as I am anxious to make it a success. I am anxious to help spread the cause, and in the first three months of this year I made and distributed amongst friends and neighbours some of the dishes for which recipes have been given in *The Herald* and the *Simple Guide to a Humane Diet*.

GLUTTONY.

A well-known American writer thinks that the time has come for a prophet to appear to condemn the sins of this age and to lift up his voice for a new heaven and a new earth. He declares that luxurious gluttony is one of the crying sins of the day, and says:—

"Multitudes of earth's inhabitants to-day have no higher ambition in life than to secure enough to satisfy the demands of indulged and pampered appetite. This age is noted for its high living. Content no longer with the simplicity of their fathers, and with the necessities of life, there is a reaching out after display. Those things which appeared to the human race a century ago as luxuries, are now deemed absolute necessities. In consequence, the cost of living is materially increased; and by these indulgences, thousands of families are held down to a hand-to-mouth existence, and in every period of stress come to suffer actual need."

Where will such a prophet stand? Will he stand by Mr. Sheldon and say that Christianity has no message with regard to the eating of meat? Will he join with the sinners of the table upon the plea that in days gone by prophets have spoken upon other themes? Will he bless the shambles and lay a hand of benediction upon the slaughterman's head?

I think not.

When that prophet arises he will be a greater than Mr. Sheldon. He will not fear his comrades nor shrink lest he be called a faddist, he will stand upon a higher rock than the preacher who practises not. He will, yea he must, like the stout Essenes of old, keep his own garments undefiled, his own lips unpolluted, his own appetite controlled, ere he can stand up and convict this age of gluttony or convert it to a higher life of temperate food.

* * *

A HOME COMMUNITY.

Miss Alice Major, of 11, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W., writes to me as follows:—

It is now some fifteen years ago that I first began to realise that abstention from flesh-food was advisable, if not essential, for anyone who was making any effort after the higher life; but it is only recently that I have discovered a system of diet which will enable me to live according to my conscience without injuring my physical health.

As I believe that there are many persons like myself who desire earnestly to be aristophagists, but who have found difficulty in carrying out their wish owing to lack of scientific knowledge, I beg you to grant me this opportunity of making it known that I shall be happy to share my experience with anyone who will call upon me or write to me at the address given above. It would require a long article rather than a letter to go into the subject in full, and I am writing now as briefly as possible in the hope that you may manage to find a corner for a communication which has been unduly delayed.

Miss Major wants to form a community of friends who have similar ideas as to the retention of health rather than either to open a boarding house, a convalescent home, or a hospital.

* * *

DO PLANTS LOVE MUSIC?

Professor Hans Teitgen, a musician of New York, suggests a theory that plants love music, a theory which has an element of truth in it, but which he has tended to make ridiculous by some exaggerations. The kinship of all life is a beautiful creed, and one which must tend to make men very reverent in the presence of any death, whether of plant, or animal, or man. He says "I have come to see clearly that plants love music as well as sunshine, that they grow more luxuriantly in a studio where there is music, and that the tender buds break more quickly into beautiful blossoms than they do in silence or in discord of sounds." In answer to the question on what he based his theory, the Professor said: "I believe in the first place that Darwin was right. All flesh is grass. The animal creations came up through the vegetable kingdom. We are descended in our turn from some rare and beautifully flowering plants. We all have nerves. As the animals grow more and more perfect they have finer nervous systems. Mankind is growing in this way all the time, and even the lower animals have nerves. Who, then, shall say with authority that some of the higher plants do not possess them? There is the sensitive plant. It is not very far, it seems to me, from low animal life. A Boston musician I know says that when he plays harmonies his sensitive plant

opens and stretches abroad, drinking in the music like sunshine. But the minute he strikes a discord the plant trembles and closes. Harmonious vibrations of the air thrill through and through the fibres of plants, stirring the sluggish juices in the same way that they stir the blood of the animal to greater and nobler impulses."

* * *

DISASTROUS FIRES.

Every reader of *The Herald* will be more than sorry to hear of the disasters which have befallen two of our Vegetarian houses through fire.

The International Health Association have lost all their "manufacturing premises, together with all stock and machinery which were totally destroyed by fire on the 15th ult., so that for the present no orders for health foods can be executed."

I hope it will not be long before the Salford Mills are in full working order again and that the foods that many of us have learned to appreciate will be procurable once more.

The second fire is that which happened at the well-known Vegetarian restaurant—the Central—in St. Bride Street. Mr. Castle is one of the most capable and kindly and large-hearted of Vegetarian caterers, and I hope that immediately the Central opens its doors again a double tide of custom will roll in to show Mr. Castle how greatly and how widely his work for the reformed diet is appreciated.

* * *

FOOD AND DISEASE.

Figures tell the truth sometimes, and when they do they cannot be controverted. Now disease is admittedly always terrible, always to be combated, always to be

conquered.

The cause must be sought for, and the cause must be removed before a real cure is possible.

People often ask "But what will a Vegetarian do when he gets ill?" as if sick people were obliged to eat meat!

Why, it is one of the signs of approaching convalescence when a man is well enough to stand meat again!

Is it not on everybody's lips. "Oh yes, he's getting on nicely now, he's nearly himself again, he was able to eat a bit of chop yesterday."

* * *

VEGETARIANISM CURES.

Like Nebuchadnezzar, who was cured of his madness by seven years of Vegetarianism, so the majority of men get over their worst stages of illness by a Vegetarian diet—milk and arrowroot, and custard and cornflour, and oranges and grapes—and it is only when they are getting stronger again that they can stand the strain of chops and steaks, and "good old beef."

* * *

THE STRAIN OF FLESH EATING.

What this strain means is, I think, emphasised by some startling figures that have just come into my hands.

We may, I think, assume that, generally speaking, trades and professions flourish only where they are needed.

When we find doctors to increase in numbers we may assume that disease has been and is prevalent.

Now read these figures and ask yourself if they do not mean that increased flesh-eating goes hand in hand with increased disease.

Country.	lbs. of meat per head.	Doctors per millions of population.
Italy ...	26 ...	280
Germany ...	64 ...	355
Great Britain ...	102 ...	578
Australia ..	270 ...	718

* * *

And yet people go on blindly and fatuously believing that they will get weak and ITS "GOODNESS"? liable to disease if they give up eating flesh-meat!

The virtues of beer have been exploded.

The virtues of beef have been exploded.

There is only 'baccy' left to keep up the stamina of the race

Open Letter to the Rev. C. M. Sheldon.

My Dear Mr. Sheldon,—On the occasion of your recent visit to Dundee, you honoured us by becoming our guest, and saw that our table was furnished with nothing that necessitated the taking of life. This, as you will remember, led to some conversation, in which my wife and I explained to you that we had, nine years before, renounced all forms of blood diet, and that our children were being brought up healthily and vigorously without meat, fish, game or poultry. You are also aware that I, in my own way and sphere, am interested in the endeavour to walk "In His Steps"; and that my reasons for abstaining from blood diet are not primarily economic or hygienic, but benevolent and humanitarian, *i.e.*, religious. My intercourse with you confirmed the impressions received from your published writings—impressions so flattering to your earnestness, sincerity and goodness that I spare you the pain of reading them. You will, therefore, readily understand my surprise upon reading your deliverance to the Convention of Endeavourers that the question as to whether it was right to butcher animals for food did not come within the scope of the Convention. Such an answer, coming from such a man, to such an assembly, only shews us what an immense work yet lies before us; for if the author of "What would Jesus do?" could say to a gathering of people pledged to endeavour to walk "In His Steps" that the question of abolishing all the cruelties and sins connected with the practice of eating flesh has nothing to do with Christianity—how dark and terrible must be the minds of the average people, and how herculean the task that lies before those of us who would bring them to a conscience of sin on this matter. And since the true way of reform is to work from centre to circumference, it cannot be wrong to begin with C. M. Sheldon.

I am astounded when I think that a custom so hideous and disgusting to the æsthetic faculty, so shocking to the moral sense, and so sinful to the conscience of many amongst us, should yet be pronounced, by one of the best men in Christendom, to have no connection with Christian Endeavour! On what grounds, may I ask, do we agree to put the abolition of drunkenness amongst the items of the Endeavour programme? On the grounds, surely, that it destroys health and intellect, wastes the resources of individuals and of society on that which is not bread, leads to crime and immorality, ruins the soul as well as the body of its victim, and condemns the civilised world to continue on a low plane of moral and social life. It is on grounds similar to these that many of us condemn the practice of killing in order to eat.

Having looked long and anxiously into it, we are convinced that a flesh-diet is less conducive to health than a natural diet; that it is directly productive of some hideous diseases—cancer and consumption, for instance; that it leads to a loss of intellectual power; that it is an economic loss, causing immense tracts of ground to be given over to grass that might be devoted to grain or fruit to feed men, instead of merely feeding the beast that feeds man; that, further, by turning men to cattle-raising instead of corn-growing, it abolishes the labour of the ploughman and the peasant, assists to depopulate the country and sends into the town swarms of men to become day-labourers, slum-dwellers, tramps, and loafers; that it fosters the brutal and inhuman instincts in the natures of those whose business it is to breed and kill, as, in part also, of those who buy and eat; that it demoralizes, and in so far as demoralization is damnation—and how far that is, I leave

you to consider—destroys the souls of men; and that, finally, it is one of the chief agents in keeping Christendom down to its present low, base, brutal, and bloody code of ethics, in all judicial, social, industrial, and international affairs.

It may, perhaps, astonish you to read such an indictment; but the fact that it can be put deliberately down on paper by one, presumably sane in other respects—yes, and presumably Christian—entitles it to your deep and respectful consideration. To many of us the practice of butchering in order to live has become numbered amongst the sins; for we cannot think it has the sanction of the Maker of all, or the approbation of the Redeemer of all, that we should exist by means of the death of myriads of our fellow-creatures under conditions, frequently of cruelty, and almost always under previous circumstances of great suffering and pain—by transport, road, rail, or ship. Nor can we imagine that the Maker and Redeemer desires that the men who breed, drive, and kill them, should be demoralized in order that we might dine like the carnivores.

We, for our part, are entirely convinced that it is wrong to live by the death of these gentle, innocent, and beautiful creatures, and no considerations of health or life would persuade us to do so. We are quite ready to die, if die we must, rather than prolong life by the death of these unwilling victims of man's thoughtlessness and selfishness. And if I were compelled to believe that the Almighty Father had so ordered His world that human life and happiness must be built upon an underworld of suffering, misery, and degradation; that the graces and virtues must for ever exist upon the seething hell of pain, cruelty, hardness of heart, and nameless horrors connected with the system of cattle-ranches, cattle-trucks, cattle-ships, slaughter-houses, butcher-shops—well, I should begin to question whether my conception of His Wisdom and Love could any longer be entertained.

Nor is it possible for me to believe that the Being who uttered the great Beatitude of Mercy would countenance this vast system of organized cruelty, or desire that His Christendom should be built upon the shambles.

I am certain He designed that gracious saying of His to live and blossom and seed in the hearts of His followers till it brought forth the perfect fruits of mercy in a world utterly delivered from cruelty, injustice, and violence.

I am certain that the true Christianity is indistinguishable from Mercy; and that Christ is best and most attractively presented to men as the great Being who voluntarily shed His own blood, in order that there might be, throughout a redeemed world, *no more shedding of blood*.

These, My Dear Mr. Sheldon, are only some of the thoughts aroused in me by your utterance: and only some of the arguments with which I could assail it. But my reliance is on my sure knowledge of your goodness—what, after consideration, you see to be right, you will do, of that I am certain. God has lifted you into a position of great influence, and, therefore, of great responsibility.

What you may decide as to your personal habit, I know not; nor am I responsible. But, in view of the strong and truthful protest implied in this letter, it will not be possible for you to put the question aside as one that lies outside the scope of Christian Endeavour—one with which, in other words, Christianity has nothing to do. I, for my part, affirm, on the other side, that Christendom can only take the next great step upwards on the path of true morality and religion, by adopting the Beatitude of Mercy in all its fullness. What

have you to say to it? You cannot ignore it. Thousands will, with interest and prayer, wait your answer.

Accept my warmest regards, and believe me to be,

Dear Mr. Sheldon, most cordially yours,

Walter Walsh.

Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee, 17th August, 1900.

[To this letter Mr. Sheldon has just replied. We append his letter but cannot feel that it is the answer we would have expected from one who wants to be a leader of men. If it takes Mr. Sheldon months to come to his present position wherein he will perhaps think over the matter and at some future time perhaps make up his mind and speak, how can we expect the ordinary unlearned, unspiritual man to take up any definite position towards any great moral problem when it is presented to him for the first time?

Mr. Sheldon still sits on the fence propped up by an "if" when conclusive evidence is to his hand on every side. What wonder then that the man of the world who makes no great pretence to close fellowship with the Master's will is satisfied to jog along in his seamy path waiting for his "if" to be solved by other people, and happy, quite happy, to remain in ignorance of the claims of God upon him. —Ed. H. G. A.]

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 31st, 1900,

MY DEAR WALSH,

Thank you for your letter. I regret that I did not answer the question on the killing of animals for food (as it was put to me at the Endeavour Convention) in a different manner, that is, by saying that if it were a fact that blood-food was productive of immoral habits it should be discontinued. I did not mean to be discourteous or unchristian in any way and beg pardon of all the friends who were hurt by my seeming to be so. But as a matter of fact, I have not studied the question sufficiently to have, as yet, any convictions upon it that are strong enough to be spoken. That is my reason for not wishing to discuss the question at the Convention; because it was not pertinent to the subject of that Conference, as I was not competent to declare positively any convictions. When, through sufficient study of the subject, I have some message that ought to be made public, I shall not hesitate to do so. My best wishes to Mrs. Walsh and yourself. I retain with great pleasure my visit to you.

You are at liberty to publish this if you desire. Cordially,
Charles M. Sheldon.

A Personal Experiment.

Zoon after becoming a vegetarian, twenty-four years ago, I abstained from salt merely to see what effect it would have. The result seemed beneficial and the taste for it gradually died and ultimately salt became objectionable. If there had been a natural need for it the desire would have increased by abstinence.

One remarkable benefit I derived which I had not thought about was freedom from an occasional intense irritation, and I have not once had a return of it.

I work amongst rough timber, American Oak, Birch, Fir, etc. I have to shave and chop these and frequently get splinters in the hands which have very frequently gathered and I have been unable to work for weeks, several times solely on account of these splinters, three times the doctors had to use a knife.

In order to find out whether the use of salt would make any difference, I have for about two years used salt cooked with cereals such as oatmeal, which I use almost every day at work. As the use of or abstinence from salt does not involve any principle but is entirely a matter of personal benefit or injury we may consistently use it or not.

I must say that it greatly improves the taste of cereals, in fact it seems the best addition, as all cereals and pulses are unpalatable or uninviting alone.

The use of salt, however, during the past two years has not made any difference in the tendency to gathering through splinters in the hands.

Vegetarianism has cured me of toothache, neuralgia, and consequently greatly increased my power of endurance mental and physical. No circumstance would induce me to depart from it. It seems able to cure anything that is curable and will greatly alleviate anything that is incurable.

It is to my mind the chief reform needed to help on the Golden Age for all sentient things. To anyone who feels it to be a part of his duty to make the world better than he found it and to anyone unwell I say adopt vegetarianism.

David Chambers.

P.S.—Perhaps I ought to add that I am a life abstainer from intoxicants and tobacco (57 years) and 24 years an abstainer from all stimulating drink.

"Poi."

The Chief Food of the Hawaiian Natives.

The chief food of the Hawaiian natives, or aborigines of the Sandwich Isles, is "poi," a dish made from the taro plant.



Primitive Corn Reaping.

The climate of Hawaii is unsurpassed—a perpetual summer without an enervating heat—the north-east trade winds sweeping across a vast ocean region mingle their cool breezes with the soft balmy zephyrs of the tropics.

These go to form one of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the world—virulent fevers are almost unknown, while pneumonia and diphtheria are seldom heard of.

Children thrive amazingly, both native and foreign. Owing to the mild and genial climate, all vegetation of the tropics, sub-tropic, and temperate climes reaches its highest perfection.

Figs and strawberries are as plentiful in December as in June; roses, lilies, and carnations can be gathered the year round. The varied foliage and flowers of the gardens, ravines, and forests are indescribable.

The taro plant is indigenous to these islands and there are two varieties; namely, the dry land taro, which grows on land moist enough for the cultivation of coffee, and the wet land taro which requires the soil to be full of moisture; in fact it is kept partly covered with water by irrigation ditches during most of its growth. When cooked the tops of the young leaves resemble spinach in flavour.

The tubers are full of an acrid substance which disappears on cooking. However, the great use to which the taro plant is put by the natives is to make "poi" of it.

Long before Juan Gaetano, the Spanish navigator, saw the Hawaiian Isles in 1555, "poi" was the chief and national dish of the islanders. They flourished and thrived wondrously on it. To day no race of men has a finer physique or more healthful appearance. This is owing to their living almost entirely on the products of taro, the tubers of which contain more nutriment for a given weight than any other vegetable.

Children are passionately fond of "poi," and many infants, both native born and foreign, are reared on it.

It is very fattening and bone forming. The flesh of the child after a few days' feeding on "poi" pap becomes firm and shines with health. At all native feasts a calabash of "poi" is placed before each guest.

The "poi" is made from the taro tubers in the following way: The tubers are cooked, then scraped and pounded, a little water being added until they become a thick paste. This is put on one side to ferment when it becomes fit for eating and is called "poi."

Formerly it was made entirely by the natives, but through their laziness and unbusinesslike habits the manufacture is now chiefly in the hands of the Chinese, who have factories in Honolulu in which they turn out large quantities. The method employed by the natives in eating "poi" is peculiar. No spoon is used. The guests at a "luau" (feast) sit on mats supported by pillows, before each one is a calabash of "poi," besides fish and meat of many kinds cooked in "ti" (pronounced tea) leaves. To partake of the "poi" the first and second finger of the right hand are dipped in the calabash and the "poi" twisted round them and so conducted to the mouth. Foreigners living on the islands soon adopt the native manner of eating it, and even say that it is far more enjoyable than using a spoon. A very superior flour is also made from the taro plant, and it possesses many advantages over flour made from cereals. It is at the same time so nutritious and so easily digested that it is largely used by invalids. A small quantity of this flour is exported to the United States, and, when its superior qualities become more generally known, no doubt a large export trade will be done.

So universal is the cultivation of the taro plant, and in so great esteem is it held by the Hawaiians, that the "ukulele," or Taro Patch Guitar, is especially made by them, on which to sing its praises. Herbert Mockford.

ORIOLET FESTIVAL.

The Festival at Oriolet Hospital, Loughton, on Sept. 8th, was an immense success. A large and distinguished party met to welcome the Countess of Portsmouth and Lady Gwendolen Herbert and were well repaid by listening to a speech replete with eloquence, grace, and power.

Lady Portsmouth has a silvern tongue, and a mind stored with such wide reading that she is able to stud her speech with many a gem of poetry and prose.

Lady Portsmouth, with an eloquence which carried away her audience, emphasised the healing value of Air and Sun, of Mental leading, and of Spiritual power. She spoke of the beauty of Tenderness and of the Crown which comes to patience, of the golden gifts of Vigilance, and the ever-present omnipotence of God to bless all good and humane labours.

Lady Gwendolen Herbert, in presenting a certificate of training to the senior nurse, gave a few wise words upon the great responsibility of a nurse's life and her great opportunities for good. She pointed out that the Divine gift of gentle patience and a hand that healed was a crown of joy to the nurse and a treasure of comfort and consolation to the patient.

Everyone regretted that Mr. A. F. Hills who has so generously lent Oriolet to St. Francis was away at Cromer and so could not be present. Professor Mayor, too, at the last moment telegraphed from Cambridge his regrets that he could not keep his promise to be present, but Commander Turner (the treasurer) journeyed up from Devonshire, and Mr. Harold Whiston from Macclesfield, and joined in the proceedings.

Mr. Sidney Beard, being unable to be present, sent a cheque for the collection plate, and the Ivy Leaves of Ireland telegraphed five shillings for it.

Dr. Oldfield paid a high tribute to his colleagues of the medical and nursing and household staffs for the way in which they had made such a pioneer institution not only possible, but successful.

A photographic group was taken and also a photograph of the open air ward. Copies may be obtained post-free for 2/ from the Secretary of Oriolet.

Banana Meal.

Starch in *Chemistry* is the name applied to a highly important organic compound, which exists in all plants with the exception of certain algae and lichens. It occurs in the form of solid granules, which have a distinct organised structure. It occurs in large quantity in the seeds of dicotyledonous plants, especially in those of the pea and bean tribe; in still larger quantity in the monocotyledons, especially cereals; and in large quantity in potatoes, the pith of the sago palm, in the root of the plant of which tapioca is prepared, and in plantains (*Musa paradisiaca*).

Starch does not dissolve in either water or alcohol, but if it is heated with water the granules absorb water, swell, and burst, forming a viscous liquid which solidifies to a jelly in cooling. Pure starch is a white powder without taste or smell. Its constitution, which is apparently very complicated, is not yet known. The starch from the plantain (in the unripe state) cannot be extracted in a perfectly white condition, in consequence of being associated with a colouring matter from which it is almost impossible to separate it. This colouring matter resists the action of the most powerful bleaching reagents.

Albumen is the name applied to the matter which exists in the purest form in the white of eggs and in the *serum of the blood*; it is a complex substance, containing carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a small proportion of sulphur. Its most remarkable property is that it coagulates upon the application of heat, or when an acid or alkali is added to it, forming a more or less white solid—a phenomenon with which we are all familiar in the white of an egg which has been cooked. *Albuminoids* or *proteids* are a class of substances allied to albumen in composition and resembling it in properties, such as *fibrine*, one of the constituents of blood, and *casein* which exists in milk.

Fibrine forms a most important and highly nutritious constituent of food, being an organic compound which occurs in the blood, and in certain other liquids in the animal body. *Vegetable Fibrine* occurs in plants, especially in the seeds of the cereal grasses, and in the degree explained below, in the cooking banana or plantain. Fibrine may be regarded as coagulated albumen. Chemically both differ, but very slightly. Albumen constitutes the chief compound of nerve matter, out of which the nerves are formed. Fibrine is found in small quantities in the blood, but is principally distributed over the body, of the muscular tissues of which it constitutes a large proportion.

"The following analyses of the common plantain, fresh and dried respectively, are closely representative of the character of all varieties. Plantains are essentially a starchy food.

COMPOSITION OF SAMPLE OF COMMON PLANTAINS.

"Fleshy matter or pulp, 64.5 per cent.; skin, 35.5 per cent.

	Fresh Pulp.	Flour from dried Pulp.
Water	62.86	11.80
Fats44	1.05
Albuminoids	1.58	3.75
Glucose	2.25	5.34
Starch	22.16	52.64
Tannin, gum, etc.50	1.20
Digestible fibre	9.01	21.37
Indigestible fibre40	.95
Ash (mineral matters)80	1.90
	100.00	100.00

Amongst the albuminoids or proteids *Phosphorus*, classed among the elementary bodies of matter, is very interesting for the share it takes in the composition of animal bodies, and for its extensive economic uses. But albuminous substances are no longer regarded as possessing the enormous value for

nutritive purposes formerly attributed to them, it being recognised that the nitrogenous tissues of the body have less mobility than hitherto assumed. Their prominent position is now assigned to the *carbohydrates* which are *great sources of energy*.

In plantain-meal the starch, albuminoids, and fibrine are reduced to a very fine flour, which, according to G. Klemperer (*Deut. med. Woch.*, June 28th, 1897) "in albuminous substances powdered or in a soluble form are thoroughly to be recommended in most cases." According to the same authority "Carbohydrates are very necessary to the debilitated and to the febrile." Moreover, he thinks "that it is very desirable to return more to natural instead of artificial products." Undoubtedly, in artificial preparations "malt extract is of considerable value as it contains 53 per cent. of sugar and 15 per cent. of dextrin, but there are substances like honey which are much cheaper and for most individuals equally good." Klemperer employs honey, milk, sugar and similar preparations, and finishes saying:—"There are so many good fatty preparations, such as butter, cream, oil, etc., that artificial preparations are almost unnecessary."

Now one of the more striking features of this natural product, plantain meal, is the solubility of the carbohydrate portion (*Chem. News*, June 4th, 1897). With only warm water the whole of it forms quickly a thin mucilage which is apparently very digestible. The extreme solubility of this flour is further emphasised by the fact that it has long been used in the island of Cuba as a food or gruel for infants just leaving off breast feeding, *despite its being essentially a starchy substance*. The phosphoric acid in it is fairly large, hence its value is enhanced when we consider the important part played by phosphorus in the economy.

This product is peculiarly rich in saccharine matter and medical authorities believe that a given quantity of sugar is necessary to health, especially if a person is energetic. It is claimed that no substance restores muscular waste so quickly as sugar, and this applies with still more force to plantain meal which combines with an abundance of sugar the various elements before stated.

R. A. de Rondan.

Household Wisdom.

Few people know what may be done with a tin of tomatoes and what a variety of dishes can be made from one.

For all who live in the country and are out of reach of a constant supply of the fresh fruit, it is a good plan to keep a reserve store of tinned tomatoes. In fact, for all housewives in the winter, they are most useful to have at hand, especially if one is suddenly called upon to provide an unexpected lunch or dinner. One tin of tomatoes goes much further than 1-lb. of the fresh fruit, and usually at less cost, and if a good brand, such as "Quinton" or "Crown" is obtained, the fruit is of good flavour and reliable. To begin with, there is the favourite tomato soup for which everyone has their own recipe, and which, with tinned fruit, can be made very quickly. A very good soup can be made with just the liquid from the tin, reserving the pulp for other dishes. Fry a few sliced vegetables, onions, carrots, etc., or any scraps, add stock, or gravy, and seasoning, and lastly the tomato liquid. If the vegetables are in large pieces put through a coarse sieve, thicken, if necessary, and just bring to the boil again. Milk may be added if no stock is handy.

The liquid also makes good tomato sauce, just thickened with corn flour and seasoned. Or it makes a delicious gravy. Place a tablespoonful of ground walnuts and one of browned flour in a pan with a lump of nucoline and stir constantly until a very dark brown. Then add a little boiling water, onion juice, seasoning, and lastly the tomato liquid, and let it simmer slowly for a short time. This gravy keeps for a week if boiled up once or twice. Any quantity can be made.

Then with the pulp there is Tomato Savoury to be made. Place all the pulp in a pan, grate nearly the whole of a Spanish onion with it, add a lump of nucoline and cook slowly 20 minutes. Put through a very coarse sieve or masher. Return to the pan, add one egg (beaten), and stir till it thickens. Remove from the fire and add bread crumbs and grated cheese.

Part of the mixture may be put on one side for making hot and serving on buttered toast (an excellent supper dish), the rest may be potted, adding a few more crumbs if necessary, or it can be used at once for sandwiches. Another way to use the pulp is to boil some rice until quite cooked, only very moist. Take a greased pie dish and put alternate layers of rice and tomato, interspersed with chopped parsley and seasoning till the dish is full. Scatter over dried bread crumbs and some good lumps of butter, cover with greased paper and bake in a slow oven.

Macaroni or barley may be used in the same way if well cooked first. Or just layers of bread crumbs and tomato with butter, etc., may be baked.

The pulp may also be used for "Scrambled Tomatoes" (see *The Herald* for August).

Tomato Pie with Potato Crust.

Cover the bottom of a pie dish with the tomato pulp, spread over with chopped parsley, butter, pepper and salt. Cover with mashed potatoes and bake till brown. Serve with tomato sauce or gravy.

Rice and Tomato Rissoles.

Boil ½-lb. rice till quite stiff in milk and water. Cook part of the tomato pulp in a little nucoline, with some grated onion and seasoning. Pour off any liquid and mix well with the rice. Bind together with one egg and when cold shape into rolls with a little flour or crumbs and fry brown.

Tomato Soufflé.

Half a tin of tomato pulp, 6-ozs. bread crumbs, 2 tablespoonfuls of fried onion, 2 or 3 eggs. Cook the tomatoes a little and mix in with the bread crumbs and onion. Add the eggs (beaten well) and the seasoning. Melt 1-oz. butter in a dish and when it boils pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven one hour. The soufflé may be eaten hot or cold. It is a good cold savoury, garnished with parsley and slices of tomato or beetroot, or cut in very thin slices for sandwiches. It will keep several days, and if it gets at all dry is delicious cut in thick slices, dipped in egg and bread crumbs and fried.

Tomato Cutlets.

For small quantity use half the tomato pulp, and the rest can be used for another of the dishes mentioned.

Drain off all liquid and put in a pan over the fire and stir in a large cupful of well mashed potatoes, 1-oz. butter, salt, pepper, and a cupful of bread crumbs. Mash well together and add one egg (beaten), and when mixed thoroughly remove from the fire and spread on a flat dish. When cold cut with a cutlet mould and dip in egg and bread crumbs, or simply flour, and fry brown. Serve with tomato sauce.

Daisy Whiston.

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

So much we might accomplish! Yet we stand
Day after day, and meekly hold a hand
For manna falling from the skies,
While all life's field untilled around us lies.

O wasted opportunities, ye rise
Like ghosts to haunt us, when the body lies
At rest at night, and conscience lifts her face,
Pale with the knowledge of a soul's disgrace.

Clare K. Alden.



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Tiger or Angel?



There are some who doubt whether the day will ever break.

There are some who believe that the night is eternal.

There are some who argue that cruelty always has been and that, therefore, cruelty always will be.

There are some who look out on the dismal waste of waters and croak that there is no land. They would bid every Columbus turn back in disappointment from his voyage of discovery, and would point to the old ruins of Spain as the limit of progressive development.

To them it suffices that it has been, it was good enough for their fathers and, therefore, it is good enough for them.

That is what they say when you ask for any progress of *self-sacrifice*, but they tell a very different story when it is a question of progress of *luxuries*.

They are not willing to read by a farthing rushlight, or to sit in a straw-strewn chamber, or to strike a light by flint and steel, or to treat bread and tea and sugar as expensive luxuries, only to be indulged in sparingly and at long intervals.

The fine old crusted phrase of conservative custom has a smack of reality about it until it is tested, but it is found wanting in the balance when it is proved.

If interpreted it means only, "I want to endure no more hardships than my father endured; what was good enough for my father is good enough for me, if it is something I like; I want to possess all the good things my father had and as many more as I can get."

And this is the spirit which proposes to stop the progress of the great wave of humanitarian teaching which is rising in England! A wave which is going to sweep away those dregs of selfish barbarism which hang like cobwebs upon life's fairest palaces! A wave which is going to let men know that flesh-eating is a sin because it is essentially connected with pain,

with agony, and with deterioration of character! A wave of humanitarian teaching which tells of mercy to the weak, of justice to the oppressed, and of gentle care to everything that can sorrow or suffer.

When your opponent's arguments are based upon selfishness you know that his cause is weak, when his cause *can* only be based upon selfishness you know that it is doomed.

The cause of the pessimist is a lost one. What is it to us to-day, if it were true, that cruelty has always existed? What is it to us to-day, if it were true, that the strong always have preyed upon the weak? What value is it, I ask, to go on wailing and croaking that creation has ever been groaning and travelling in pain up to this time, unless you remember that there is a day of deliverance, and unless you declare the advent of a jubilee.

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse—
coffins at last,
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drowned in the deeps of
a meaningless Past?*

Supposing we admit for the sake of argument that the lower rungs of life's ladder are smirched with gore, that bleeding mouths proclaim the history of the past, and that gaunt skeletons of agonized death leave a track across the desert pages of bygone æons.

Supposing we admit that in the fight for life the talons have been fleshed in quivering flanks and the cruel beaks have drunk deep of living blood.

Supposing we admit that brother has ever lifted up his hand against brother, and that rape and murder, cannibalism and warfare, fire and sword, are the marks which men of all ages have inscribed upon the granite walls of time.

Supposing that all this, which is alleged, is an accurate record of life upon this planet, and of the way in which the developing cell has left its trail behind, does it follow that this shall be our guide for all time?

Is the past to dominate for ever the future? Is the lower to eternally drag down the higher?

Is there to be no millennial land to come, and no hope of a redemption ahead?

Happily for us all, such maligners of the cosmic architect will themselves receive better things than they yet dream of, and will gather pearls in a land of promise whose gates have not yet been unfolded to their view.

*From Tennyson's Poem "Vastness."

From the carcase of the dead lion of yesterday there shall to-morrow be gathered honey sweeter than that of Hybla.

If evolution teaches me anything, it tells me of the possibility of the poet's promise that stronger shall ever grow out of weaker and better come from worse.

Because in every waste place the thistle and the thorn have sprung up with savage spike and poison sting, shall this prevent the fulfilment of the prophetic vision that in the good time to come the desert place shall blossom like the garden, and the wilderness be fragrant with the perfume of many flowers?

When a man gets up and says "*I refuse to give up eating meat because tigers are cruel,*" I can but recall the pious wish of the late Laureate that the tiger in man may die down and the angel in him live.

And herein is the solution of the whole matter, herein is the chain which unites those who live in the brutal past and those who long for the gentle future.

There are two parts in man, in part he is linked to the tiger, in part he is allied to the angel.

When we call upon him to look up to heaven and in humility to imitate the Divine attributes of the All Father—the mercy, the gentleness, the tender loving kindness, the pity, and the compassionate care for all life that can yearn or suffer—the tiger within seizes him and bids him remember that he is allied to the savage, and the brutal, and the cruel.

Of the earth, earthy; of the animal, bestial; implacable, pitiless, blood-thirsty; close kin to the parasite which flourishes by basest breach of the laws of hospitality; near born to the vulture which barely discriminates between the living and the dead; comrade but little removed from the teeth that bite, and the jaws that snap, the talons that tear, and the maw that slakes its thirst in blood.

This is the song the tiger sings of carnage and cruelty, of ruth and raven, of darkness and devilry.

And man believes and thinks that he too is all tiger, and he gets up at public meetings and tries to veto all humanitarian progress because he says that the world is built on tiger lines, that cruelty always *has* been and therefore cruelty always *will* be, and that man may as well settle down once for all to snarl an eternal snarl over cracking bones and rent entrails and gouty blood.

The tiger within has a ghoulish song to sing, a song of hopelessness, a song of despair, but man believes him and is satisfied that the tiger within him is the emblem of the necessary and the eternal. But it is false.

*The tiger is not eternal,
The angel in man shall live.*

The world is not built on tiger lines, but progresses *in spite* of the tiger force in the universe.

Out of the evil shall spring the good,
Out of cruel, the gentle,
Out of tiger, the angel.

And so shall it come to pass that when the tiger within snarls for his dead flesh, the angel voice shall be heard speaking of better things to come—of self-sacrifice, of infinite self-sacrifice, of a love which knows no cruelty, and of a tenderness which knows no brutality.

When the tiger within snarls of the right of might, and of the ceaseless warfare by the strong over the weak, and of the bloody pages of the brutal past, the angel within shall touch the harp of celestial beauty, and shall bid man call out his best and his holiest, and shall sing of the paradise of the future, where there shall be no more sorrow, and no more

pain, and where the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and where the tiger shall be for ever destroyed, and where the reign of peace shall have come.

This is our faith, and as such we know that the future is with us, the beautiful future is ours, let who will claim the past.

In time we shall have left the tiger behind, and shall have climbed into the sunlit hall of peace. Then indeed shall we be able to join in truth in those exquisite lines:

"I have climbed to the snows of Age,
And I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times, in the
Sloughs of a low desire;
But I hear no yelp of beast, and the Man is quiet
At last,
As he stands on the heights of his life,
With a glimpse of a height that is higher."
Josiah Oldfield.

Magic, Past and Present.

What is magic? A wishing-cap
To waft me at once into Fortune's lap;
A wonderful lamp, to raise in a night
A palace of jewels all sparkling bright;
A curious ring with a mystic stone
That links the wearer with powers unknown,
A theme for romance and airy rhymes,
This is the Magic of ancient times.

What is Magic? A conjuror's show,
With a gaping audience, row upon row,
A box of queer ingenious things,
Mirrors and magnets, wires and springs;
The mesmerised girl and the basket feat,
And the Indian marvels all complete.
And, to shame deception and crown the fun,
We finish by showing you "how it's done!"

What is Magic? Mysterious power,
To do a year's work in half an hour,
To rule strange realms with a silent sway,
Till the unseen legions hear and obey—
To force with a word, to move with a thought;
This is the Magic that some have wrought,
And the spell of the past is the same power still,
The Magic Wand of the steadfast Will.

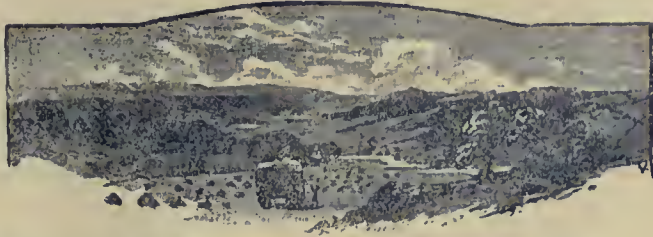
Edith Thompson.

THE CONQUEST OF SILENCE.

There is a silence of mind which is both strength and peace; a modesty of mind which retreats in upon itself to work out its highest aims with quietness; a delicacy of mind which shrinks from the hardening grossness of display. Men possessing this spirit seek retirement to pursue their thoughts. Difficulties come before them, and they know that the triumphant way of meeting them is not by publicly exhibiting them, but by arraying against them, in the embattled enclosure of their own heart, all their patience and trust and hope. There are uprisings of desire which they must go away from the peering world to subdue. Their heart knows its own bitterness, and oftentimes wisely keeps it to itself. They taste joys with which a stranger does not intermeddle; for there are joys delicate as the blush of the rose, which the glare of society might soon destroy—joys so bright, blessed, and beautiful that a man cannot blazon them abroad, and thus debase them, but can only let his heart overflow with thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift who sends them.

Rev. S. Fletcher Williams.

Man and the Beast.*



Among Academy pictures of the present year's exhibition is one called "The Sale of Old Dobbin." We see an old English farmhouse with thatched shed and stable, whose condition gives signs of some neglect. Things have evidently been getting from bad to worse; the old order has struggled in vain against the new; the old farmer must leave the farm, and his effects are being "sold up." There, in the foreground, he is sitting disconsolately amid some things of private worth saved from the general wreckage. The pet bird is by his side; the faithful sheep dog with nose upon his master's knee is looking up sympathetically into his eyes; the granddaughter's hand is gently laid upon his shoulder; but *they* are forgotten now, for, yonder in the yard, old Dobbin is being sold. So many years 'twas he who bore him to and from market, sharing secrets of the bargains mumbled to him on the way; it was he who ploughed and harrowed his few acres; who never needed whip; who knew his footstep afar off and whinnied at his coming; who seemed to understand each caressing word—and now even dear Dobbin must go. As we watch him sitting with bent face, twisting his hat in his hands, we know that with every bid a drop is wrung from the old man's heart, that, in all the cup of trial, this is the bitterest draught—the sale of old Dobbin.

It is no spurious pathos that such a scene is fraught with borrowed from art, but rather what the compassion of the artist, glowing through canvas, gives it; and only he can respond in whose heart dwells that large compassion which feels the "pity of it," not in a sad human tale alone, but also in the fate of those dumb creatures, the humble helpers of our race, to whom their master is as God.

A merciful man cannot stop short at mercy to his fellows; he is merciful to his beast. A man who is neglectful of the animals which serve him well, or guilty of cruelty to helpless brutes within his power, or capable of finding delight in the wild beast's pain, cannot be a thoroughly kind man; he may show kindness to friend and love to loved ones, but his affections are not whole; they have a flaw; they suffer from arrested development. The affections of the whole man are large enough to overflow the human cup and run in a thousand rillets to timorous hare, and stock dove cooing in pine-tree, and flippant squirrel full of play, and bounding fawn that darts across the glade, as Cowper so lovingly describes them.

In speaking a word upon man's relations to the lower animals, I would emphasise this law of growth of human affection. The effect of its operation is manifested not merely in intensity and persistence of tenderness towards objects already beloved, but in the increase of objects of affection. As our love grows, we love more deeply and we love *more* things. Enlarging of the sphere of love becomes a test of the growth of character.

The difference is quite patent between the two great classes of people; those on the one hand who are content with the

ordinary standard of responsibility, and the humanitarians on the other; the "men of sense" who will not stand any of the sentimental nonsense of the zoöphilist, and those awakened ones who with difficulty are spelling out the meaning of justice and mercy which the Eternal exacts.

Remembering that the distinction really resolves itself into a question of degree, a relativity of growth, let us roughly classify the sheep and the goats.

1.—There is the man who owns so much "live-stock"; who knows something of horse flesh; who has his use for whip-cord; who occasionally vents his wrath upon a vicious brute—made so probably by ill-usage at human hands. When he has had the best out of a willing worker, he sells it. After brief service as tram-horse, the poor beast drops through sheer exhaustion upon the tram lines one busy day, and is finally sent over to Hamburg for transmutation into beef extract or potted meat for English consumers.

2.—There is the man who finds by artificial excitement in the chase, in pursuit of a frenzied creature to its death, or in shooting down pigeons let out from coops, or in setting hounds upon rabbits removed from sacks, an interest ironically called "sport" amid the monotony of a blasé existence.

3.—There is the man who by divorcing intellectual curiosity from humane emotion brings himself to maim and torture numerous beasts; by his side stands the man who is willing to connive at these practices, to accept supposed advantage to himself and his fellows at the price of untold suffering to thousands of fellow-creatures.

4.—There is the man who having full knowledge (I say nothing of those who do not know or have never considered), that it is possible to sustain the body upon food that needs no shedding of blood, nevertheless, by reason of the difficulty of changing established customs or the strength of the palate's desire, is willing to accept that great sacrifice of life which is made to give us our daily meat.

These be the types of the goat after his kind.

Against them I place four types of the opposite class.

1.—There is a man who amongst many friends hath his dumb friends. The Welsh Cottars who never drive the kine home to milk but call them at the gate, each by pet name, are here. Men like Tolstoy who replied to the English visitor's wonder that he could drive without a whip:—"I *talk* to my horses, I don't beat them." Men like Plutarch, who in criticism of one of the maxims of Cato the Censor as to selling slaves when they grew old, wrote, "For my part I should never have the heart to sell an ox that had grown old in my service, still less my aged slave." Men and women who have caught the gentle spirit of the Hindoo, whose stalwart hearts prepare a quiet grazing spot where the faithful mare ends her days, who cherish old dogs, though sans teeth and dim of eye, who are not ashamed of the "weakness" that wise men who have dealings with the knacker's yard attribute to them.

But which is the truer spirit, the more compassionate, the more just?

2.—Whom shall we place against the sportsman? Why, all the poets.

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are His children, one family here."

Thus Browning in his "Saul." Yea, all the prophets, too. That even Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine, will participate in the humaneness of the times to be is their dream. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord."

We all know the story from the *Light of Asia*, how Siddârtha won the swan his cousin had shot, and, having healed it, sent it joyous to its kind—the first fruits of the myriad things which would be His by right of mercy and love's lordliness.

Like the Christ, he too came to save life not to destroy.

3.—In urging a plea against believers in Vivisection, one might feel backward in speaking words of condemnation of men of high intellectual position were there not ample considerations to justify this course.

(a) We know that intellectual attainment is no criterion for humane dealing; that it may exist side by side with callous insensibility to suffering, human and animal; that this one-sided development often leads to atrophy of the finer emotions.

(b) We possess sufficient testimony from scientific men well qualified to judge, to the effect that the practice is not only useless to man, but that the supposed knowledge which experiments upon living animals have furnished has often proved misleading. Men of the ability of Professor Lawson Tait, who was the best abdominal surgeon in England, whose repute may be judged from the fact that he was in a position to refuse the offer both of a Knighthood and a Baronetcy, have disposed of every claim advanced by vivisectionists for their practice.

(c) Even if all that is claimed for Vivisection were true, in reading the authorised accounts of the experiments, the unutterable horror which they inspire is more than sufficient assurance that no advantage ought to be purchased at such a price, nor can atone for the moral injury which must be done to the experimentalist, and to the community that sanctions it. So cruel is the work that I cannot bring myself to describe it, nor would you be able to endure.

Now turn to the thought of a character like that of S. Francis of Assisi. To him the beasts of the field were "little brothers and sisters." Loving God, he loved all creatures that His hand had fashioned. He did more than set worm and creeping thing in safety; more than help lame dogs over stiles; he heard a song of praise in the carol of the bird; he found his Lord in the heart of the beast and he drew him into that close brotherhood with all he loved until something of the love he showered upon them was reflected back to man; he humanised the brute until he had killed his fear and wakened his love. Is it better to serve one's kind by cruelty than thus to live in love and die for men?

4.—S. Francis had gone a step further than the man who would be kind to the beast but grieves he must still slay him. It is the way you will all have to come, my friends. Large sections of humanity have joined hands upon this matter with the Nazarites and Essenes of old, with Brahmins and Benedictines. They refuse to feed upon anything which costs the shedding of blood. Those who have not the heart to slay the lamb that looks them in the face (Shelley), or wring a pullet's neck, or sheathe the knife in the kine with their gentle patient eyes, in order to make a dinner, are already virtually pledged to reform in favour of a bloodless diet, whatever their practice. It is only a question of time. Your repugnance must grow till it can no longer be borne, the distaste for the flesh of a fellow-creature must intensify till the palate obeys the true instincts of the heart, and your hands are for ever washed clean from blood. I do not say all the world is ripe for this change; or that there are not more needed reforms—but I do say it is an ideal for all men, imperative upon all who have learnt the worth

"Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble to the strong."

I would urge upon you the consideration that the development of these gentle qualities—all that is meant by humanitarianism—is not a pardonable weakness, but a new strength. It is only the strong who are endowed with sufficient moral courage to be kind and merciful and full of saving love towards all creatures.

It was not weakness of mind made the great Newton forget his calculus in attention to his cat Diamond; which made Huxley prefer to stand rather than disturb his pet from his chair; or J. S. Mill go elsewhere to write if her fluffiness chose his desk for her repose. When Byron said "I had but one friend—and here he lies," it was of his dog he wrote. There was plenty of Christian manliness about Kingsley, though he let dogs lick his handsome face. It was within the province of Culture, of which M. Arnold was apostle, to write pathetic lines on Geist's Grave and similar poems which tell of all the love and winning ways that make him yearn for the presence of his little friends. Who are most true alone are most tender; sweetness comes forth from the strong. Large must be the soul of them who can understand a soul struggling for expression in a linnet's song, and yearning for the impossible in a spaniel's eyes.

We have not realised what power for development lies in the lower animals. Remember how much domestication has done; and then imagine how much more will tenderness and care, exempt from all selfish motive, do. Animals to whom men are as gods either to slay or to save, I believe are given us to use in a way that will raise them in the scale of being. They do not stand outside the operation of the law of Evolution.

All who have kept dogs and even cats as friends know what a fine sense of shame and remorse they will develop. All who have kept pigeons know that it is not extraordinary to find them pine to death for their mates. When we read of pet monkeys, lacking the affection they were wont to receive, after days of misery putting an end to their life by suicide, when we read the beautiful stories of devotion to master or mistress and sacrifice of life on their behalf which fleck our literature, we ask if these qualities are not the germs of something higher.

Consider then whether this view be a wise one or not. The animals are not given us to use as we will, to pursue upon the plain for pleasure, to torture for our intellectual curiosity, to turn to food amid the shambles, but to develop and foster all those elements which are the earnest of their higher destiny. True is it of the man in the beast as of man to be in man, that nothing is lost, "that not one life shall be destroyed or cast as rubbish to the void, when God hath made the pile complete." Trust then to the full your kindly instincts, those "weaknesses" of affection and solicitude for what is dependent on yourself to slay or save, and pray to be made worthy of the beatitude:—

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

J. Tyssul Davis, B.A.

HIDDEN JEWELS.

Earth's children must learn lessons
Ere wisdom is attained;
All hearts must have their sorrows
Ere jewels of Truth are gained.
The richest gems lie hidden
From careless, indolent eyes;
The best rewards are given
To him that truly tries.

Isabella Ingalese.

A Glimpse of Hell.

The Meat Supply.

The largest single industry in the world of commerce, says a writer in the *New York Press*, is the production of meat for mankind to eat. The carnivorous herd of humans remains uninfluenced by the theories of vegetarians. Our dog tooth holds its own against our grinder; we would rather tear flesh than crush grain. Ten days ago I seized the opportunity to see how beef, pork, and mutton are prepared for the table in the vast slaughter-houses of Kansas City, Kan. The distributive sales of the firm I visited exceeded 160,000,000 dollars in 1899. Nearly 111,000 carloads of meat and its by-products were shipped.

The Manufactured Product.

Here are some figures for 1899. A few years ago there was much waste in slaughtering, but to-day nothing is cast aside. Every part of the animal, from ear-tip to heel, from nose-tip to tail-tip, is utilised with profit. The list of last year's by-products includes 230,102,657 pounds of lard, 6,515,917 pounds of wool, 3,925,332 pounds of neatsfoot oil, 6,285,730 pounds of glue, 11,750,155 pounds of butterine, 31,354,845 pounds of tallow and grease, 60,037,669 pounds of oil, 90,787,407 pounds of hides, 104,726,333 pounds of fertilizer. Here is the largest day's slaughtering: 10,343 cattle, 19,607 sheep, 26,865 hogs. The largest number of poultry slaughtered in one day of 1899 was 29,802.

Seeing the Sights.

The visitor is invited into a coat room and enveloped in a white canvas garment reaching from ears to heels. And before returning from the tour he is grateful for the protection it affords. The temperature drops to 70 degrees in the first great hall, where refrigerator cars are packed and sealed. The company owns 4,600 of these. Thence we passed through swinging doors into one of the cold storage rooms, where hung sides of beef and pork. The temperature dropped to 41 degrees, and we buttoned our overcoats. The floor was ice-cold, and piping was incased as you have seen it in breweries. Clean sawdust was everywhere.

In the Abattoir.

Our blood boiled to see the killing. The murderous human instinct impelled us hurriedly forward through numerous refrigerators to the hell where beeves are butchered. Eagerly we climbed up slimy ladders in dark corners, amid the more than two-and-seventy stench, all well-defined, and several stinks, which Coleridge counted in the City of Cologne. The heat stifled, and we wanted to discard our heavy coats. The guide said "No," with emphasis, and presently we felt the hot blood drops spattering against them. The work here is parcelled out just as the various parts of a shirt are distributed in sweatshops. The first task lies with the killer.

Killed with a Spike Maul.

After the cattle are driven into pens ten feet deep, men with rubber-tipped prods urge them, two at a time, into narrow lanes of oaken beams, separated by huge doors. They fit so tightly that to turn around is impossible, so after a brief struggle for liberty they stand there panting, with heads raised and eyes on the lord high executioner. This functionary is a yellow negro six feet high, quite the most important individual I have ever seen. He had on nothing but an undershirt, a pair of ragged trousers and one "gallus." He was barefooted, barearmed, bareheaded, and a fine type of coloured humanity he appeared as he picked up his spike maul and prepared to kill. He walks in a deep trough along the side and top of the lanes.

One Blow in the Curl.

Eight beeves, in pairs, looking appealingly to high heaven, await the blow that ends their days of grace and grazing. The negro is right-handed. He poises himself for an instant above the victim, then, so quickly that the eye cannot follow, the maul descends, striking in the very centre of the

small curl of hair that is in every beef's forehead. In less than a quarter of a second it rises and falls again, felling the other victim. The animals sink down with glazed eyes, foaming slightly at the mouth, their bodies rigid in death. The executioner touches a chain, great doors rise automatically, and the two beeves are dumped into the adjoining apartment.

The Spectators.

For the convenience of "ladies" and "women" a platform has been erected high above the killing room, where they may stand and view the awful spectacle of death. The creatures who flock to the scene of carnage become so fascinated that they are with difficulty driven from the spot. Horrors! I saw one well-dressed woman, so called, with a twelve months' old babe in her arms, taking in the picture. The stink caused the child to grow sick at the stomach.

Letting the Blood.

The Talmudic law of killing is observed. Everything is kosher. The butchers are negroes who stand in blood, in a steaming atmosphere, forever whetting their knives. The beeves are hooked up by their hind legs as soon as they are dumped out of the killing lanes and drawn so high that their noses hang four feet from the floor. The butcher stands directly in front, and at a single stroke sends his razor-like blade through the heart. Only one stroke is permitted. Out gushes the hot red blood. It is a river released from confinement. It strikes the butcher in the chest and runs down his body to the floor. He lives in blood, his body absorbs blood through the pores of his skin. He thrives on it.

Passed from Hand to Hand.

The dead animals ride around on overhead railroads, passing from hand to hand until landed in halves in the cold storage vaults. The time occupied in this operation, from the moment when the lord high executioner crushes the skull with his steel maul, is from thirteen to fourteen minutes. Wonderful work. When all the horrors are passed through, all the blood, filth, stench, heat, slime and pity put behind your back, step into the refrigerator, button your coat tightly and pause to admire the result.

Killing Hogs.

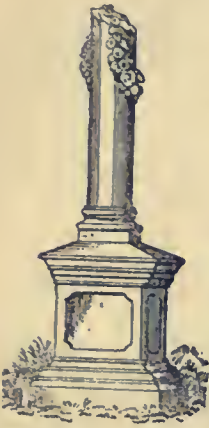
Hogs are killed near the top of the building, so that by the time they reach the lower floors they are converted into 370 different products. They go through like greased lightning. The killing bed contains about 100 at a time, some so fat as to be unable to walk. When moving from place to place they drag their hind parts on the ground. A slip-noose is fastened around the hind legs, and the porker, frantically squealing, is jerked off the floor and started down an inclined overhead railway. In the first apartment he meets the butcher, who, by one deft stroke of the knife, opens the heart, then shoves him along to the scraping vat, where he more often than not arrives alive and kicking. A trigger being touched, he plunges into scalding water, where his hair is removed by machinery, after which he passes on down from room to room until landed in the cold storage with his fellow victim, the bull, the cow, or the ox. The time required to stick a hog and land him clean and halved in the refrigerator is seven minutes.

Making Sausage.

After seeing the process of making sausage by wholesale, I have decided never more to regard it as a necessity in my household. I think we can manage to struggle along without it. When I remarked upon the poverty of certain cattle that were being sent to kingdom come the assistant manager of the abattoir replied: "These are about third-rate beeves. We would never think of offering them for sale as prime. They go into cans as corned beef." Some of the hogs and parts of the beeves go into cases as sausage, but no more for me. The "tailings" are chopped into bits and handled with shovels. They are unattractive. After grinding, other shovels throw the product into centrifugal machines, such as we have in sugar refineries, which dry out the blood. It looks like red mortar, and is handled much after the same manner. It is then placed in hoppers and put under high pressure.

Editorial Notes.

I have drawn attention many times in these pages to the dreadful aftermath of war.



As I look back and think of the wave of sporting enthusiasm which overran the country a few months ago—hundreds and thousands of young men eager and anxious to go out to shoot Boers, hundreds and thousands only too delighted to have a chance of “getting some fun out of life,” and when I hear now on all sides the sighs of relief that it is nearly all over and the earnest yearning of those same men to come back again, I understand something of the lessons they have learned of the terrible side of war.

* * *

THE LONELY GRAVES.

But I do not think that the worst side is to be found in the graves of those that are lying in broken heaps upon the lonely veldt. Loss of life is not such a very terrible thing in itself. It is not that some of the best and bravest of two nations have fallen stricken down by quick bullet or shell or by lingering typhoid. It is not that upon the frozen uplands cold white faces have looked up to the pitiless sky and glazing eyes have filmed over in dreary hopeless waiting for the succour that never came, it is the aftermath that is the worst.

* * *

THE BATTLE IS SOON OVER.

The battle is soon over. A few hours or days or months and the pain is eased and the very place of the fight is grown green again and smiling. The corpses are buried, satiated vultures have gone elsewhere, the moans have ended, the groans have ceased, and the joyous song of birds is heard once more in the sky, but the aftermath has yet to come.

* * *

WORN OUT HORSES.

Here is an extract from a daily paper which gives a glimpse into the way in which the faithful servants of the war may get treated when all is over, when with broken wind and strained limbs they come limping home to rest and find a worse doom than death before them. Lord Roberts, thoughtful in peace as he is gentle and kindly in war, will do his best, but his rule will soon be over and the horrors of the aftermath to the horses will never be known.

* * *

SAVED FOR THE MOMENT.

A fortnight ago the *Cape Times* drew attention to the scandals arising out of the sale of Army horses condemned as unfit for further service in the field. Once out of the control of the service officers the nags were bought for a mere song by hawkers, crammed into trucks, hurried to Cape Town, enduring careless and inhuman treatment on the road, and then resold. It was the intention of the transport officers that the animals should be nursed and fed back to health, but instead of this a system of gross cruelty sprang into existence, so that the dealers might profit.

On learning the facts stated by the *Cape Times*, Lord Roberts has issued an order forbidding the sale of Army horses in any part of the Colonies. For this kindly deed he has received the gratitude of all humanitarians.

* * *

WAR BRUTALISES.

This is but a symptom of the aftermath. The keynote is brutality. War brutalises. The after harvest is the crop of crimes which result for years and years to come from character brutalisation.

A disregard of life, daily attempts to take life, hourly attacks on others' lives or protection of your own makes life so much cheaper that it is well known that capital crimes and suicides greatly increase after bloody wars.

We are fighting and praying for a gentler world and a kindlier race and manners more humane, but the end of the war will send back to our homes hundreds of thousands of men who have been to a school where the opposite lesson has been taught, and the fruit of this lesson cannot but be harvested—harvested in pain and sorrow and suffering for many a year to come—this is the aftermath.

* * *

THE COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE.

There is being a tremendous demand for this new book. Messrs. Smith have placed it on their bookstalls. Press notices of a most favourable character are welcoming it everywhere. *The Torquay Advertiser* devoted nearly a column to an exhaustive review of it, and what is better than all, friends on all hands who are critical judges are sending out copies to those whom they wish to convert, and are arranging to send out large numbers in place of Christmas Cards. Mr. Beard has made a great hit by a book which will help on the cause for many a year to come.

* * *

NEW ZEALAND.

This month my foreign budget is exceptionally full and I can only give extracts from a few of the many letters received, but they all breathe the same glad news of “progress, progress, progress.”

Here are some bits from a letter which will stimulate all who read them to do likewise.

Mr. Reynolds writing from Canterbury, New Zealand, says:—

You will be pleased to hear that Food Reform is making better progress in New Zealand of late. The people are just awakening to the fact that “Flesh-eating” is becoming a serious danger and menace to the public health. I am spreading *The Herald of the Golden Age Literature* as much as possible, also corresponding with several newspaper editors on the subject, with good results, I hope, in the future.

The Herald of the Golden Age is circulated freely in Christchurch, and I shall not rest until I find it read with regularity in every home.

I forward *The Herald* to members of the “House of Representatives,” Wellington, every month, and have had several letters containing appreciative remarks, as “a capital little work”; “should be widely read”; “an ideal paper for the elevation of mankind”; and so on.

I remain, yours fraternally, EDWARD CLARK REYNOLDS.

* * *

BRADFORD IS BUSY.

Here is a splendid tribute to what *The Herald* has done. Does it not overpower one with the sense of the immense responsibility of helping to direct such an organ? One short article has won over to our cause a man who is doing his best to awaken hundreds and thousands of others to the importance of the Gospel of Humaneness.

Here is just one extract from Mr. Wright Gill's letter which I quote as a guide and a help to others who want to know what to do to help.

I am indebted to your glorious *Herald of the Golden Age* for my conversion to the pure, bloodless, natural diet, having read a short article in a copy 2 years and 8 months ago. For some months I have taken 2 dozen copies each month and sent them out to ministers, doctors, professors at the colleges, to matrons at our hospitals, temperance societies, religious, philanthropic, literary, scientific, oddfellows, trade and other societies, labour clubs, libraries, etc., enclosing a note-head of our Society.

* * *

LEICESTER IN EARNEST.

Very encouraging news comes from the new joint Secretary of the Society there, news which speaks of a living enthusiasm. “We mean to go for it in earnest this winter” says Mr. Allen, and it is this “going for it in earnest” which will win more battles in one winter than years of dilettante advocacy can ever accomplish. Mr. Allen adds:—

We have sent a circular to all the members of the British Women's Temperance Union and to all people of our town who we think are likely to be interested.

We have received great encouragement. People whom we can tell are really seeking for the light are constantly asking us questions, and we trust many of these will in due course reach the perfect day. The literature of our Order which you so kindly sent to me has been of great use. *The Herald* is just the right thing in the right place.

The blessings of God come to me more and more each day of my life.

HOSPITAL
ABUSES.

Mr. Laxmidas sends me a cutting from the *Bombay Gazette*, containing a letter by himself on the terrible abuses connected with the Animals' Hospital at Bombay. When we remember what a state our own hospitals for the sick poor were a hundred years ago, and when we see how desperately behind-hand many of the continental hospitals are to-day we cannot wonder while we deplore and must remedy the state of the Bombay Pinjrapole.

In the mofussil pinjrapoles that I have visited I saw (1) live animals' wounds being pecked by crows, (2) open wounds covered with flies and without a drop of medicine, (3) most dirty water to drink, (4) helplessly infirm animals lying in filth, (5) food mixed with dirt, (6) broken legs without bandages, (7) a pigeon lying helplessly in a pot of water, (8) animals shut up in filthy sheds, whose sufferings I compared to those of the unfortunate victims of the Calcutta Black Hole. At this very moment hundreds of dumb unfortunates must be undergoing, most of them, dreadful tortures, simply because the rich stethias leave the poor creatures entirely to the tender mercies of ignorant and ill-paid servants, and care not to see with their own eyes that their dumb protegés are well treated.

* * *

BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCH.

Mr. Laxmidas adds a suggestion about biographical sketches. Our Cause is too beautiful and unselfish a one to allow it to be made a stalking house for personal vanities which so often are at the bottom of biographical sketches.

It doesn't matter very much where or when a man was born, whether his hair is brown or black, whether he lives in a palace or a cottage. The important question is what *is* he now, and in what way can he mould men's minds to a higher humanity.

The Herald is always open to any man who can help others by telling something of his own life. Here, however, is Mr. Laxmidas' letter:—

I submit to you the following humble suggestion. If you can devote a page or more of *The Herald* every month to a series of biographical sketches, with photos, of *eminent friends of animals*, it may prove no small inducement to others to emulate their noble examples. I submit the following few names as deserving this honour:—Mr. S. H. Beard, Dr. J. Oldfield, Mr. H. S. Salt, Mr. A. F. Hills, Mrs. A. Besant, Miss F. P. Cobbe, Mrs. F. E. Lemon, Mrs. Fairchild Allen. In my humble opinion such a series cannot fail to be generally attractive.

* * *

INDIAN
SUGGESTIONS.

Some would have us believe that Eastern nations are mere dreamers, but if my good friend Mr. Laxmidas is a type of what Indian vegetarians are like, this reproach is unjust.

His letters are always full of practical suggestions for active work, and they are nearly always coupled with actual records of what he has been able to accomplish.

I gladly reproduce part of another of his letters and heartily commend his idea. What a gladness will come to the hearts of the Executive when the end of each year brings news from the world over of a year's work done, and of progress made, of fighting and of victories.

The Order of Knighthood is only for those who win it—win it by righteousness and by zeal.

You are quite right in wishing in your Editorial Notes for August "that every member of The Order should do something to help on the Cause," and as a means to induce us all to do something every year in order to leave the world a little better than we found it, I would venture to propose that every member be asked by a special rule to submit his or her Annual Report of the work (however humble it may be) which has been done to justify the membership of our noble Order.

The three chief questions on my hand at present are:—

I.—The Repeal or Amendment of Sec. II of the Government of India Act XI, of 1890, under which animals are horribly tortured with impunity in the name of *religion*. I have addressed several letters on the subject to the Government of India, and humbly hope that my prayer will be granted.

II.—The introduction into India of the Swiss law for the protection of birds, which forbids the use of snares, etc., for catching or decoying birds, and prohibition to export or import, sell or use, feathers for millinery purposes, as well as feathered caps, etc. I have already sent up my petition, together with five copies of Sir Charles Lawson's pamphlet *India and her Wild Birds*, to Government.

III.—Protection to large numbers of sheep, which are *starved* for two or three days *en route* to the Bandova Slaughterhouses (Bombay). As directed by the Bombay Government, I have addressed the District Magistrate of Thana on the subject.

All this, and something else also, I will submit to you in my Annual Report to the Provost in January next.

LABHSHANKAR LAXMIDAS.

SLAUGHTERY.

Here is a letter which needs no words of mine to add to its pathos. It only needs reading, and then the question must be faced, "Am I responsible for it? Is it necessary?"

"I think it would interest you to know," writes Mr. George W. Reading, "what a friend of mine has to say about the slaughter and packing houses of South Omaha, Nebraska. I was in Omaha in May of this year, but only visited the big stock-yards myself. There I saw great numbers of splendid cattle, which are herded and crammed together for hours under the direct rays of a blazing, scorching sun, and patiently waiting for their initiation into the hellish mysteries of the slaughter-house. The friend referred to is Mr. Nels Svendgard, whom I first met in Omaha. He is doing a grand work in that city in the Socialist cause, and is a true man and a brother. He knows something about the conditions of work in the slaughter and packing houses, and I wrote him recently suggesting that he might be able to let you have an article for *The Herald*."

* * *

WADING IN
BLOOD.

In a letter which I have just received he says:—

"The full meaning of this command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' never dawned so vividly on my mind as when for the first time I visited the slaughter-houses in South Omaha. I hardly know whom to pity the most—the killer or the killed. What do you think of little boys, twelve to fourteen or fifteen years old, with rubber boots on reaching to their thighs, wading in and scooping blood all day long; and girls of the same tender age cutting and slashing in all this bloody meat from morning until night? What kind of men and women do you think they will make when matured? What kind of progeny will they produce? And still we wonder that intemperance and prostitution are increasing."

* * *

ALL DAY
KILLING.

"Think of men doing nothing else but killing day after day, and at the extravagant salary of seven to nine dollars per week! A glorious and remunerative occupation, indeed! These men are in turn being killed, for there can be no doubt but what their better and higher nature is slowly being annihilated, and presently there will be nothing left but soulless automatic mud-machines.

Flesh-eating has always appeared repugnant to me, and for seven years I have been a fruitarian. I am stronger now than when I indulged in the carnivorous habit of my species, and possess a clearer and keener mind. Animalism is but very little better than cannibalism—all the difference is one of degree, that is all. I have vowed that it shall never be necessary to take the life of any innocent brute in order to sustain mine. The finer sensibilities can never be evolved under a flesh diet."

* * *

CRIME.

Thus far, Mr. Svendgard. "When I was out there," continues Mr. Reading, "I was told that a great many Bohemians are employed as slaughtermen, and in South Omaha I noticed many queer Bohemian names over the shops. About three miles out of the city I came across a Bohemian cemetery in one of my walks. Atrocious crimes of all kinds are very common in South Omaha, and the knife is freely used; and what else may be expected where blood and murder are the daily environments? South Omaha is the third great meat packing centre after Chicago and Kansas City."

* * *

THE OCCULT
IN LIFE.

Life is full of mysteries, and all that we do not know is the realm of the occult.

The reverent study of the unknown, the earnest and humble reaching forward into the darkness, and bringing thence treasures new and old, has been the method by which life has ever been broadened and beautified.

A new Magazine, entitled *The Occult and Biological Journal*, has just reached me, and from its opening page I take one

paragraph, which gives an insight into the spirit in which its studies will be conducted. The Editor says:—

In the present state of the world, when trading interests are governed so largely by deceptive methods, it seems to many an impossibility—and we have often heard them so express themselves—to maintain principles of honor and hold their place in the business world. We believe, however, that this is not absolutely true: and yet, if necessary, a person should sacrifice either one or the other. If, to uphold one's honor means a sacrifice of one's business, then let the business go. If circumstances and conditions will not permit this course, we then advise him by all means not to undertake a line of methods for attainment in the spiritual and occult; for as surely as the weeds in the garden will spring up and choke out the plants, so surely will the evils within the individual outgrow the good cover it, and choke it out.

* * *

THE W.C.T.U.

Miss Yates has just issued her Report of the Food Department of the W.C.T.U.

It is most delightful reading, for it tells of women the world over who are bringing before their branches of the Temperance Society the close connection between eating and drinking. Just one quotation will show the importance of Miss Yates' work:—

Japan.—Miss H. Frances Parmelee, Superintendent of the Japanese Food Reform Department, writes: Your letter reached me just as I was preparing a paper on Food Reform for an extra W.C.T.U. Convention, where we had, I think, the most interesting convention yet held by foreigners in Japan. Your letter and literature helped me a great deal, and the spirited discussion that followed must, I think, have awakened thought on the subject. It is now nearly four years since I gave up the use of meat, greatly to my benefit, and I think the bronchial trouble I have had for years has been diminished by it.

There is great need of this work in Japan. Formerly, the Japanese used no animal food other than fish and fowl, although they never had simple, natural ways of living. Now they use cows, horses, hogs, sheep, dogs, and even monkeys. The number of cattle slaughtered in Tokyo increases by about one-third yearly. At the same time disease is increasing at a fearful rate—tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and especially dysentery. We civilized flesh-eating foreigners have taught the Japanese to eat meat, as an enlightened art. Naturally, at the same time, the art of doctoring and drug-dosing is well under way and on the increase.

* * *

SPORT.

So many people think that there is something "manly" in Sport, that I would fain remind them that Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, considered that only the lowest of the slaves should be compelled to undertake the slaughter of rural wild animals.

All butchery should be done by slaves, he thought, but *wanton* butchery by only the lowest of the slaves, and yet to-day Sport is the occupation of the *gentleman*!

Thus far are we removed from Utopia!

* * *

RABBIT SHOOTING.

I always look back with the greatest sorrow to the days when I was proud to carry a gun, and when over every life I took I rejoiced at my prowess.

I remember only too well how keenly I followed, and how disappointed I was when my prey escaped from the fatal charge; and now I am glad for every life that escaped, and sorry for every death that was ascribed to me.

Humanity for the current month has a powerful article on "The Shooting Mania," in which the writer writes from experience, and says:—

It is hard to fix upon one form of shooting as being more repulsive than another, but for downright cruelty let me single out that of an ordinary big "rabbit shoot." Rabbits are well-known to "carry" more lead in their bodies than any other creature of their size, and these "shoots" are productive of most painful and horrible scenes. The man who "stalks" a deer may possibly feel he has done something to entitle him to what he terms his "reward;" but for those who idly stand in the rabbit-warren and deal out death with callous hand for pure fun, nothing, it seems to me, can be felt but contempt and disgust. Perhaps one of the worst features of the "shoots" of to-day is that they are made public *spectacles*, turned into social, hilarious gatherings, where "gentlemen" and (heaven take note of it!) "gentlewomen," so-called, assemble and—in the midst of suffering and death—talk their little nothings, smile, laugh, flirt, and make merry, with these disgraceful butcherings going on around.

* * *

COLLECTING BOX.

Mrs. Jessie Kay has collected 8s. 5d. in her box during the last quarter. The Secretary will only too gladly forward collecting boxes to all members who will help in this way to increase the funds of The Order. Please write direct to the Secretary, O.G.A., The Beacon, Ilfracombe.

RESCUE SUPPERS.

Miss F. I. Nicholson has written to me to say that the L.V.A. has arranged to give two free vegetarian suppers in connection with the Salvation Army Rescue Work.

The meals will continue from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m., and an attempt will be made to feed and to teach at the same time these poor children of the midnight streets. Miss Nicholson will be glad of subscriptions, to help to cover the cost of the suppers, sent to her at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.

* * *

THE SALVATION ARMY.

This, together with the dinners lately given to Salvation Army officers, brings into prominence the important effect that Mr. Bramwell Booth's articles on vegetarian dietary have had on the Army.

Owing to the persistent way in which Mr. Sidney Beard has emphasised the moral aspect of vegetarianism upon the Salvation Army, they have grasped in a marvellous way the essential connection which exists between food and religion.

In everything thorough, in everything earnest, in everything honest through to the core, the leaders of this great Christian army have begun to feel that if vegetarianism be of God it must be adopted by the salt of His pioneers.

* * *

Fearing nothing but evil, afraid of nothing but cowardice, Mr. Bramwell Booth and his Staff have come to the Provost of The Order of the Golden Age and have asked to be taught of this new step toward personal holiness, and they have not gone away empty.

Then asking for practical demonstration of what they shall live upon when they have rejected the flesh of Egypt for the milk and honey of the Land of Promise, the L.V.A. has replied by giving a series of meals to the officers.

And so the work goes on, and ere long poor Mr. Sheldon will have to learn from the Salvation Army that those who want to be worthy of the title of Christian Endeavourers will be unable to ignore the Christianity of the Table or the Ethics of Eating by saying they "have not considered the question."

* * *

IN THE PRESS.

Miss Springett asks me to thank those Members who have carried out my suggestions and sent to her extracts from the press or letters that they have themselves written to their local newspapers.

She will welcome all cuttings at Salter's Hall Court, E.C.

Mr. H. G. Smith has spoken out for The Order in the *South Essex Mail* and ends his letter with these words:—

Do you wish for a more humane world? Do you wish to mitigate the wretchedness and poverty of to-day? Do you really wish to see the labourers back to the land? Then cease to be a party to the slaughtering and cruelty that is daily being perpetrated upon innocents; eat of pure food, and create a demand for fruits and vegetables of all sorts. You will then see the labourer going back to a healthy life and a decrease in the number of deaths from tuberculosis and other various forms of disease, which are directly traceable to the eating of animal flesh. Think on these things.

* * *

DOGS IN HEAVEN.

Miss G. L. Banks, writing to the *Westminster Gazette* a few days ago under the above heading, says:—

I have seen immortality in my dog's eyes—my faithful friend for thirteen years, now dead, yet over whose grave I have placed the inscription "Not dead, but gone before."

As for that fifteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation so often glibly quoted, all I have to say is that if 'tis true, then may it be granted unto me to have lived in such a way that I also may be one of the despised "withouts" so that I may have the company of my dog!

I think Miss Banks *must* be a Vegetarian. How is it possible that any one can grant immortality and the friendship of a future life to their dog and deny it to their calf or their sheep?

How is it possible to suppose that we may gratuitously and deliberately kill and eat our fellow immortals whom we shall meet again in the realms to come!

Miss Banks' arguments do not greatly appeal to me, but surely her convictions must prevent her joining the ranks of the carnivores.

An Electric Creed.

By an Electrical Engineer.

"That we can subsist on plant food and perform our work to advantage is not a theory but a well demonstrated fact. Every effort should be made to stop the wanton and cruel slaughter of animals, which must be destructive to morals. To free ourselves from animal instincts and appetites, which keep us down, we should begin at the very root at which they spring; we should effect a radical reform in the character of food."—NIKOLA TESLA.

The whole of the engineering world was greatly startled a few weeks ago by the remarkable article published in the *Century Magazine*, upon "The Problem of Increasing Human Energy," by Nikola Tesla. The *Technical Press* criticised the wonderful forecast very severely; some gravely hinted that the author had allowed his imagination to carry him farther than even an inventor should permit of, others simply stated that they failed to follow and understand this problem, but that it was well worth thinking over.

Perhaps the opening remarks astounded many a scientist and engineer far more than even the final ones, where Tesla talks of war as a thing of the past. The remedy has been solved by the ready brain of the inventor who has made for humanity machines to settle all disputes, and to do the fighting—obviously a far more satisfactory method than the present miserable manner of settling national differences. He, the genius of his profession, the practical man of the world, actually dares to assert that before attacking this portion of the problem, we must drop our present depraved fashion of pandering to the animal nature, we must let the light of love illumine our whole being, we must educate ourselves to live upon the fruits and grains so bountifully placed at our disposal, but we must—if we would tread this higher path, if we would increase the whole energy of our human forms, if we would obtain the greatest work from hand and brain,—we must stop the cruel practice of feeding upon our fellow-creatures.

Self and stomach must have no standing in the new creed, humility and humanity must displace them.

By education shall we hasten the joyous day when each shall have his heart's desire, by raising the level of men, by showing him the God within, by teaching the world the divinity of simplicity.

"There are many ways of decreasing human energy," says Tesla, "but the use of stimulants, such as alcohol and tobacco, and the depraved fashion of flesh-eating are among the worst, for they are the most harmful." Obviously the latter fashion is far the most harmful, for by following it we not only injure ourselves but our fellow-creatures. Let any one who works hard try the effect of leading a more wholesome life, throwing aside the drugs which drag heavily upon civilization, the stimulants which create morbid appetites, the unnatural food which surely cannot "grace" the otherwise hospitable English home. Let him try, but for a short while, and he will have a far better reward than any experimentalist who mixes chemicals and creates wonders. He will find his whole life permeated with a new and wonderful force, a love for the whole of mankind. He will have found his real "ego."

It may be a continual source of annoyance to have to attend to the body, yet it should be the source of highest pride to keep it a fitting dwelling place for the holiest thoughts. What can we think of the Lord of the Manor, be he ever so wealthy, if he let his lovely mansion fall into decay, if he allow the rooms to reek of filth—how can we remain still when we see many a human mansion decaying from ignorance of Nature's

laws? The most beautiful tropical plants are rooted in the mud—they are as much indebted to it as to the sunshine, for their beauty; the careful gardener does not despise root culture, the careful mechanic watches the edge of his tool, the man who wishes to lead his soul into higher paths commences by placing his body in harmony with his thoughts.

There are the three phases of life, material, mental and spiritual—body, mind and soul; sacrifice neither for the others, let all vibrate actively and pleasantly together, and remember the words of the sage, "Health is a key to character." Just as the Röntgen rays illumine solids with their wonderful vibrations, so let our thoughts be useful to humanity and we shall illumine some part of it. There is only one freedom, the freedom of unselfishness; only one education, the simplicity of childhood. Amiability and instability are like magnets, they draw to themselves those of their own vibrations.

"Life is not worth living" is an expression so common that the awful meaning of the words have left them, familiarity has made us grow callous, and instead of asking "Are we living aright?" the world accepts the verdict of a few morbid creatures who would have us think that the teachings of the greatest men were vain. They have not yet discovered how to live to the best advantage for others as well as themselves, therefore they issue a depressing edict. Yet there are some who know that life, if lived aright, is the most glorious of all God's gifts. Their thoughts are positive, are for good, they refuse to allow a disintegration to be set up within, by the harbouring of negative, unwise thoughts.

Every substance in the chemist's tables is negatively elective to the one above it, positive to that below it. Water will dissolve wood, wood will dissolve iron, air will dissolve water, the electric fire will dissolve air, but the brain of man has dissolved all.

Can it be that there are negative and positive frames of mind? Can it be that by opening the flood gates of our inmost soul to let the true teachings of every creed—truth, peace and goodwill—to enter, that we are drawing, attracting ourselves to the promised heaven, that every act of kindness and true manliness will generate the positive germs of our nature, which will show itself in the fearless step, the frank, honest countenance, the feeling of real desire of living; whilst the uncharitable, scornful thoughts will make us tired of life and send us into a negative condition.

"Let me feed the nation for a hundred years and you shall have no need of laws and police," said a Statesman, and every man who *thinks* must know that ignorance is at the root of nearly all evil. All Nature is in motion, it is a song of harmony, for motion is life.

Edison was showing a friend one of his inventions. "How wonderful!" said the friend, but, he added, in a disappointed tone, "How simple!" It was the same old cry which Naaman uttered thousands of years ago, it is the same cry many are uttering to-day. Tell them that they can keep their bodies whole and lead pure lives only by conforming to the new creed, and they cry "It is too simple!"

The normal constitution never needs stimulants nor desires opiates, a healthy mind and body can be abundantly sustained without artificial aids. Man is a glorious trinity of body, mind and soul; commence with the first, bring your body to a state of perfection. The engineer must have an intimate knowledge of every part of a machine to "speed it" to the best advantage. Study the construction of your body that you may work it to the greatest efficiency. Wonderful mechanisms will break when just a little dirt clogs the wheels, your being

will droop unless you keep yourself clean within and without. Throw heavy incombustible fuel into the furnace and the boiler cannot generate steam, the engine fails to rotate the dynamo and the light goes out. From how many does the vital spark die away because of their lack of judgment in caring for the body.

"If we go forward we die,
If we go backward we die,
Better go forward and die."

But how much better to go forward and live. Disease has a large menu, the diet of health is simple and strong. There is a great temple in the world, that temple is the body of man. Nothing can be as holy as this, says the author Novalis, "We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body." Can we imagine heaven impure?

Forward! Let us remember the words of Goethe, "The true, the good, and the excellent are always simple, error is elaborate."

C. A. S.

Beef Demands Beer.

A recent issue of the *Scientific American* says:—"In 1897 in Germany 1,383,700,000 gallons of beer were consumed; 1,192,000,000 were drunk in Great Britain, 180,000,000 in France, and 90,000,000 in Russia. It is estimated that 36 gallons per head are drunk in Belgium, 32 in Great Britain, 25 in Germany, 21 in Denmark, 12 in Switzerland, 10 in the United States, 9 in Holland, 5 in France, 3½ in Norway, 2½ in Sweden, and one in Russia. A writer in the *North American Review* declares that a large quantity of beer is consumed in order to satisfy the craving for the elements which are eliminated from wheat in making white bread."

It will be observed that the foregoing figures represent nothing more than the beer that has been drunk; they do not include wines, whiskies, and numerous other alcoholic drinks. The suggestion of the doctor who writes for the *North American Review* is worthy of consideration. And in connection with the thought that the system is being deprived of the natural food elements that are taken out of the flour for making white bread, there are some other points that should be thought about.

This is an age of stimulants and stimulation. Every nerve is drawn to the highest possible tension in prosecuting business or pleasure, or, more frequently, in trying to prosecute both. Flesh foods, which form the most stimulating diet that can be eaten, have come to be almost universally used. *A beefsteak or a mutton roast is not merely a food; it is a stimulant as well. And this flesh food stimulant calls for other stimulants and irritants.* The flesh-eater desires with his meat such things as pepper, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, and other similar stimulants and irritants. And by thus stimulating the body through the foods that are eaten daily, the system clamours for stronger and still stronger stimulants. At first tea and coffee seem to satisfy the demand. But in thousands of instances wines, beer, and other strong drinks are soon indulged, so that this increasing craving may be satisfied.

The tendency, however is strongly running toward a more and more exciting life, and, consequently, toward a more and more exciting diet, and along with the diet a still greater demand for strong drink. The tastes and habits of the people are becoming more and more luxuriant and extravagant. Debasing luxuries that only a prince could afford a few decades ago are freely indulged in by the common people to-day. So-called "high living" is becoming well-nigh universal, and the spread of the drink habit is alarmingly enormous.

Should we leave the utterances of divine prophecy out of the question, any philosopher who is not blinded by prejudice would be able to see that the race cannot continue in its present course without soon destroying itself. Every sincere person should honestly and earnestly study the conditions of to-day.

Be Ye Merciful.

[Extracts from a book entitled "Zoophilos," by the Rev. Henry Crowe, Vicar of Buckingham, published in 1822, lately in the possession of Mr. Lawson Tait, and presented by his widow to Mr. Sidney Trist.]



Can there be a doubt whether the buds of the humane and benevolent feelings will not be more endangered by a child's pursuing and killing butterflies, taking birds'-nests, or impaling cockchafers, than by his playing with a ball, hoop, top, or battledore.

Montaigne has remarked, as a matter of reproach to our nature, that few of us feel any gratification at seeing animals playing together and happy among themselves, but almost every one takes delight at their quarrelling, fighting or tormenting each other.

* * *

Let us suppose animals possessed of speech, as we may without any stretch of imagination, and as is usual in fables. Let us further suppose them their own advocates, when suffering under the numberless cruelties which are inflicted upon them. Probably the consciences of some of us would then put into their mouths words to this effect.—"You boast yourself superior to us, by the endowments of reason; and the feelings of humanity, pre-eminences which we do not question; yet how frequently do you lose sight of both, in your actual conduct towards us? We readily admit that you are ordained by the *Word of God Himself* lords of the creation, and of us inferior animals; but why should you therefore be the tyrants also? Be well aware, that the 'dominion over us,' so vested in you, is not a supreme and arbitrary sway, but a delegated authority, and therefore a trust of awful responsibility from our benevolent Father and Protector.

* * *

We look up to you, therefore, for protection, or at least kindness in return, which expectations in us will appear the more just and equitable, when it is considered that you are far more dependent on us for support, preservation and general well-being, than we can be on any requital from you. We entreat you to bear in mind that we have all of us our several enjoyments of existence, bestowed by the common *Author of Nature*; that we are susceptible of pleasure and pain, of happiness and misery, like yourselves.

Destroy such of us, if need be, for your own security, yet remember that you are inflicting pain and death. At least, do not, without some adequate end or advantage to yourselves, ever deprive us of our lives, cause to us any misery, or debar us of any enjoyments.

* * *

"The Author of your religion has taught you, and we trust you believe the assurance, that 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His regard.' Have you then never felt any alarm that you may hereafter be called to account for the use or abuse of us His creatures? Allow us further to reason with you by applying to feelings which, whatever be your dispositions, you must possess in common with us, those of bodily suffering. Few of you are, or always will be, strangers to the torments incidental to disease, and ever attendant on violence received. In the midst of such agonies, perhaps you have, if never before, implored mercy of that *Being*, who alone can confer relief. Has it never occurred to you in those bitter moments to ask yourselves, whether you

have not caused to other animals misery as great, or greater than you were enduring, perhaps too in mere wantonness; and refused to them the mercy for which you were then a supplicant? If you have not already profited by these visitations of heaven, be admonished before the evil day arrives, and anticipate a profitable lesson."

* * *

If they who have felt a surgeon's knife, and undergone long and painful operations; who have received gun-shot or other severe wounds, or lost limbs on a field of battle, and been left there many hours, or perhaps days, before they were dressed; or have had broken limbs, dislocations, or violent bruises, and suffered all the wretchedness of a long confinement from these causes; or have been terrified, pursued, or attacked by beasts of prey, and escaped after being torn by their teeth or claws; or have known the agony of the stone, gout, spasms, iliac passion, cancer, cholera morbus, and various other disorders, would reflect thus seriously, they would probably need no other monitor to impress them with some, though still an inadequate, idea of the miseries caused to the objects of sport in field diversions. They might then judge a little of the feelings of a hare, fox, or stag during a chase, which must, no doubt, much resemble those in themselves, if they were pursued, seized and devoured by fifty ravening, open-mouthed, howling wolves; of the torments of a worm when impaled and writhing on a hook, till it expires; of the state of a bird with its beak shot off, or its legs and wings broken; or of a hare or rabbit maimed, and hardly escaping with shattered legs; of any of them with their eyes shot out, and with such dreadful mutilations perishing with hunger and anguish, or becoming an helpless prey to any enemy, after lingering perhaps many weeks.

* * *

The horrid and offensive scene of slaughter is generally, and very properly, removed from our sight. I cannot easily imagine any one so grossly unfeeling as to take a gratification in beholding it, much less in assisting at it. If he did his conduct probably would be reprobated by universal indignation; yet to say the truth I cannot help tracing (and surely without injustice) some similitude between him and a sportsman. Allow me, then, to put the case of a number of men, for want of something better to do, frequenting slaughter-houses, and amusing themselves there with trials of their strength, activity, or dexterity in killing the animals. Supposing them contending and betting, for instance, who should knock down bullocks at the fewest blows, or *spine* them most scientifically and quickly; or kill the greatest number of calves, sheep or pigs in a given time, or most dexterously in the opinion of the butchers; or draw the greatest quantity of blood from wounds, etc., and occasionally contriving or trying different methods of slaughter, as well as comparing the merits of each; let us likewise imagine others to be spectators of the scene, and to enjoy it equally with the actors; (a scene, by the way pretty well realized, in my opinion, when a stag is killed at the end of a chase, and the huntsman cuts its throat from ear to ear, amidst the applauses, and exultations, and remunerations of perhaps a hundred sportsmen of both sexes; when the principal lady present is complimented with this delicate office and sometimes deigns to accept it, or at least to assist in it; when even mirth often abounds and appears in sprinkling the novices with blood!)

* * *

Amusement alone, as a motive, is ever admitted to constitute *fair sporting*, according to the established and absolute laws of the field; every other, especially the above, being treated with immediate and open scorn.

Our countryman Soame Jenyns has written at some length on the subject. From his paper I shall extract this passage, which is at the conclusion. "What name," says he, "should we bestow on a superior being, whose whole endeavours were employed and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting and destroying mankind? whose superior

faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? who, without provocation and advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and to be delighted in proportion to the miseries he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet if we impartially consider the case and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that with regard to inferior animals just such a being is a sportsman."

* * *

Before the Reformation we find that, by the canon law, the clergy were forbidden the amusements of hunting, hawking, and fowling, as sanguinary.

* * *

I cannot but notice, a habit not uncommon amongst sportsmen, in every species of shooting which is their method of putting to death the wounded birds, *by biting their heads!* In respect to the animals themselves the way may be as humane as any other. But the act has something so *tiger-like* in its appearance, at least, that I ever regard it with horror; and must think it very likely to vitiate and harden the mind.

* * *

A Mr. George Staverton, in 1661, bequeathed the rent of a house at Staines, now worth £12 12s. a year, for the purchase of a bull to be baited every St. Thomas's day, at Wokingham, in Berkshire, and to be given afterwards to the poor. In pursuance of his will the custom has been continued to the present time; and one bull not being found sufficient, another has for some time been added by the inhabitants. It appears to me surprising that any one should choose to perpetuate his memory by thus providing means for corrupting the manners and morals of mankind, and at the same time causing misery to other animals. If he meant this as an act of charity, I can only say that it is a singular species, and its pretensions derived something like *lucus a non lucendo*. Some merit may perhaps be due to him for leaving the meat to the poor; but even in this respect his judgment may fairly be questioned. Bull's beef is at best very ordinary food, and there can be no doubt if his bequest had been placed in the hands of trustees to relieve proper objects of distress at Christmas, by supplying them at discretion with other provision, clothing, or firing, much good might have been done, instead of thus entailing a certain evil.

* * *

Some years ago, when an attempt was made in Parliament to suppress it, Mr. Windham spoke much in its favour in common with other amusements of the same class, boxing, etc., as tending to preserve the "courageous, manly, national character of our countrymen!"

"With regard to the cruelty of bull-baiting," he says, "were gentlemen certain that the bull does not receive pleasure from it? Probably far from feeling pain, he feels gratification in the contest. True *game* bulls seem to shew an eagerness for the attack!"

* * *

The company of minstrels belonging to the manor of Tutbury, in Staffordshire, claimed annually a bull for this purpose from the prior of that place on the day of the

Assumption. In the seventeenth century this day was altered to the next, and the bull was given by the Duke of Devonshire as the prior's representative. Dr. Plot informs us that on this occasion a dinner was provided for the minstrels, after which they proceeded to their amusement. The devoted bull *had his horns sawed off, his ears cropt, his tail cut short, his body well soaped, and his nose blown into with ground pepper to render him as furious as possible!* In this state he was turned loose to be caught by the minstrels. When, if they failed to do so before sunset, he continued to be the Duke's property; but if any of them could so far seize him as to produce in proof a lock of his hair at the market cross he was considered as won. Upon which he was taken to the bull-ring and made to undergo three successive baitings; the first course in honour of the king, the second of the town, the third of the king of the minstrels! as he was called. Afterwards he was consigned to them to sell or kill, and divide his value at pleasure. Perhaps the Abyssinians, whose successive meals off the living animal we learn from Mr. Bruce, have hardly outdone, in their treatment of it, these musical charmers!

(To be concluded).

Flesh Eating and Cancer.



Contributed to the "Herald of Health,"
Sydney, N.S.W.

Within the past few years a great deal has been said and written by our most able members of the medical profession in regard to Cancer and its cause. In this brief article I wish to call attention to a few things which I have observed during the past five years of my medical practice, and to others gleaned from my fellow labourers. I have become more and more impressed with the fact, pointed out so often in this same period of time by others, that the eating of diseased meat is one of the great predisposing, and, to my mind, one of the first, if not the first actual cause of cancer.

My Personal Experience.

For five years my practice has been in the Samoan Islands, among a people who, from the very first acquaintance with the civilised world, were noted for their physical perfection. The Samoans are practically a race of vegetarians, although the civilised European has taken to them all of our domestic animals, including the loathsome hog. While the Samoan Islanders and Maori races of the Southern Pacific, and New Zealand, are still physically powerful, yet my observation and facts gathered from the natives themselves lead me to believe that they are not the race of athletes that they were half a century ago. Their adoption of the European ways of eating in particular, and their intermarrying with the lower classes of Europeans have degraded them both physically and morally.

During my entire residence in Samoa, I saw but four cases of cancer. One of these, however, was a case of smoker's cancer of the tongue, so should be eliminated from the list. Even counting the whole number of these cases there is given the proportion of one to every 8,750 people; this, I think, will compare favourably with any other part of the civilised world.

What Eminent Scientists Believe.

Verneuil, of Paris, and Reaux, of Lausanne, not long since announced that it was their opinion that the use of pork is a prominent cause of cancer. Indeed, M. Verneuil stated some time ago that his observation had convinced him that the use

of meat, as a regular article of diet, was the most frequent cause of the disease.

It has been noticed by many that the orthodox Jews, who closely observe the regulations prescribed by Moses, are rarely, if ever, subject to cancer. It is also a very rare disease among the non-flesh eaters of India; and a physician who had practised for years among the Arabs, who do not use pork, and eat very little flesh of any kind, encountered no cases whatever. Another, having spent many years among the Indian tribes of Mexico, who live almost wholly upon corn cakes, gives a similar report.

An eminent English physician, Roger Williams, F.R.C.S., writing in the London *Lancet* of August 20, 1898, points out in a very decided manner the relation of flesh eating to cancer. We quote from his article as follows:—

"Many indications point to the gluttonous consumption of meat, which is such a characteristic feature of this age, as likely to be especially harmful in this respect. Statistics show that meat eating has for many years been increasing by leaps and bounds, till it has now reached an alarming total per head per annum—more than double what it was half a century ago, when the conditions of life were more compatible with high feeding. When excessive quantities of such highly stimulating forms of nutriment are ingested by persons whose cellular metabolism is defective, it seems probable that there may thus be excited in these parts of the body where vital processes are still active, such excessive and disorderly cellular proliferation as may eventuate in cancer. No doubt other factors co-operate, and among these I should be especially inclined to name deficient exercise, and probably, also, an insufficient supply of fresh vegetable food.

"In 1840 cancer caused 2,786 deaths, the proportion being one in 5,646 of the total population, and one in 129 of the total mortality, or 177 per million living. In 1896 the deaths due to it numbered 23,521, or one in 1,306 of the total population, and one in 32 of the total mortality, or 764 per million living. Thus the proportionate mortality from cancer now is four and a half times greater than it was half a century ago. In this respect its position is unique, for no other disease can show anything like such an immense increase."

These statements, which are but a few of the many that we have at hand, and the observations made in relation to the rarity of cancer among the vegetarian tribes of uncivilised and semi-civilised portions of the world, as well as among the Jews and vegetarian sects in our civilised communities, seem to argue powerfully against the use of flesh as an article of diet.

It has recently been stated by an eminent cancer specialist of New York, that if this disease continues to increase in the next few years as it has in the past half century, it will stand at the top of the list as causing more deaths than any other in the whole category of physical maladies. Consumption now heads the list, but if these statements are true, it will soon have to give way to an even more loathsome and dread disease.

Cancer is only one of the many diseases which may be caused by flesh eating. There are other maladies which are undoubtedly aggravated by a flesh diet. Anything which renders the blood impure predisposes to disease. For this reason it is the safest and wisest plan to discard flesh entirely, and to rely upon the menu which Nature so freely provides for mankind, and which gives the body the most natural, nutritious, and blood-purifying elements—fruits, grains, nuts, and vegetables. These articles, when intelligently and carefully prepared, furnish the best and most healthful of all dietaries.

F. E. Braucht, M.D., M.D.S.



Vol. 5.—No. 11. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] November 15, 1900. [Published Monthly.] ONE PENNY.

The Dying Devil.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee
Saying 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

"Come, wander with me," she said
'Into regions yet untried:
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

"And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale."—*Longfellow.*

Men glibly assert that Nature is cruel, and that therefore man, who is the flower of Nature, should rightly have a strain of cruelty in his disposition.



Sing me a song of happier days,
Of angels living with men,
Sing me a song of gentler ways
Of heaven come back again.

A race of milk-sops, they say, will soon die out; it is the bit of devil in man which makes life possible, and which makes it interesting.

Let your lad mount his pony young, and follow the hounds as soon as he can ride; let him get in at the death if he can, and let the huntsman blood him early by rubbing the dripping stump of the brush of the mangled fox all over his face.

Throw sentiment to the dogs, and be good old-fashioned men with some grit in you, and some willingness to inflict and to endure pain.

The Universe is built on lines whereby the bat-

tle is to the stronger, and the victory to the more pitiless.

The Universe reeks of blood and cruelty, and steams with the exhalations of murder and death.

Man is a part of the Universe, an integral part of it, a child of Nature, and therefore to be in harmony with a cruel

Universe he, too, must be cruel. Keep the cruelty within bounds, of course, but do not attempt to extirpate it. Cultivate and train it, but do not destroy it.

I am so often met by people who hold these opinions as to the essential cruelty of the Universe, that I would fain ask if they represent the truth.

A part truth is oftentimes worse than a lie if it deceives those who hear it. What a Court asks for is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, and we must ask for nothing less.

Now, while I grant that Nature is very cruel, that the pathway of evolution has many a mangled corpse upon it, that the hiss of hate and the snarl of rage go side by side with the sting that poisons and the claws that tear and the teeth that bite, yet I maintain that this does not tell the whole story.

There are other forces at work—beautiful, merciful, angelic.

The earthquake and the lightning have their share in moulding the face of the earth; the avalanche and flood fulfil their functions; but no geologist would dream of asserting that the change which has come over the earth, the transformation from gaunt volcanic mountains and bare lava-clad ravines to the smiling plains and verdure-covered pastures, the rich rolling prairie filled with golden grain, and the sloping sides of the mountains terraced with prolific vines, are the exclusive result of these forces of violence.

Nay, rather, in geology as in ethics, in the formation of soil as in the development of character, it is the still small voice of gentler forces co-operatively attuned which produce the greatest result.

In evolution the "bloody hand" is not found on every coat of arms. The dove and the olive branch hold their places as well as the lion rampant and the mailed fist. It is true that the lowest of low types of animal life, the *Amœba*, lives its loveless life of unceasing war. Without father or mother, without brother or child, it simply procreates by division, and where to-day there is one militant cell, there are to-morrow two. One has simply divided into two, and each goes on its fighting path, living to devour, and then to self-divide.

But the moment you rise a single step from the level of this universal marauder, you find a touch of the angel-hand coming into life.

The unit of the individual has been replaced by the unit of the family, and the glorious halo of motherhood begins to shed its earliest beams in the darkness.

No longer is the individual unit fighting for life against all and every other individual unit; at least, the earliest mother fights for a little while for her helpless offspring, and the earliest husband, during the short time of mating, for his wife.

The principle of Co-operation, of Amity, of Love, is beginning its great war against the principle of Antagonism, of Enmity, and of Hate.

Every rung of the great ladder of life speaks of increasing victories for Humanity and of waning powers of cruelty. Every step forward in the evolution of things tells of a gradually growing balance in favour of the angel and against the tiger.

Ants and bees are, like gregarious animals, types of the power of co-operation, living illustrations of how the family life extends its borders and develops into national life. The selfishness of individualism becomes modified by the selflessness of socialism.

The ceaseless antagonism for the survival of the fittest becomes tempered by the sweet sympathy of solicitude for the welfare of the unfit.

The higher up you go the more you find that Amity is replacing Enmity, and Co-operation is conquering Antagonism, that Love is carrying away the palm of victory from Hate, that the higher life is working out the lower beast; the ape and the tiger are dying out, and the angel life is springing into a permanent and all-controlling beauty.

Back, then, we come to the old half-truth—the real falsehood. To say that Nature is cruel and bloody and brutal is a lie because it is only half of the truth. Nature is a whole thing, and it embraces as much the yearnings and the aspirations and the co-operation and the angel, as it does the snarlings and the grovelling and the antagonism and the tiger.

Nature, then, calls to man the fruit and crown of the ages of her travailing, and bids him live up to her best and to his best. She bids him ever to remember that the garments of the angel have fluttered in the wind through all the ages, and that it is his duty not to perpetuate the past, but to unveil the god-like beauty of the future.

Here, then, lies our creed and our work.

We deny that the phrase "Nature is cruel" represents the truth. It would be equally true and equally untrue to assert that "Nature is kind."

Nature is working *from* the Cruel to the Kind; *from* the Brutal to the Gentle; *from* the Evil to the Good; *from* the taint of Hell to the glorious beauty of Heaven.

Where, then, does man come in? Shall he ally himself with the lower or the higher? With the transient or the eternal?

The answer is a momentous one. If man claims that Nature is cruel, and therefore allies himself to the cruel side of Nature, he is uniting himself to the transient and to the dying, and his reward and his future will coincide with that of his ally:

His future will be Death.

If, on the other hand, he joins hands with the gentle in Nature, he is allying himself to the permanent and to the living, and his future will coincide with that of his ally:

His future will be Life.

I claim that if Science be allowed to fulfil her mission, and be asked to solve the riddle of Life, she will answer that all brutality carries within itself the cankerworm of its own decay, and that for those who want to live for all time the only way is for them to grasp kinship with the stock of Vitality, and with the tree of Life, by linking themselves on to the gentle and to the humane.

Ring out the Cruel, ring in the Gentle—ring out the Brutal, ring in the Humane—is the lesson of scientific life as the book of the ages reveals it to us.

Josiah Oldfield.

The Dawning Day.

[From an address delivered by the Protost of The Order of the Golden Age, before the Paignton Y.M.C.A., 1900].



In attempting to answer the question "Ought we to abstain from animal flesh as food?" I should like at once to ask your pardon and indulgence if I should be obliged to say anything which should have even the appearance of an attempt to pass judgment upon the convictions and habits of others. We have all been brought up with the erroneous belief that animal flesh is a necessary article of food, the consumption of which is therefore justifiable, and I should shrink from the task of condemning anyone for holding this opinion—for I myself held it seven years ago. My desire to-night is to lay before you certain facts, and to invite your attention to certain truths and principles.

I shall not attempt by argument to coerce any person into a belief that carnivorousism is wrong, for I have long since learned the futility of such attempts. Those who are able to see the beauty, the truth, and the significance of the Food Reform evangel, do so when the facts of the case are made known to them. My message is to those whose hearts have protested against the horrors of the shambles whenever the attention of their minds has been drawn towards them; to those who have shuddered when they have passed those places of blood and execution which are known as slaughter-houses, but who have endeavoured to quiet the protest which has been instinctively aroused within them by persuading themselves that butchery is necessary, and that God has ordained that man shall live by this infliction of death upon his fellow-creatures. To such I proclaim the good news that this cruel carnage, and this diet of flesh which has quivered in the agony of death, is *not* necessary, and that God did *not* ordain such food for man. Those who wish to wash their hands from participation in the tragedies that are enacted in our abattoirs and dens of slaughter may do so, not only with safety but also with benefit to themselves—and I believe that many who listen to my words will respond to this message, as thousands of truly cultured souls in all parts of the world are now doing. These constitute an advance-guard of that coming race of spiritual men and women who scorn to blend their pleasure with the suffering of the weak and defenceless. To *such*, vegetarianism is not a matter of self-abnegation, but a high privilege, and the habit of eating flesh is both pitiable and loathsome.

I believe we ought to abstain from animal flesh as food for many reasons, but I will mention four of them, beginning with the lowest and the least in importance. First, then, **for our own benefit.** If we reflect at all upon this matter, and remember that vast numbers of the cattle of this country are afflicted with the infectious disease "Tuberculosis" (which shows itself in such forms as consumption, scrofula, water on the brain, disease of the bones, etc.) with cancer, with Bright's

disease, with parasites of numerous kinds and many other ills, and that practically all the carcasses of these animals are buried in human stomachs, the owners of which are so misled by prejudice and custom that they do not take the trouble to ascertain what they are putting into their bodies, many of you will, I feel sure, realise that the habit of eating flesh is, to say the least of it, a very dangerous one. The importance of this aspect of the subject is emphasised by the resolution passed at a recent Conference of the Veterinary Surgeons of England, in which they declared their conviction as follows:—

Prof. Fraser (President R.C.V.S.), said "They believed that tuberculosis, and especially in the cow, was of the utmost importance, and that the community at large was not only deeply interested, but deeply concerned as to what they were going to do. . . .

They knew, as well as they knew the alphabet, that the existence of bacilli in the system caused the development of the disease, and that the bacilli were detected in the milk. Was milk which contained the bacilli of tuberculosis a safe article of food? If it was a dangerous article of food, they as a body ought to inform the public that they ought no longer to expose themselves to the danger that the consumption of this milk entailed. *The meat was also dangerous*, and it was their duty as men particularly trained, and as special experts in this matter, to inform the public, and, as far as their influence would go, to protect them from the dangers of its consumption."

He moved: "That this Association, being convinced that bovine tuberculosis is a danger to man and a source of enormous loss to owners of cattle, is strongly of opinion that State control of the disease is urgently wanted in the interests of public health and agriculture."

Mr. A. W. Mason, ex-President of the Royal Veterinary College, seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

Mr. Hunting said "It has been stated that animals do not die from tuberculosis. They do not die, because they are eaten before they had time to die. *It is not a decent diet*. It is not a right food to feed men on, and if the choice lay between eating tuberculous animals and letting them die, he preferred to let them die."

Sir William MacCormac (President R.C.S.), and Sir William Broadbent (President N.A.P. of Consumption), recently recommended the London County Council to abolish all private slaughter-houses so as to "ensure the proper examination of meat," and also to reduce "the present mortality from tuberculosis." Also recommended "urgent necessity for such measures," owing to the large amount of "meat of a dangerous quality" which must of necessity find its way into the households of the people under the present system.

Dr. Roger Williams, F.R.C.S., in the *Lancet* of August 20th, 1898, declared his conviction that "when excessive quantities of such highly stimulating forms of nutriment (as meat) are ingested by persons whose cellular metabolism is defective, it seems probable that there may thus be excited in those parts of the body where vital processes are still active, such excessive and disorderly cellular proliferation as may eventuate in cancer."

Sir William Banks, the eminent Liverpool surgeon, definitely stated, in the Lettsomian Lectures, that cancer is the outcome of free and unrestricted use of animal food, and that it is an undeniable fact that the increase of the disease is in exact ratio to the increased consumption of the flesh of animals.

M. Verneuil, of Paris, stated, some time ago, that his observation had convinced him that the use of meat, as a regular article of diet, was the most frequent cause of this disease.

In 1840, cancer caused 2,786 deaths, the proportion being one in 5,646 of the total population, and one in 129 of the total mortality, or 177 per million living. In 1896 the deaths due to it numbered 23,521, or one in 1,306 of the total population, and one in 32 of the total mortality, or 764 per million living.

Thus the proportionate mortality from cancer now is four and a half times greater than it was half a century ago. In this respect its position is unique, for no other disease can show anything like such an immense increase.

Even if all the cattle were healthy, we ought to take into consideration the fact that all animal-flesh contains a large amount of decomposing tissue which is in process of elimination from the body, such tissue is largely impregnated with uric acid and other poisonous substances. Those who eat flesh gradually accumulate these deleterious salts in the body, with the result that rheumatic gout, calculus and other disorders are often set up, from which those who live upon pure food do not suffer.

It is the common experience of those who live upon wisely chosen vegetarian food to need very little medical attendance whatever as far as medicine is concerned. Vegetarians soon get to regard doctors as being what their name implies, namely, teachers of hygiene. If they get into difficulty they are glad to consult an enlightened physician, so that he may show them what hygienic or dietetic mistake they have been making, and they consider the fee paid for such valuable advice to be well expended. A few weeks since an account of the death of Mr. Charles Kerrigan was announced in the *Derry Journal*, and it illustrated very forcibly the truth of what I am now saying. This gentleman died at the age of one hundred and eight, and the following words are significant:—"It is worthy of note that all through life he was a vegetarian. It was his boast that he never required medical attendance. He has departed this life, dying as he lived, a stranger to sickness and pain."

Secondly, we ought to abstain, "**for the sake of our children.**" Thousands of little ones are lying upon sick beds and in our hospitals suffering from painful maladies which could have been avoided if their parents had withheld from them such dangerous food as diseased flesh and unboiled milk; thousands more are rickety, malformed and defective in that vitality which would enable them to successfully wage the battle of life.

An eminent Doctor last year wrote to the *Times* and stated that having examined one hundred boys out of our best public schools, boys who were drawn from that class of society which would be supposed to be most carefully nourished, he found sixty-three per cent. of them deformed in some way or other. Such statements as this are startling, and when we remember the fact that only about one per cent. of the persons born in this country reach the age of sixty-five years (whereas the average length of life of human beings ought to be a century), we ought to try to ascertain what physical sins we are, as a race, committing, and then endeavour to save our children from the folly of their ancestors.

Apart from the physical disease which may come upon them, we should remember that the mind as well as the body is largely influenced by the nature of one's diet. It is true that "as a man thinketh so he is," it is also true that "as he eateth so he thinketh," and if children are taught to dine upon the mangled remains of their fellow-creatures, and to look upon this exploitation of the weak and defenceless by the strong as being justifiable and right on the part of those who are made in the likeness of God, they are likely to have the worst instincts of their lower nature strengthened. Carnal food also augments the animal passions, promotes pugnacity and selfishness, and dims the spiritual vision, so that it is difficult for the flesh-eater to apprehend the highest truths and the most spiritual conceptions.

Thirdly, I feel we ought to abstain "**for the sake of mankind.**" If it can be proved that a vast amount of physical disease, moral degeneration and social misery is the result of this barbarous habit of eating dead bodies, we ought, whether we are professed followers of Jesus or not, to feel it a privilege to help on the amelioration of the world by lending our influence to the effort which is now being made, by angels and men, to introduce a rational, humane and hygienic system of living in place of one which is simply a relic of cannibalism, and which is closely allied to it. I claim that we can prove this, for many of our worst social evils exist in exact proportion to the amount of meat consumed by a community.

I have travelled in many lands, and the more I do so, the stronger do my convictions become on this point. In countries where they do not eat flesh, the drink problem is practically non-existent, and although I have been trying to discover, for years, a vegetarian drunkard in this country, I have not yet succeeded. We food-reformers believe that we have the remedy for the disease of dipsomania; we know that the worst cases can be cured by a wisely chosen fruitarian diet, and that the craving for strong drink can be almost entirely eliminated.

I was talking recently to a friend who has for several years been at the head of a missionary organization in Japan, which is practically a vegetarian nation, the habit of eating animal food having been only recently introduced by missionaries and others; I asked him his opinion concerning the social and moral status of the people in that country as compared with the condition of the people in "Christian" England, and he told me that it was his conviction that the Japanese were far in advance of ourselves in every respect, that they have less disease, less crime, less vice, less selfishness, and less brutality, and he believed that it would have been a blessed thing for Japan, if western civilization and western ideas had never been introduced into the land.

If our Christianity and our scientific advantages fail to make us, as a people, humane, gentle, healthy, self-sacrificing and happy, there must be some cancer eating into the national heart which it would be well to discover and extirpate. I believe that malignant root of bitterness to be **carnivorism**. There may be many others, but as a practical man who has endeavoured to look at things all the way round, and to obtain influence and knowledge from many sources, I declare this to be my belief, and I am consequently devoting my time, strength and money to the work of fighting this evil and bringing about its abolition.

Countries like Burmah furnish additional illustrations which point the same moral, and I believe that when our prejudices and errors are swept away, we shall all come to realise the truth that no nation can transgress against physical law in this matter, by living upon the food of lions and tigers, instead of that which a beneficent Creator intended for man who stands at the head of the animal creation, without suffering in mind, body, and estate.

I believe that the dietetic reformation offers the only solution for the problem of our over-crowded cities. Our wisest statesmen have no remedy for this evil, and I know of no other plan of solving the difficulty than that of creating an immensely increased demand for agricultural labour, which will make it possible for hundreds of thousands of men to live in the country, who are now compelled, by lack of work, to remove to our cities. I only know of one way to cause this increased demand, and that is by creating an immensely increased demand for vegetable and garden produce. As this

reform makes headway, land which is now devoted to bovine culture, and which maintains but a very few labourers, will be turned into market gardens. Such will spring up around all our cities, towns, and villages. Besides this, many of the labouring class will be able to grow a considerable proportion of the food they require, and the saving of the money spent at the butcher's, will add materially to the comfort and welfare of their families.

Lastly, I believe we ought to abstain "**for the sake of the animal creation,**" and I consider this to be the strongest reason of all, for I have endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the horrors which are involved in the flesh traffic. I have tried to put myself in the place of those fellow-creatures of ours, who, although they have committed no crime, are condemned to suffer the death penalty inflicted under such circumstances and with such barbarity that, were we to mete out a similar punishment to the worst criminal, society would be scandalised, and a general outcry would be the result. When we execute our murderers we treat them with great consideration after the death-sentence has been pronounced, and we take the greatest care to make their death as painless and as free from brutality as possible. How do we treat these innocent fellow-creatures, who can feel and suffer just like we do ourselves?

They are herded upon the American plains under such conditions that hundreds of thousands of them die every year of cold and starvation. We treat them in the cattle-trucks which convey them to their doom with such heartlessness, that six hundred thousand have been taken out of the cars in the United States in one year either mutilated, dying, or dead. In the slaughter-houses of Kansas and Chicago, thousands of hogs every day are thrown alive into boiling cauldrons, and are scraped and disembowelled by machinery in order to provide "Christian" breakfast tables with bacon and ham—a type of food forbidden entirely in the Bible. In our cattle-boats they are thrown about in heavy weather until the decks stream with blood, and hundreds are trampled and mangled beyond recognition, and then in the private slaughter-houses in this country, as well as in our abattoirs, they die a cruel and violent death at the hands of men who have become brutalised by their calling, who oftentimes are sodden by drink, and who, in many cases, are altogether unskilled in their work through lack of experience.

Can we justify or defend our action in treating these animals in this manner? Can we advance any argument which will justify our aiding and abetting these deeds, except the argument of absolute and stern necessity, and when we find that attempt at justification swept to the winds by an overwhelming array of scientific and experimental evidence, and by the testimony of thousands of living witnesses who are prepared to step forward and declare that they have enjoyed superior health and fuller vigour of mind and body since they abstained from flesh as food, can we do other than cease from participation in this cruel system of wanton massacre?

I think I may safely, without giving offence, ask all to consider whether the prevalent system is in harmony with the spirit and the teaching of the Founder of Christianity, who was harmless and self-sacrificing, and who declared that Justice and Mercy were two of the three weightiest matters of God's Law. If the "voice within" does not speak with sufficient clearness concerning what your action should be in this matter, I ask you to visit the slaughter-house, to see what is enacted there, to endeavour to put yourself in the place of the victims who are done to death, and then to ask yourself whether either

Justice or Mercy is meted out to them, and if you come to the conclusion that the infliction of the death penalty upon a million animals per day, after they have been caused to undergo such terrible preliminary suffering as we know to be practically unavoidable in the course of transit, is contrary to the spirit of these principles, I would respectfully invite you to throw the whole weight of your influence upon the side of the Food Reform Movement, by protesting against this iniquity and abstaining from participation in it.

When Christendom is made to realise that the habit of eating butchered flesh is a violation both of physical and moral law, and the abolition of butchery for commercial purposes is an accomplished fact, an incalculable amount both of human pain and animal suffering will be prevented, and in view of the stupendous nature of this reform and the beneficent results which will be the outcome of it, I claim that no higher form of Christian Endeavour can possibly be found than this work of advocating the use of pure and humane food and of bringing about a world-wide Food-Reformation.

Sidney H. Beard.

The Moral Effect of Kindness.



Did the thought ever strike you that it is a part of the harmonious working of this world, to be *kind*. To be truly healthy (which is the true harmony) means that we should be quite happy and free from worry. This is entirely out of the question while we encourage thoughts of injury to anything we come in contact with. Christ taught that "only those who shew mercy will obtain it." If we follow out this teaching we shall find that, in the highest sense, it is true, and that we shall be blessed by the natural working of God's laws in regard to ourselves and shall experience the harmony resulting from it.

For a Universe of such a size as this to be worked and guided aright in its human connections, it is absolutely necessary that certain laws should prevail; were it not so, all would be chaos. Kindness is, therefore, a necessary part of the truly existing law of *Harmony*.

Mark the effects of an unkind word on yourself and on the person or being for whom it is intended. You at once set up a jarring vibration between the two. First, you will notice that, although it sometimes seems easier to give vent to hard words, yet in reality more of your energy is consumed than if you spoke calmly and gave forth words which would be a help in settling any dispute arising between yourself and another. How much could be done to foster this feeling of kindness, if we were only to devote more time to studying the works of Nature. For instance, to watch the actions of a cat with her kittens is certainly interesting. When they are very young, she guards them with every care, and only when some danger is apparent will she seem to exhibit other than a friendly feeling to those around her. At the near approach of harm to the young ones the brute (or evil nature) of the cat is roused into resistance, as the only way known to her. Let us now, however, see what effect this example would have on the evil

tendency of any other animal, or even human being in many instances. Simply it would create a similar state of offence.

Now take the other side of the question and allowing it is possible for the cat to be in a calm mood, controlling the ire within it, when there is danger in front, and we may see how this sense of strength or control will affect the same conditions. The fact that the mother was ready and able to protect her young ones, would in ordinary circumstances be all that was required for the peace to be kept, without the additional snarl and spitting and manifestation of rage.

To be truly kind it is necessary that we should consider our treatment of the animals as much as that of our fellow-beings. It is interesting and encouraging to note with what success the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been established, and how much good it is doing. It is to be regretted that they only prevent certain kinds of cruelty. For instance, the butcher is not allowed to work his horse if in pain or is bruised in any way, but no notice is taken of his regular custom in torturing and at last putting an end to the many dumb animals who have already suffered much at his hands. There is, too, a further and more subtle form of cruelty to the butcher himself. First of all, he must have got down to a state as to be almost oblivious of the fact that cruelty is existent in his trade. He soon begins to consider it absolutely necessary for him to follow that calling in order that he may obtain a livelihood. The result of this is that his better feelings are blunted. Is it possible to expect a man engaged in such a trade to be as gentle and humane as we would have every man to become? Secondly, we have to consider the effect this food, procured in such a blood-thirsty manner and containing to a certain extent the blood of the murdered beast, has upon those who consume it. Astley Walton says:—

"The food procured by wrong and strife
Can never grant thee peace and life;
The food procured by groans and fears
Can only substance make for tears;
Nemesis stands beside the hand
That spills the life-blood in the sand."

These six lines give the answer in a very concise manner. Certainly we see instances of kindness in those who partake of flesh-food, but would it not be far better to aim for a kinder disposition? Why allow *any* stumbling blocks to bar our progress? By removing them we shall truly gain strength by overcoming. It will be far easier in the future to gain the victory over temptations of other kinds which are likely to assail us.

A man cannot be truly happy unless he is kind. He is always craving for this something—*happiness*—and often looks far from home for it. He must look for its existence in himself and it is often the last place he thinks of looking. It is the action of the man in thought, word, or deed that will result in *happiness* or *unhappiness*. In the worst places he can be happy if he will but encourage happy thoughts and live in the present.

It is necessary for all of us to eat pure food to build up pure flesh and blood. These two latter, which constitute to some extent our driving power, will help to keep us on the right path in this world. In this way we begin to see why it is our duty to abstain from flesh-food, the result being that of necessity we are more thoughtful of the animals around us, and this naturally leads us to think more of and to act better towards our fellow-beings.

Arthur Fawcett (of South Australia).

Editorial Notes.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF *The Herald* WILL BE PUBLISHED ON DECEMBER 15TH, AND EACH READER IS ASKED TO ORDER A DOZEN COPIES FOR MISSIONARY DISTRIBUTION.



AN EMPTY EXCHEQUER.

will have to be faced at the end of the year. Last year it was £300, but the amount was all subscribed before January 1st, by those who have the interests of our great work at heart. They trust that they may again be enabled to commence the New Year free from financial anxiety, especially as it will be the commencement of a New Century, and they therefore invite *one and all* to send something towards the funds. A splendid year's work has been accomplished; converts by hundreds have been made, numerous front-rank workers have been raised up, our 'fighting line' has been very much strengthened, a very great influence has been made upon contemporary thought, the Members' Roll is considerably longer, and our prospects for the opening Century are simply brilliant. The issue of presentation copies of the new Guide-Book to prominent journalists has had a marked effect. All over the country they have printed most kind and favourable notices, and there can be no doubt that scores of them will henceforth help the Food-Reformation instead of treating it with indifference or scorn. Not a single adverse review has yet come to hand, whilst many are most eulogistic. The expense incurred in connection with this effort to influence the literary world has been more than justified by results, and the Council appeal with confidence to those who are able to help to unite with them in carrying on this crusade against carnivorism and inhumanity with vigour and enterprise. A list of special donations will be printed next month, and will include all amounts which are sent to Headquarters in time for insertion (viz. on or before December 8th).

THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

The Bishops and Priests of the Church in England, the Pastors of the Free Churches at home and in the slave states, solemnly found texts in the Bible which said that the black should be for ever "a servant of servants," and they quoted the historical example of godly saints of the old and new dispensation who upheld slavery.

People now-a-days think that the present generation is more enlightened, and they refuse to believe that narrow bigotry can now be championed from the Bible,

IT WILL CONTAIN STRONG ARTICLES ON THE DUTY OF THE HUMANE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS—THE NECESSITY FROM A MORAL POINT OF VIEW OF ABOLISHING SLAUGHTER-HOUSES—THE BEAUTY OF THE BETTER DIETARY—EXPERIENCES OF MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—AND, LASTLY, PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AND OF BARCOMBE HALL, THE HOME OF THE PROVOST AND THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE ORDER.

THE PRICE WILL BE ONE PENNY, AND THE POSTAGE WILL BE ONE PENNY, OWING TO INCREASED WEIGHT.

* * *

The Executive Council feel that it is necessary to inform the Members and Friends of The Order that the exchequer is empty and that a deficit of about £200

WHERE IS CHARITY?

of the members of every creed. I had a striking example at the Oriole Festival.

I wrote to a well-known Christian man who has been blessed with the good things of this world, and who therefore, one would have thought, would have only too gladly put out his hand to save the poor suffering creatures of the animal creation from their present dreadful life endings.

I wrote and asked him to lend his carriage to bring up the Dowager Countess of Portsmouth, from Loughton Station to the Hospital, whither she was coming to help, with gentle thoughts and Christian charity, to teach how human and animal suffering alike might be reduced.

This gentleman replied that he could not lend his carriage for any such purpose, for if he did he would identify himself with vegetarianism which he believed to be unscriptural!

And this at the end of the nineteenth century!

* * *

BIGOTRY.

Rather would he have allowed this lady, who had travelled far upon her mission of mercy, to walk up from the station, than allow his horses to pay service to their benefactress, or his cushions to bring comfort to the tired limbs of one who goes about doing good wherever she can.

And this because of his own narrow interpretation of the infinite compassion of Christ to every wounded lamb or stricken sparrow.

And yet the very Buddhists are telling us, that if we had more of the spirit of Christ and of the willingness to sacrifice our own dinner-appetite in order that we might ease the death agony from our suffering fellow-creatures, we should win more converts to Christianity and lift away the rock of offence that blocks the teaching of Christ crucified.

* * *

A HOPELESS MIND.

I know that evidence has no weight with a man who takes up the position that vegetarianism is "unscriptural." He has, what he calls, "made up his mind," and since this simply means that he has closed his eyes and stopped his ears, he is beyond teaching. God has said "the sun goes round the earth," and therefore all the Galileos in the world shall be burnt rather than the Bible be found to have erred!

* * *

THE UNSCRIPTURAL CREED.

The history of the ages seems to me to prove that once a man takes up the position that anything is "unscriptural"—not 'wrong,' mind, not 'immoral,' not 'productive of evil,' but 'unscriptural'—whether he accepts a Church's teaching of what is 'scriptural' or whether he interprets for himself, he is at once beyond the power of education.

He no longer wants to learn, he only wants to dogmatise, he no longer wants to progress, he only wants to cavil, and text-slinging replaces spiritual insight into the great truths that underlie all texts.

* * *

A BUDDHIST'S OPINION.

I am tempted to write this because I have just read an able leading article in the *West Coast Spectator*, which emphasises how dreadfully the spirit of my friend who would not lend his carriage, is hindering the progress of Christianity.

The following extracts from the article will show how an educated but open-minded Buddhist looks at the matter. I quote it with a sad heart, because I know that if my friend of the refused carriage were to read it, he would rather that Christianity did not progress than that it should seek aid from any movement which he considered "unscriptural."

Even though many of the most beautiful saints of the Christian Church, from the time of St. John up to to-day, have

been vegetarians, none the less to him and to his class of mind the sun still goes round the earth, animals are sent for man's food and negroes are predestined as the white man's slaves!

A MISSIONARY TESTIMONY.

"To a sincere Brahmin or Buddhist," writes the Rev. W. D. Etherington, M.A., from a more than seventeen years' experience of missionary work in India, "there is probably no greater difficulty in the way of accepting Christianity than that presented by Christians in their constant destruction of life, and in the use of the flesh of animals for food—especially that of the cow and of the pig, the one, in their estimation, the most sacred, the other the most polluted and polluting of all animals. The example of the missionary in buying and keeping animals to be slaughtered and eaten is to them a constant stumbling-block. However attracted the more thoughtful of them may be, by the teaching of the missionary with regard to the spiritual nature of that kingdom, which in truth is not meat and drink, but righteousness, joy and peace, they are again repelled from it by the thought of the vile estimation in which the sacred principle of life is held. In a word—to all who really believe in Hinduism or in Buddhism, the use of the slaughtered bodies of animals as food by the missionaries, presents an insuperable difficulty to their acceptance of Christianity."

CHRISTIANITY IS NOT OF THE STOMACH.

There is no doubt, argues the editor of the *West Coast Spectator*, that in the popular mind, the Christian religion is identified with eating flesh and drinking liquor. It may not be the missionary's fault; for his religion appeals to the spirit and does not reside in the stomach. But with us Hindus eating and drinking have long been an essential part of religion, and not the most successful missionary can cure us of our national characteristics in a day. Why should they not then meet us half way, and take the vow of total abstinence and a strictly vegetarian diet? No European resident in India need fear worse results from such abstinence than increased spirituality and a healthier liver. Nor have we said one word more than the greatest of the Apostles enjoined:—"Let us not judge one another any more, but rather judge this, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. Destroy not with thy meat, him for whom Christ died. It is good not to eat flesh nor to drink wine whereby thy brother stumbleth. If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh for evermore, that I make not my brother to stumble." Let the missionary in India live according to these almost prophetic words of St. Paul, and he will bring us nearer and more easily to Christ.

A HUMANE PEOPLE.

And when we want to introduce flesh-eating in our mission work as part of Christianity, we should do well to remember that India, *without* Christianity and *without* flesh-eating, has far more of the gentle spirit of Christ in the actual daily life of her people than England with the both.

Listen to what a totally unbiassed paper like the *Leeds Co-operative Record* says:—

ALL GENTLE LIFE IS SACRED.

"It is not only surprising but humiliating to learn that in India, with a population of 300,000,000, there is only one-fourth the amount of crime which is registered in Christian England with its population of about 20,000,000, and only a fraction of the amounts recorded in the United States. Mr. R. W. Trine, who is responsible for this assertion, and which appears in a booklet he has just issued entitled "Every Living Creature," attributes this startling condition of affairs to the fact that humane sentiments are inculcated into the hearts of the children of India, whereas in this country this important branch of education is neglected. We commend the following words to the notice of all who are interested in the education of the young:—"If children are taught to be kind towards God's lower creatures they will have instilled into their hearts those principles of action which will make them kind and merciful not only to the lower animals, but also to their fellow-men as they attain to manhood. Let them be taught that the lower animals are God's creatures, as they themselves are, put here each for its own especial purpose, and that they have the same right to life and protection. Let them be taught that principle recognised by all noble-hearted men, that it is only a depraved, debased, and cowardly nature that will injure an inferior defenceless creature, simply because it is in its power to do so, and that there is no better, no grander test of true bravery and nobility of character than one's treatment of the lower animals."

IT IS DISGUSTING.

Yes, they are right, these soft ladies who live at ease. It is disgusting, awfully disgusting. There are few things more disgusting to talk about than the slaughter-house, and the dead bodies, the human degradation, and the blood, and the agony, and the death.

No wonder cultured people don't like to hear about these disgusting things. It makes me ill even to think about them.

There is only one thing which more disgusts me and grates upon my ideas of aestheticism—and that this, the idea of

putting pieces of these dead bodies, so horribly obtained, into one's mouth and swallowing them.

The atrocities of the Chinese to our missionaries is disgusting reading, but if they added to all their horrors the eating of the mangled bodies, it would be nothing less than appalling!

Miss Evelyn Adams sends me a report of a drawing-room meeting in Herefordshire, when the Countess Wachmeister dealt with the horrors of the slaughter-house, and the audience—cultured women—were disgusted.

Well they might be. It is a disgusting topic, and the sooner it is made impossible by the whole thing being swept away, the better for the claim of this age to be "Cultured."

Miss Adams writes:—

THOUGHTLESS HABIT.

In a quiet little Herefordshire village, the Countess Wachmeister discoursed to a few ladies in a cottage drawing-room on the benefits of vegetarianism, and the evils present in flesh diet, the suffering involved to the "little brothers," the animals, and the degradation and deterioration of those men and women who inflict suffering upon those weaker than themselves.

Amongst those present, probably none, except the hostesses, though ladies of culture and refinement, had ever, like Mr. Sheldon, "seriously considered the subject" of doing without chops and steaks, brains and sweetbreads, fowls and game, as a matter of morality, or of health. They had always done it, every one they knew had always done it, it was ridiculous to suppose one ought not to kill animals and to eat their flesh.

CULPABLE INDIFFERENCE.

The Countess dwelt upon the horrors of the slaughter-houses, it made these delicate and refined ladies shudder. One said it was "disgusting to talk of such things," but she forgot that if it is so it is the *doing* of them which is really disgusting. The cowardly apathy and selfish indifference of those cultivated people who are so "refined" they think it disgusting to hear of, though they not only do not lift a hand to prevent, but positively use and profit by such disgusting scenes, which they cannot bear to hear mentioned. Yes, it is "disgusting!" but what about the persons who while shutting their eyes and holding their ears, that they may not see or hear of such things, *pay* the people who *do* them, and eat of their handiwork! We have all read, we who are readers of the *Herald of the Golden Age*, of what takes place in the huge slaughter-houses of Chicago. When the Countess described the men standing all day long up to their knees in blood, killing, killing, killing, well might these delicate ladies shudder, and say "How disgusting." Is it any less horrible when they think it is done for *them*! and though in England we have not those same huge killing by machinery dead flesh factories, we have what is equally bad, equally degrading, the butchering on a small scale, even to the killing of a pig by two or three men in a cottage garden, after the good wife has "petted," save the mark, and fed up the animal.

HUMAN DEGRADATION.

Well it is that some can have unpopularity by telling in plain words what self-indulgence in animal flesh really means and really leads to—the suffering of defenceless creatures, and the degradation of men, the spread of disease, and the hardening of men's hearts. Not a few of the women in England spend time and money and thought, upon the amelioration of the people, of what they call the "lower orders" at the same time unconsciously themselves brutalizing them by teaching them by example that to live upon flesh is the grandest ideal of "great houses" and paying them to do brutal acts which they themselves shudder and think too disgusting to hear spoken about.

CAPTIVE ANIMALS.

The "Cruelty to Wild Animals in Captivity Bill," introduced by Mr. H. D. Greene, has passed unopposed through both Houses of Parliament. The Bill, which deals specifically with "any bird, beast, fish, or reptile which is not included in the Cruelty to Animals Acts, 1849 and 1854" (viz., animals *feræ naturæ*), provides that

"Any person shall be guilty of an offence who, whilst an animal is kept in close confinement, or is maimed, pinioned, or subjected to any appliance or contrivance so as to hinder or prevent its escape, shall, by wantonly or unreasonably doing or omitting any act, cause or permit to be caused any unnecessary suffering to such animal; or shall cruelly abuse, infuriate, tease, or terrify it, or permit it to be so treated."

ONLY HALF MEASURES.

The deliberate omissions and shortcomings of the Bill, says a pamphlet issued by the Humanitarian League, are but too apparent. The ill-treatment of menagerie animals is now to be prohibited, but the cruelties of "sport" are to continue. Why? Because a large number of our legislators are themselves addicted to sport, while none, or a quite insignificant number, are interested in dancing bears or

performing lions, so that Parliament can afford to be humane in this matter without any sacrifice of its own pastimes and amusements. It is a "non-controversial" Bill—which means simply that no powerful "interest" will be offended by it.

The attempts made by the promoters of the Bill to show reason why animals used for sport should be excluded from its protection are somewhat disingenuous. Thus Mr. Greene writes to the Rev. F. Lawrence, hon. sec. of the Church Society, as follows:—

"The principle of the Bill is this—to protect animals naturally wild from man's savagery when he takes them out of their wild state and prevents their escape. When they are restored to freedom, man's pursuit, which is then called 'sport,' is not illegitimate, since the animals may be presumed to have as good a chance of escape as he has of inflicting injury upon them."

* * *

NOT A FAIR CHANCE.

The fallacy in this argument is twofold. For, in the first place, the unfortunate captive animals that are turned out to be hunted or shot are *not* (in any genuine sense of the words) "restored to freedom," nor have they what is called in the sportsman's favourite formula "a fair chance of escape." It is ludicrous to pretend that the dishorned stag, carted to the meet, and turned out in a district quite unknown to him—or the bagged rabbit, tumbled out of the sack, dazed and stupefied, in a field where he has never been before—or the caged pigeon, fluttering aimlessly up from the trap, with guns and snares all around—has any reasonable "chance of escape" or is restored to a state of "freedom." And, in the second place, even if the conditions *did* afford the animal an equal chance of escape, that would not in the least prove such sport to be legitimate.

* * *

PLASMON.

A correspondent whose experience in food values is very wide and whose opinion carries considerable weight, sends me the following information:

"The introduction of Plasmon Cocoa marks a new era in Food Beverages, one that will be welcomed by all who wish to avoid drinks containing meat extracts. Cocoa, generally welcome, at this season of the year, on account of the warming properties of the fat it contains, by the addition of Plasmon becomes a highly nutritive food as well as a delicious drink.

Of tea, coffee and cocoa, the latter has long held the first place in the estimation of all Food Reformers. The addition of Plasmon to a perfectly pure cocoa of high quality, is an additional attraction which will, no doubt, be widely appreciated.

All cocoas are improved by being brought to the boiling point. The advertisement pages state where this and other Plasmon specialities are to be obtained."

* * *

WORK FOR ALL.

Humanity, of all papers, should avoid even the appearance of sneering at fellow-workers, yet, in an article which, if written in a different spirit, might have been an eirenicon between two somewhat antagonistic antivivisection societies, it discusses the decision of the Council of The Order of the Golden Age not to aim for anything less than the entire abolition of butchery for food, and says "The Order presumably knows its own business best," etc.

Yes, The Order has its policy, and it knows it, and it purposes to keep to it, but instead of making light of other fellow-workers who have intermediary aims, it wishes them all God speed in their divine mission to reduce suffering and to bring in the reign of peace.

* * *

AN OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

With all brotherly love, however, it holds up a warning voice to all societies or workers who are attempting to replace individual wrongs by municipal wrongs, who are attempting to replace an evil which can be interfered with and repressed and gradually squeezed out of existence by an evil which will be haloed and guarded by the red tape of departmental control, and will tend to be grafted on to the common stock of national life in perpetuity.

I am sure that those who are so contented with the idea of municipal righteousness have hardly measured the immensity of the task of uprooting municipal abattoirs, which pay good profits and help to reduce the rates!

I am told that the profits of the abattoirs of Leeds are the main stay of the Fine Art Gallery and Museum of that city!

And many will contend, perchance, that the end justifies the means!

* * *

WAR.

I have quoted, from time to time, bits of exquisite pathos from the great battlefield of the Transvaal, to show how terrible war really is and some may have thought that it is only *Boer* warfare which is brutal.

This is not so. All war is brutal. It is inherently connected with the devil. War is sometimes necessary—there was even war in Heaven once—but where war wages the devilish spirit is sure to be found.

Here is a picture from the far off banks of the Peiho. It reminds me of the baby seals wailing on the ice floes, sadly wailing till they sadly die, for the mothers who have been flayed—often flayed alive—to bring to our "civilised" women a garment of luxury!

* * *

DESOLATION.

Here is the picture. It is a picture of war:

Fields of coarse maize grew round the village, enclosing it on all sides except on the river front. Close to the last hut, on the north side, the fields had been trodden down as by a rush of horses and men. Dead people—and not grown men only—lay, with outstretched arms, face downward on the trampled corn.

There had been a tragedy, swift and unexpected, in the village. Perhaps it was a Boxer village; perhaps Chinese soldiers had been quartered in it.

Someone had fired on a scout or sniped at a passing boat, and punishment had overtaken the innocent with the guilty.

* * *

LOST CHILDREN.

Two little naked Chinese children emerged from under the shadow of a wall. They had not seen our boat, and apparently were also unconscious of the dead that lay in the fields beyond, for they laughed and stumbled up the streets, gazing curiously at the ruins and stopping every moment to pick up and examine some article lying at their feet.

Then one of our Chinese coolies shouted. They turned round, saw our boat, and ran towards it, talking in shrill tones.

Standing hand-in-hand on the river bank, gazing on the white men with wonder but without fear, they made a pretty picture, rendering what lay beyond them more hideous by the contrast.

They might have been little English Cupids, so fair were they and innocent. They cried a question at our boatmen, who responded, shaking their heads.

A moment later one of the Indian guard appeared on the bank—a great, black-bearded Punjabi Mohammedan. At sight of him the children fled, hiding amongst the ruins.

* * *

WHERE IS MOTHER?

One amongst us, who had been many years in China and spoke the local dialect, inquired of the boatmen what the children had asked them.

"They wanted to know," was the reply, "whether we had seen their father or mother."

Poor little mites! Poor little mites! Many thousand Chinese dead have floated down the ghastly Peiho; many hundreds lie with outstretched arms dying amidst the ripening maize; and little children, tiny little children, run to the river's bank inquiring of strangers whether they have seen their father or mother!

"To Hell with war!" cries the blunt, kindly old sea captain to whom I narrate the incident, and gazing on his grand old face, torn and furrowed with long years of victorious striving with the sea, I learn that it is not by way of war alone that men rise to sublime heights.

* * *

THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN.

This bright little paper is going to have a special Xmas Number with portraits and experiences of vegetarian children.

A Christmas-greeting Bookmarker also will be presented as a supplement with each copy. Copies may be ordered from the Editor, 12, Hill-drop Crescent, N.

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PASSED ON.

On the 10th of October passed away, at his residence, Bryncoed, near Swansea, Mr. John Williams. Mr. Williams was a vegetarian on principle, his tenderness and care for all weak and helpless creatures leading him to exclude flesh-food from his dietary. One writing of him says, "He never suffered an animal to be beaten by anyone without remonstrating with him in most persuasive terms. All those who knew him are convinced that his firm vegetarianism was based on dread of animal killing."

Plantains and Bananas.

In tropical countries the plantain or cooking banana is the staff of life, and from it is made the bananina. It has a hard and dry flesh, fit only for cooking or being roasted on ashes; and that is the reason why it is not delicate to the taste, and does not melt in the mouth, like the better sorts, for, like all cultivated plants, the bananas have many varieties. There are about forty described species of *musa* known.

Musa is a genus of plants typical of the natural order of *musiacæ*. The most important members of this group are the bananas and the plantains, the flowers and foliage of which are amongst the greatest ornaments of the tropical flora, and the fruits of which are of great value to the inhabitants of warm countries. These fruits in the ripe state have a pleasant sour-sweet flavour, and afford agreeable and thoroughly wholesome food. Apparently the only difference between bananas and plantains is the size of the fruit, for there are no characters that can be clearly defined as separating the two; the sweet bananas being referred to by some authors as *musa sapientum* and the vegetable-like fruits or plantains as *musa paradisiaca*. So far as botanists have carried their investigations, all the known varieties seem to have been derived from a single species—the plantain. “Though the food elements in the banana vary from those of the plantain, the sum total of them is much about the same. The plantain is decidedly richer in starch and glucose, while the banana excels in albumenoids and digestible fibre. The advantage in value is with the plantain.”

The banana as a dessert food is a nutritious product, having less water and more nitrogenous matter than is usually found in fresh fruits. It contains, when ripe, a large proportion of sugar, but very little starch. When used for dessert they should be eaten quite ripe. They form capital food for children, and are excellent in cases of constipation. In cases of acute indigestion the banana is of immense service.

The banana fruit, eaten fasting, and followed by a glass of water, constitutes the most gentle laxative known.

One of the ways of Nature to be observed and prized is that her choicest gifts are generally the most universal and accessible; fruits at once so common and abundant in all countries are a source of inestimable relief in sickness.

According to the belief of Mr. William Usery, M.D., of St. Louis, the banana is the very best food obtainable for typhoid fever patients. In this disease, he explains, the membrane of the small intestines becomes intensely inflamed and gorged. Eventually, it begins sloughing away in spots, leaving well-defined ulcers. At these places the intestinal walls become dangerously thin. A solid food, if taken into the stomach, is likely to produce perforation of the intestines, and dire results will follow. Therefore, solid food or foods containing a large amount of innutritious substances, as compared with nutritious substances, are dangerous, and are to be avoided. The banana, although it may be classed as a solid food, containing as it does 95 per cent. nutrition, does not possess sufficient waste to irritate these sore spots. Nearly the whole amount taken into the stomach is absorbed, and gives the patient more strength than can be obtained from other food.

The apple has been recommended far and near as the food of life. Now it will probably be the turn of the baked banana, which is being extolled in America as the ideal food both for the nervous, the anæmic, and the brain worker. Bananas, it will be remembered, occupied a high place in the diet of the late Sir Isaac Holden, and without going so far as to say they are a panacea for all ills, it is asserted that their great power to sustain mental effort is recognised in India, and that pale, thin, poor-blooded people rapidly improve on adopting this diet. Whatever the value of the banana as an article of diet, it is worth noticing that in the West Indian islands the cooked plantain, which is first cousin to the banana, forms one of the staple articles of the food of all classes of the community.

R. A. De Rondan.

Be Ye Merciful.

[Extracts from a book entitled “Zoophilos,” by the Rev. Henry Crowe, Vicar of Buckingham, published in 1822].



bull-running is said to have been founded by the Earl of Warren in the reign of King John, in consequence of the high gratification he derived from seeing the accidental encounter of two bulls, and the ferocity of some dogs which were set upon them and caused a scene of tumult. He gave in consequence the spot of ground where it happened at Stamford in Lincolnshire, as a common to the butchers there to keep their cattle for slaughter, on the condition that they should annually provide a mad bull for the continuance of the sport!

* * *

Hall, in his “Travels in Scotland,” thus describes another sport of the kind in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew’s, called a *goose-race*:—“A goose is suspended by the feet from a sort of gallows, its neck having been previously stripped of the feathers, and rendered slippery with soap or grease. The savages riding below raise themselves as they pass from their seats, as far as they can, to get hold of the goose’s head, which it naturally raises up to avoid them, and he who succeeds in pulling off the head is said to gain the race.”

* * *

Whoever seeks the gratification of a vitiated or fanciful palate, by causing unnecessary pain to the animals killed for his food, must be deemed grossly sensual, unfeeling and depraved. A modern writer declares that he could not, with sincerity, join in grace at a table set out by such means. I entirely agree with him, and think that an act of devotion, accompanied by a manifest abuse and perversion of the divine bounty, is highly inconsistent, not to say impious.

* * *

We must not pass without reprehension a matter connected with the subject, which is the inhuman treatment of cattle when going to slaughter by butchers and drovers. This is particularly observable in London, and is alike disgraceful to the agents and the police. Under the idea that the wounds and bruises then inflicted will be immaterial, as not having under such circumstances time to inflame, no wanton cruelty to these animals is spared; and we see them goaded even to madness, their horns bloody and broken, the marks of numberless blows upon their bodies, and their throats, noses and mouths torn by dogs, like a bull’s after baiting.

* * *

Mr. John Tweddell, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, a writer of superior classical attainments, genius, and general good sense, has expressed himself on this subject in the following extraordinary language: “I no longer eat flesh-meat, nor drink fermented liquors. . . . With regard to the flesh of animals, I have many times thought upon the subject. I am persuaded that we have no other right, than the right of the strongest, to sacrifice to our monstrous appetites the bodies of living things, of whose qualities and relations we are ignorant. . . . We are not called upon to bury in our bowels the carcases of animals, which a few hours before loved or bleated;—to flay alive and to dismember a defenceless creature, to pamper the unsuspecting beast which grazes before us, with the single view of sucking his blood and grinding his bones; and to become the unnatural murderers of beings, of whose powers and faculties, of whose modes of communication and mutual intercourse, of whose degree of sensibility and extent of pain and pleasure we are necessarily and fundamentally ignorant. . . . We live upon rice and milk, eggs, potatoes, bread, and dried fruit.” (Letter to Mr. Digby). These sentiments, however, are almost *echoed* from Ovid.

“Pareite, mortales, dapibus temerare nefandis
Corpora. Sunt fruges:—
Prodiga divitias alimentaque mitia tellus
Suggerit; atque epulas sine cæde et sanguine præbet.”

“Mortals, forbear, no longer slay the brute.
Nor with abhorred blood thy taste pollute;
The guiltless plenty of the bounteous field,
Grain, fruit, and herbs a purer relish yield.”

(To be Concluded).

Animal Immortality.



1. **I** believe in the immortality of animals because my own observation teaches me that they are in the possession of the same soul as myself; they love, fear, hate, as I do. As far as the soul is concerned there is no difference whatsoever, though how far the spirit is sufficiently developed to admit of the worship of the Creator we have no knowledge. There is no question, however, that "Whoso loveth is born of God and knoweth God, for God is love."

Where do we find more self-sacrificing love than in an animal?

Even reptiles and insects have proved faithful friends to those who have taken the trouble to draw out their higher nature. We know the story, given by Abercrombie, of the dog with pups that a fiend in human shape most cruelly vivisected in order to see whether love would, in her case, survive mortal agony. He then carried the puppies across the room and the mother immediately attempted to drag herself along the floor in answer to their appeal for food.

We know, also, of the pigeon seen to sit calmly on her nest to be eaten by a cat rather than rise and expose her young.

All that is of God has "the power of an endless life," every beautiful "gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of Lights." Can such sacrifice as this have descended from any but the great Mother Heart of the Creator, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which broke upon the Cross out of pity for this sinful, suffering, world of ours? Has it not, therefore, the power of an endless life? Soul is immortal. Where, when the body falls to the ground, does the love, obedience, fidelity of our little brothers and sisters in fur and feathers go?

2. Because animals are as sensitive to the other side as we are. All are not seers as all humans are not seers, but many are clairvoyant or clairaudient. In several cases this has been seen by the writer when dogs and birds have shewn symptoms of terror or joy at the presence of those from the unseen world. This would be impossible did their ego not correspond to it as does our own, a stick or a stone would manifest no sensation on these occasions whatsoever. In the sacred Scriptures we find an ass cognisant of the presence of an angel, and birds, acting in obedience to the unseen, brought food to the prophet Elijah. Constantly, in the lives of the saints, we find stories of the tender care of the animal creation for these holy ones of God.

3. Because the immortality of animals is plainly taught in the Bible. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father." Here our Lord is, of course, referring to the bird itself, and not to its poor little broken-winged body only. St. Paul speaks of the resurrection of creation, "not only they but we," as though the doubt were of man alone. St. John heard the inhabitants of earth, air, and sea join in the great hymn of adoration that closes the High Mass of Heaven, and immediately round the throne he saw their representatives, the living creatures, "and the first was like a lion, and the second like a calf, and the third had a face like a man, and the fourth was like a flying eagle."

We sometimes hear the words quoted "the beasts that perish" as an argument against the immortality of animals. (1) The Hebrew simply implies "the beasts that are dumb, or in silence." (2) The same expression is used concerning "the rich who perish and leave their wealth to others." Another passage much misunderstood is "the spirit of the man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth." (1) It is to be remarked that the "spirit" is here implied as common both to man and beast. (2) That the Jews believed that Hades, the place of ordinary departed spirits, was in the earth, and it was, therefore, natural for them to consign the spirit of the beast there also. Until the doctrine of the Resurrection was understood the human mind was extremely hazy as regards the future destination of either humans or animals.

4. The doctrine of correspondence, upon which the ritual of the Catholic Church is formed, teaches us, as do the sacred Scriptures, that "the things of earth are patterns of things in the heavens," that "the invisible things of God are made known by the things that are made, in other words that all things we see around us here have their root, origin, main-spring, for good or for evil, on the other side.

Now, why should the doctrine of correspondence be accepted in all cases but that of the animals? Why should we believe in a city in the heavens, as real as any of earth, with streets and houses; a temple and a symbolical, but perfectly real and tangible, ritual; a garden with palm trees and a river, and yet discard the presence of animals? Why are cats and dogs less heavenly than the spirit horses referred to over and over again in the Bible and seen by the Apostle above?

5. Is it conceivable that He "Whose tender mercies are over all His works;" "Who calls the wild beasts of the forest His own, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," those very creatures tortured and butchered for the food of redeemed humanity; Who spared Nineveh on account of the children and the cattle; Who does not disdain the praise of the birds, beasts, and fishes heard by St. John at the great Eucharist of Heaven, should not recompense a thousand fold all the agony suffered by, perhaps, the most lovable, certainly the most innocent portion of His creation?"

The most tremendous moral earthquake the world has ever seen was when the Creator Himself overturned the only idea of exoteric worship revealed to humanity since the fall. The Lord took the round unleavened cake called the Maza, which represented in every Jewish household the body of the sacrificial lamb, and which was daily elevated by the father of the family before Jehovah, and consecrated it as "the awful and unbloody sacrifice," as St. Chrysostom calls it, of the Christian Church. He, thereby, abolished all bloody sacrifices, for whatsoever cause, for ever. Instead of the sacrifice of animals which, before, in all nations, had pointed forward to the Cross, the holy pure Offering of the Bread and Wine was now to be alone shown before the Father, pleading incessantly "the Lord's death until He come." Moreover, the only creature to which it has been said, by the Creator Himself, "The Lord hath need of him," is the donkey.

Dare we, after this, close the lark, that joyous embodiment of flying song, in a cage, or shut up the trembling lamb in a slaughter-house, that the little symbol of its Creator Incarnate may have its throat cut in the morning? Dare we reverse His order that the greater should suffer for the less, the strong for the weak, and, in our brute strength, torture to death helpless creatures, that a cure may be found for our own ailments?

English Catholic.

Ideal Homes.

The Patriarch saw, in a dream, a ladder standing upon the earth, and reaching into heaven; and upon that ladder, 'the Angels of God ascended and descended.' This ladder—about which all true Israelites, or Men of God, will dream—is the ladder of evolution, of that divine spark, clothed in various forms of existence, which ascends from the darkness of unconsciousness below until it reaches the perfect light above. This ladder is a producer of angels, to be sure; but when a spark has attained unto the angel's state, he will 'descend' to help those who still work and struggle.

You lived many lives before you became what you are now, and you will continue to live earth lives until the hidden God in you can create to himself the form which belongs to the angelic existence. Such is the Law of Necessity, and there is no power—on earth or in heaven—that can give you an existence beyond the degree of perfection unto which your creating power has reached. This is the true explanation of 'Karma' and 'the just judgment.' Hence, in the lower nature a beginning of the higher nature is to be perceived.

The crystal forms of the mineral world are plant forms (compare the ice flowers upon the window panes); the plant nature has begun to develop in that mineral. The blind plant loves the light, and it traces the water it cannot sense; this is manifestation of the approaching animal nature. The instinctive actions of animals (the mathematics of spiders and bees, the sociology of the ants, the geography of storks and lemmings) manifest their beginning human nature. All non-sensual and non-egoistic actions and desires of man manifest his beginning angelic nature.

Of course, upon the ladder of evolution man stands between 'animal' and 'angel,' and has in him the natures of both. It is the sensual-egoistic animal in him which induces him to run for sensual lust, and money, and power, and influence, nay, to make himself horns, and hoofs, and claws of steel; it is the same nature which taught him to believe in, and wish for, an eternity without pain and work—exactly what an animal would call 'eternal bliss.' And it is the angel in man that makes him an Idealist, an altruist, a self-forgetting and self-sacrificing 'Child of Peace.'

In our time the angelic men have begun to be many upon the earth. Many are those who are not ruled by the animal, but whose real ego is the angel, although the animal has not yet been all overcome.

Those who belong to the New Humanity need to create, first for themselves, new social forms. They wish ardently to finish the development of the angel nature, and they see clearly that the feverish life of the busy world of sensuality and egoism, with its poisonous aura and its dangerous vibrations, will not permit this finishing, which is to be realised amidst environments of peace, harmony and stillness. A man who lives in a country whose air is poison to his constitution, will leave that country, and go to a better. So, many of the New Humanity will do—as did many of the first Christians—return

to the bosom of Mother Nature, and there, living a calm, moderate, natural life, strive to finish the Grand Work that is the final end of human life upon this globe, and the only gate unto the school of the angels.

Because the realization of man's angelic nature is the aim of perfect idealism, I may express my meaning as follows: New Humanity wants *ideal homes*, where those who are ripe for the ideal life may go and live, short or long, with their equals. These homes are to be established in quiet, beautiful places, where the climate is salubrious, and the soil fertile.

You who see the full development of your angel nature to be the real aim of your life here; and wish to realise this development, must establish Ideal Homes without delay. Do that, also for the sake of those who do not yet belong to New Humanity. For you will, then, create Spiritual centres, from which vibrations of perfect truth will go out far away, and from which angels may be sent out to teach the world the Perfect Way.

Carl Michelsen (of Skanderborg, Denmark).

The Trumpet Call.

[The Executive of The Order of the Golden Age call upon every Member to proclaim the gospel of the higher life and to bring in converts to the fold. There must be no "dead heads." The test of conversion and of conviction is "service." The fruition of service is a band of converts. **Whom have you converted?**]

The winter campaign of The Order was inaugurated by a capital meeting at Paignton, on the 29th ult.

Held under the neutral auspices of the Y.M.C.A., the meeting attracted thoughtful and influential men and women of all shades of religious opinion.

It was essentially an earnest audience gathered together to learn something of a new truth. Men who did not come to scoff, and women who did not come to sneer, but students who came to learn, and learners who wanted to practise.

Mr. Soudan Bridgman, C.C., who had adopted vegetarianism as the result of Mr. Beard's lecture last year,

was to have taken the chair, but a week or two ago a serious bicycle accident quite incapacitated him.

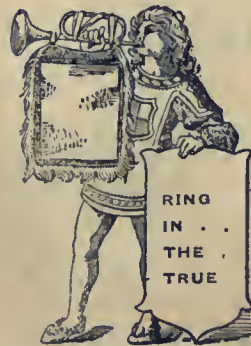
His son, Mr. Norman Bridgman, who is a leading architect in Paignton, and who too has been a disciple of the higher life for a year, brought a message from his father to testify that the reformed dietary had done for his health what the vaunted Salisbury treatment had quite failed to do.

A message, too, came from his doctor (Dr. Cousins) to say that in his opinion Mr. Bridgman's recovery from his accident was considerably hastened by his non-flesh dietary!

This was valuable testimony from an orthodox physician who, up to this time, had known nothing of Food Reform.

Dr. Black, of Torquay, who was also in attendance on the patient, quite corroborated the opinion, and Mrs. Bridgman (who is a life vegetarian) was able to add to these professional opinions, the evidence of a devoted nurse to the same effect.

The meeting, in accordance with the recognition by The Order of the sacred character of their mission, was commenced by prayer, and then Mr. Sidney Beard kept the audience attentive and wrapt for nearly an hour, by a thoughtful, earnest, forceful address, which must have carried



conviction to all, that the subject was one of grave social and spiritual importance, and could never afterwards be treated as a joke or a fad.

The Chairman (Dr. Oldfield) followed with a short speech dealing with the medical, aesthetical and ethical sides of the subject, and then short testimonies and questions succeeded.

Mrs. Soudan Bridgman (the sister of Dr. Black) and Mr. Norman Bridgman contributed specially valuable personal testimony to the beauty and the healthfulness of the natural food of man.

Literature of The Order to the value of nearly 30/- was sold at the close of the meeting, and this, in addition to a handsome collection, was a striking proof of the real interest that had been aroused.

This meeting at Paignton was followed by another one at Unity Hall, Torquay, on November 12th, when Mr. Beard again championed the Ideals of The Order, by an address on "Is Flesh-Eating Right or Wrong?"

Dr. Oldfield gave two addresses at the Oddfellow's Hall, Dorking, on Friday, November 9th, on the "Immorality of Cruelty," in connection with the London Anti-Vivisection Society, and at Richmond, on Thursday, November 15th, on the same subject. Dr. Oldfield also gave an address on "What is Aristophagy," at Hampstead, on Tuesday, November 6th, in connection with the N.H.V.S., and will give a talk on "The Worship of the Tiger," and "The House by the Side of the Way," on November 20th, at 8 p.m.

Members throughout the world are asked to send to the Editor reports of all meetings that they are arranging or have held.

Household Wisdom.

Rice as a Food.

Rice forms a chief article of food for about one-third of the human race, especially for those living in warm climates, for whom it is well adapted. It is extensively grown in some of the Southern States of America, and that produced in South Carolina is equal, if not superior to any in the world.



Its chief constituent is starch; it contains hardly any fat and but a comparatively small amount of nitrogenous substance.

The starch of rice is very superior in quality and very easily digested, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the

amount of woody matter round the cells is very small.

Its deficiency in nitrogenous matter and oil renders it defective as a staple food, but it is well suited to those who require easily digested and at the same time nutritious foods. It is especially valuable to invalids, as it only takes one hour to digest.

It may be prepared in a great variety of ways, but steaming or rapid boiling are the perfect methods of cooking this valuable cereal.

There are many inferior qualities of rice in the market, and it is false economy to buy any but the best. Carolina rice is the purest and when properly boiled its whiteness makes it very beautiful. Patna rice is very good for curries or borders, as it does not swell quite so much as the Carolina and so each grain remains whole and separate.

Steamed Rice.

Wash well a cupful of rice and put it in a double saucepan and well cover with water. Let it steam one hour, and if it gets too stiff add a little boiling water. Serve either warm or

cold with a fruit sauce or any stewed fruit. It may also be moulded and served with custard. Whilst the rice is cooking a handful of raisins may be added, if liked, and any flavouring such as grated lemon rind, etc.

Boiled Rice.

Wash the rice and put in a pan of rapidly boiling water to which a little salt has been added. Cover and boil half an hour. Drain off any water that may be left and set on the side of the stove or in the oven to dry. Do not stir, or the grains will break, but shake occasionally, and when done it should be an appetizing mass of white kernels. It may be thus served as a vegetable or with any fruit or cream. Very lightly moulded with sound, fresh, bright coloured fruit it makes an artistic dish. Use the water drained off for gruel, soup or gravy stock, or any purpose that may add to the dinner.

Rice Border, with Tomatoes or hard-boiled Eggs.

Wash and pick a small cupful of Carolina rice and boil 15 minutes in salted water. Drain off the water and put the rice in a double boiler with a pint and a half of boiling milk, and cook until the milk is absorbed, then add a lump of butter. Butter a mould well, turn the rice into it and press it down and bake in the oven 5 or 10 minutes. Turn out and fill the centre with grilled tomatoes or hard-boiled eggs sliced in a thick cream sauce.

Savoury Rice.

Wash half a cup of rice, and put in a saucepan with a chopped onion, and fry until a golden brown in a little butter—do not let it get too dark. Have ready a good vegetable stock or gravy, pour over the rice, and cook until the rice has absorbed all the liquid. Serve with tomato sauce and a border of bottled peas if liked.

Curried Rice Croquettes.

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cup of milk in a saucepan with a large lump of butter, and when it boils stir in a large cup and a half of rice that has been previously boiled. Add a good teaspoonful of curry powder, some onion juice, and salt to taste. When it boils add 1 egg beaten, stir till it thickens, and turn out on a dish to cool. Form into balls and fry as usual.

Lombardy Rice Savoury.

Chop 4 large onions and fry a pale brown with about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice, according to the size of the dish; stir occasionally, and then add a quart of good stock, the pulp of 4 large tomatoes, salt, pepper, mace, and a few herbs. Boil in a double pan until the rice is quite tender, and then add 3 oz. of grated Cheshire cheese. Turn out on to the centre of a dish, and garnish round with mushrooms stewed in a thick sauce, or any other border reasonable.

Rice Cutlets.

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rice, 2 onions chopped fine, 4 oz. of grated cheese, seasoning, and 3 gills of water into a double pan, and boil until the rice is soft and the water absorbed. Stir occasionally, and when done turn out on to a dish. When cold cut in slices, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry as usual. Garnish with fried parsley and serve with a good gravy.

There are almost endless ways in which rice, both ground and whole, may be used for sweet puddings, moulds, soufflés, etc., but these are readily found in ordinary cookery books.

The following is a nice way of serving rice—a change from the usual rice cream.

Rice Meringue with fruit purée.

Wash enough rice to fill a border mould, and put it in a double boiler with sugar, lemon peel, and barely enough milk to cover, and cook until tender and the milk all absorbed. Then add a little cream and well fill the mould. Set aside to cool and stiffen. Then turn out and fill up the centre, piling high above the mould with apple purée. Beat the white of an egg or some cream to a stiff froth, and, if the former, add sugar, and place lightly all over the purée. Garnish with chopped pistachio nuts or coloured sugar. Daisy Whitton.



Barcombe Hall, Paignton.



The Western Porch.



Harold W. Whiston.



Sidney H. Beard
(The Founder and Provost of The Order).



Josiah Oldfield.



The Italian Garden.



The Winter Garden.



Vol. 5. - No. 12. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] December 15, 1900. [Published Monthly.] ONE PENNY.

The Festival of Peace.

The world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be:
Why is it? Why is it? O, answer me!

The world is strong, with an awful strength;
And full of life in its breadth and length;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be:
Why is it? Why is it? O, answer me!

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day;
Remember that Christ must have His own way;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.

The last Christmas in the Century is with us and by the majority of men and women in England it will be celebrated in the same old way as the last hundred Christmases have been celebrated.



The great point in Christmas celebrating is to eat beef—roast beef—good old English roast beef—and to wash it down with beer.

I have nothing for the moment to say about the beer, there are hundreds of busy pens that are

writing to-day, and are pointing out the evils that beer drinking brings in its train.

Upon me and upon a small band has fallen a higher duty—not that of pointing out the palpable evils of indulging to excess in alcoholic poison, but the subtle and more terrible evils which are inherently connected with even the moderate consumption of ox flesh.

The "rounds of beef," the "sirloins of beef," the "good old beefsteak" cannot be brought upon the Christmas tables without the infliction of atrocious pain upon countless sentient animals.

These foods are not necessary for the development of the best forces that the best men can produce.

These dire pains, therefore, are inflicted for the pleasure of the human race—the so-called "civilized" portion of the human race.

These dire pains are inflicted as part of a religious festival celebration.

The world is full of similar examples. Every age and every religion and every sect has had its celebrations of pain and its celebrations of joy.

Very often the joy of one portion of the community has been obtained by the infliction of pain upon another portion.

The proud joy of the leaders in the ancient Roman Triumphs was largely enhanced by the groans of the captives chained to the chariot wheels and by the satisfaction of knowing that ere night fell their racked and tortured bodies would have yielded up the souls they could no longer keep.

Many a gentle Roman maid and matron would sorrow a little in secret for the terrible pains and agonies of the day of Triumph, but they would ease their consciences by saying that Triumphs were necessary for the development of courage and valour and for the perpetuation of the rugged Roman virtues, and that the agonies of the vanquished were indeed a terribly sad item in the proceedings, but they were of course necessary, and were besides really too disgusting to talk about.

So too, to-day. Just as in those days, so also in these days. Just as in Pagan Rome, so also in Christian England.

We, too, have our days on which we celebrate our triumphs—our festivals of great rejoicing for victories won.

Of all these Triumph days the greatest and most joyous is Christmas.

It is a perpetual memory of the birth of the Great Victor-Emperor. The One who overcame death. The One who set free the captive human race. The One who brought into being a peace greater than the Pax Romana, a peace greater than the Pax Britannica. Yea, indeed, a peace which passeth all understanding.

In true Pagan style we celebrate our Triumph day. Our Prince overcame pain, therefore we will inflict pain in exquisite detail in memory of His triumph over it.

He came sanctifying the manger stall where cow and ox were tied, and He shared their hospitality, and was succoured and comforted by their warmth and shelter.

So we will exemplify our reverence for this beautiful kinship of the Lord of life with the gentle lowing kine, by taking them in their thousands and tearing them from their homes, and driving them with blows and dog-bites for weary miles, and forcing them with twisted, broken tails and dragging chain right up to the fatal axe.

And if perchance they were to ask what they had done to be thus tortured, the Christian world with one loud voice replies—"Your ancestors gave home and shelter and hospitality to our beloved Master on His birthday, so we celebrate the memory of their beautiful deed by torturing and slaughtering thousands of their descendants on the annual festival which commemorates His birthday!"

The Master came as the victor over Death and the inaugurator of the reign of Life, we therefore celebrate this festival by emphasising every form of butchered death, and we teach our children that we celebrate our own escape from spiritual death by inflicting a myriad physical deaths upon others.

The Prince came to teach that Love shall conquer Force and that the brutal must be replaced by the divinely gentle. We celebrate His festival by declaring that might is right, that the stronger shall ever prey upon the weaker, and that the brutal in man shall be perpetuated.

The Son of Man came to declare that the killing of animals and the offering up of their roasted carcasses was not pleasing to the Divine Father of all. We celebrate His festival by perpetuating for man's pleasure what God refused to have done for His own glory.

Thus the Pagan instinct of the Roman Triumph remains, and so long as there is only some killing to be done and some pain to be inflicted, the brute instinct in the human race is satisfied and is quite oblivious of the ghastly inconsistency of doing it to celebrate such a festival as that of the birthday of the most gentle and meek, the most self-sacrificing and humane, the most tender and compassionate of all who have ever been born of woman.

Gentle Christian men and gentler Christian women declare that they cannot "keep the feast" of the gentle Christ who accepted the hospitality of the kine, without they eat some of these slaughtered kine—roast beef—good old English roast beef!

They solemnly declare that the festival kept in memory of the most gentle, who came to teach the highest form of gentleness, cannot be "kept" without inflicting pain, terror and death upon thousands of gentle animals.

"Christmas," they say "would be no Christmas to us without our Christmas dinner, and our Christmas dinner would be no Christmas dinner without part of the dead body of a slaughtered ox for us to eat."

"Our Christmas festival is wrapped up in our Christmas dinner, and our Christmas dinner is so intimately connected with pain, slaughter and death, that we cannot understand anyone *enjoying* Christmas without roast beef!"

This is only the end of the Nineteenth Century.

There will perhaps come a happier and a humaner Twentieth.

For this we shall pray and for this we must work.

Josiah Oldfield.

It is possible to live the Divine life. Not only to see with the mind the oneness of all things, but to enter into that oneness, to live in it, to be one with every living thing, to let antagonisms vanish and only Love prevail.

KATE ATKINSON BOEHME.

The Overcoming of Pain & Death

"And I heard a great voice out of the Throne saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them. . . . And He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more."

Rearly nineteen centuries have passed since the Seer of Patmos gave to the world the vision of a future Golden Age as it was revealed to



him. We are just so many years nearer to the fulfilment of the prophecy. He declared that it was "faithful and true," and although the last year of this dying century has been specially marked by violence and bloodshed, by tears and anguish, by sickness and woe—in spite of the fact that an

awful harvest has been reaped by death in Africa, in China, in India, and throughout Christendom—notwithstanding that Christians have fought against Christians on the banks of the Vaal, and that our Chinese brethren, both the guilty and the innocent, have been butchered in the name of the Christ by the waters of the Peiho, and notwithstanding that more than 300,000,000 sentient creatures, who are classed as 'cattle,' have been ruthlessly slaughtered during this 'year of grace,' 1900, to feed a degenerate race with a needless type of food, I believe that St. John's vision of a blessed future *will yet come to pass!*

From the depths of my soul I believe it—that the time is coming when pain and tears and death shall be no more! Not suddenly, nor by any miraculous manifestation. Slowly and with difficulty—a step at a time—will the great change be wrought. One by one will the sources of pain and sorrow and cruelty and death be discovered and removed. One by one will the stumbling blocks of error, ignorance, transgression and self-worship be swept aside, until upon this very earth on which we now tread, the kingdom of God will be established in transcendent power, and the reign of universal peace, goodwill, blessedness and spirituality be ushered in. Then, and not till then, will the time come when death shall be completely beaten back and overcome.

But how is it all to be brought about? By Angels and Archangels, by Principalities and Powers? No, not by these, but by men and women whose eyes have been opened to see the vision of a better time, whose hearts have responded to the divine call. By faithful souls who have been inspired with holy resolution to win their way to freedom and spirituality and Godlikeness, to strive against the forces of desolation, to sweep away, if possible, the giant evils which now devastate this fair world of ours. Angels will doubtless help them, the Higher Powers will enlighten them and endue them with strength, but the great work will have to be accomplished by the process of evolution, and by human instrumentality. If history teaches us anything it teaches us this.

But who are called to this work? To whom is this privilege of leading our race to a higher plane of experience to be given?

In every land at this present time the workers are being raised up. Without noise or publicity, in the solitude of the chamber, on the lonely hilltop, beneath the silent stars at eventide, the call to service and to the quest of the "Holy Grail" is being heard. The way of the Cross—the way of the Christ—is being revealed to such as are able to apprehend, and the still small voice is being heard as it whispers: *Follow thou Me!* Rich and poor, gentle and simple, of every tongue and clime, they are pressing into the ranks of the militant host which is to wage a holy war during the coming Century against the empire of Darkness and Wrong, and to prepare the way for the Era of Life, Righteousness and Peace. Not many mighty, not many learned—as this world's learning goes—but those who are able to "become as little children" as a preparatory step to "entering the kingdom."

'Tis a holy calling! To be chosen for the sacred work of 'prophecy,' of 'light bearing,' of 'preparing the way of the Lord'; to be commissioned to tell out the Truth and to challenge Wrong, to "turn many to Righteousness," to "break the bands of wickedness asunder and let the oppressed go free," to walk in the footsteps of the prophets of the past and to follow the great Nazarene Reformer and Revealer! Which of us is equal to it—who of us worthy? May we not all exclaim, in tones of wonderment, "Can this honour be mine, is it possible that this blessed privilege is for *me—even me?*" With all my proneness to evil, with all my love of ease, with all my fear of man and shrinking from self-sacrifice—can I be accounted fit to bear the vessel which contains the sacred fire? Can I be reckoned worthy to make some of the rough places smooth and the steep places plain?

'Tis well that we should feel thus! If we did not, perchance the call would not come to us. For 'tis only those who realize their own insufficiency who feel after that Divine hand which alone can uphold—who cry for that baptism of the Spirit's power which transforms the weak things of this world and makes them mighty. The Reformers and Teachers of bygone days have all experienced this sense of weakness. Jeremiah exclaimed, "Behold I cannot speak, for I am a child"; Moses said unto God, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" But even to us, as to them, will be given the Divine assurance: "Fear not, I will be with thee!"

"Neither shall there be pain any more." What a prospect! Some of us have become so sensitive to the wail of anguish that arises to Heaven from myriads of afflicted creatures, both human and sub-human, that the sound of the joyous Christmas bells is well nigh stifled altogether, and it sometimes seems that this Earth of ours must be Hell itself. This suffering will only be lessened, and ultimately brought to an end, by those who believe in such a possibility, who search out the causes of pain and disease and who address themselves in real earnest to the great task of removing them.

We know—that is, some of us do—that three-fourths of this affliction and misery is *preventible* even now. It results from ignorance and from transgression of the Laws of Health and of the Law of Love. Misled by blind guides, in bondage to degenerate appetite, poisoned by vendors of garbage, inoculated by serum-worshipping quacks, poor mankind stumbles on recklessly to the surgeon's operating theatre or to an untimely grave—often too prejudiced and too mentally befogged to be willing even to listen to the warning voice of reason and entreaty—sowing day by day

to the flesh (by eating the bodies of the dead) and of the flesh reaping corruption—living by the knife, and perishing by the knife—trampling upon humane, just, and merciful sentiment by ruthlessly slaughtering the weaker and more defenceless denizens of earth, or by sanctioning their torture at the hands of legalized Inquisitors, and by so doing, bringing down upon the human race the Nemesis which pursues all who wantonly inflict injury and outrage.

The New Century is dawning! The world in its unrest and despair is crying afresh, "Who will at this time show us any good?" Let us arise and dedicate ourselves to the work of proclaiming the remedy for this misery and confusion—obedience to Physical and Moral Law—regard for the Rights and claims of others—search after Truth—and effort to find the "Way that leadeth unto Life." As these things come to be generally followed and practised we shall see *Divinity* becoming manifest in *humanity*, the groaning and travailing of Creation will be hushed, and the glory of the Coming Kingdom will overspread the Eastern sky.

The very magnitude of the vision—of a world redeemed from pain and death—is calculated to make us doubt the possibility of its realization. Some may, perhaps, feel the end is so far away that it is almost useless to make any attempt to reach it. So felt the Israelites about the promised land. Only two of them had the faith to say "We are well able to go up and possess the land"—and those two enthusiasts, Joshua and Caleb, were the only two out of all the host in the camp who lived to "enter in." Let us remember that each effort of ours, however humble, may lessen to *some extent* the sum total of ignorance and pain, may let *some* light in upon the surrounding darkness, and encourage *some* struggling brother or sister to take heart afresh on the toilsome march to the Golden Shore.

And let us not forget that we shall not be left unaided and alone in this great work. The present unrest and expectation of the world is a 'sign of the times!' Spiritual forces of great magnitude are ere long to be brought into operation on this planet. Those who are most keenly sensitive to psychic influences can almost hear the sound of the mighty wind—the Breath of the Spirit—that is coming to hurl back the forces of evil in a manner that the world has never seen hitherto. When the hour has come, we shall know and understand. Meanwhile, it is for us to help on the "Coming of the Kingdom" by hastening that hour, and in so doing we shall not only bring blessing to others but shall ourselves enter into the joy of Him who saw, afar off, the result of the travail of His soul—and was satisfied.

The conflict against Death will be long and heavy. Scarcely any adequate or systematic attempt has yet been made to resist and curtail the ravages of the destroyer. Man even goes out of his way in this and other lands to add to the grim harvest, and laughs to scorn the Divine command "Thou shalt not kill." But we who are 'called' must combat this "last enemy." We must lessen the number of his prey, and at the same time strive to lessen his prestige as a foe. We must face the Goliath for our own sakes and for the sake of others who shall come after us, so that the idea may germinate and grow in human consciousness "that *death can be resisted and ultimately overcome.*" This attitude on our part is essential, for so long as man believes that Death is irresistible no serious effort can be put forth to overcome it. The belief must be first evolved that the "Life" consciousness within us can be so developed and strengthened as to become eventually stronger than death. We, individually,

may not reach the goal, at any rate in this incarnation, but we may, if we ourselves fail, make the attainment easier for others, by our attempt to overcome.

And we must remember that death is two-fold in its nature. There is spiritual death and physical death, absence of spiritual consciousness—the real death—and absence of physical consciousness—the seeming death. The real death must be overcome first. We must awake from the sleep of mere animalism to the consciousness of the *oneness* of our finite souls with the Infinite Soul, and learn to feel that the divine life throbs in the veins of our inmost being and that we are immortal. Then we shall no longer fear the change of body which physical death brings about—so conveniently and beneficently for some of us. And as the divine consciousness grows and waxes stronger, our command and influence over our physical bodies will become greater. We may then push back the 'King of terrors'—having torn aside his mask—lengthening our "allotted span" from seventy to a hundred years—increasing it from a century to a century and a-half—until, ultimately, those of our Race in whom the Spiritual Life has most completely transcended the animal life, will overcome death altogether, and will walk this earth as long as they wish to do so—*without dying*. We may not see it in this our day, but the time is coming when death shall be overcome by Life!

"But, how about arterial degeneration?" some sceptical materialist will doubtless exclaim. True, good friend, we cannot ignore facts and physical laws. And that is one reason why some of those who are seeking to lay hold of the Eternal Life wisely abstain from the flesh of dead animals—for it contains so much calcareous deposit. They want to keep their own veins clear of earthy incrustation, as well as disease. In this way, and by hygienic living, and by other physical means, they seek to aid the soul to "overcome." Now do you understand that there is some *method* in this 'madness,' and that when both physical and psychical means are adopted to prevent the causes of death and corruption from operating, there may be some possibility of success being attained?

If the historical record does not misguide us, the Elder Brother and Leader of our Race—the "first-born amongst many brethren," reached this altitude of achievement and is clothed to-day with the same body—although etherealized and transformed—that He wore when His tired feet toiled up the steep of Calvary. Although the pith and marrow of His esoteric doctrine has been hidden from the world for nineteen centuries, having been smothered by accumulations of man-made dogma which have been piled upon it, the twentieth century will witness a bringing to the light of the great revelation made by Jesus. The impassable gulf which has been artificially created between Him and His lesser brethren by mediæval ecclesiastics, will soon be bridged and its paralyzing wideness be reduced by knowledge of the Truth. We shall then no longer feel mocked by the exhortation "Follow thou Me!" Then, as the conscious and rejoicing 'children of the Father,' we shall perchance aspire to climb the rugged steep to Heaven in the very footsteps of the first-born Son. And "the Great Peace"—for which our inmost hearts so ardently yearn—will no longer be regarded as a wild dream of the Buddha of the Orient, but as a blessed state of Harmony and Rest which storm-tossed and sorrow-stricken men and women may with confidence hope to attain.

Sidney H. Beard.

"Forasmuch!"

"Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Rot in the times of old, but quite lately in Hyde Park, London, on a sultry day in summer, there lay under one of the trees a poor sheep, panting, dying from the heat. By its side there kneeled a little ragged boy, a street arab, his tears marking gutters in the dust of his soiled face. He had run down to the water, again and again, and filled his little cloth cap with water, which he held to the mouth of the sheep, bathing its nose and eyes, until it began to show signs of returning life, speaking to it all the time loving words such as his own mother may have spoken to him.

A gentleman walking near, stopped, and looking with amusement at the child, said, "You seem awfully sorry for that beast, boy."

The cynical tone of the speaker seemed to grieve the little boy, and with a flushed face he replied, in a tone of indignant and tearful protest—"It is God's sheep."

The gentleman grunted and walked away. I felt the presence there of One who said to that child: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me."

When the prophet Jonah was in a bad humour because his prophecy of destruction to Nineveh had not been fulfilled, and his sheltering gourd had withered, God said to him:—"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, . . . which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city wherein are more than six score thousand persons (infants) that cannot discern between their right hand and their left; and also much cattle." "His mercies are over all his works." He cares "for every living thing."

Mrs. Mary Lovell cites the following:—"As a contrast to the pitilessness of man, how pleasing and how pathetic is the story, told by the elder Pliny, of a dog which belonged to one of the victims of Tiberius Sabinus, a Roman Knight of high distinction. This dog followed him to prison, and afterwards to the place of his execution.

The poor creature, just as a dog of to-day might do, remained by the corpse of his master, and with pathetic cries and howlings lamented his loss. When food was offered him he took it and held it to his master's mouth, and finally, when the body was thrown into the Tiber, the generous animal leaped into the river and endeavoured to keep the remains of his master from sinking.

In that day there was certainly a strong contrast between the disposition and behaviour of dogs and men; *sometimes there is strong contrast still.*"

Shall we perhaps at the last when "nothing shall be hid" which has been done in secret or openly, be made to see gathered together the sum of pain and agony suffered by God's creatures whom man has tortured? and may not the torturers perhaps hear, in a sense which they did not expect, the words addressed to *them*; "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me."

Saul of Tarsus, convicted, asked in his terror, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and received the reply, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." "I am He whom thou torturest," is a word which may yet be heard. (Mrs.) Josephine Butler.

The Dream

(Which Changed his Life).

Tired out with the toil of the week and burdened with a sense of life's great responsibilities he threw himself down, one Saturday afternoon, on the couch in his study and slept. His sleep was long and deep. No sooner had the physical taken refuge in slumber, than the mind took its flight into dreamland—and the sleeper dreamed.

* * *

Night lay upon the city. The snow which had fallen during the day now covered the earth with its emblem of gentle purity. It wanted four days to Xmas—that day when all that is gentlest and most holy rose to its purest exaltation and took expression in material Form in Bethlehem; that day when the Eastern skies were lit up with those wondrous mystic lights which told of another-world Saviour's birth: when the angel sang "Peace on Earth." A day when harmony and peace, brotherhood and love, received their new, their fullest meaning—the meaning which was and is to redeem mankind.

* * *

Suddenly a sickening sense of horror and a dreadful sense of something terrible about to happen fastened itself upon the dreamer's mind. Staggering along through dark loathsome chambers, with the horrible stench of blood filling his nostrils—with the curses and blows of dehumanized beings, and the death-shrieks and heart-broken groans of sub-human creatures filling his ears—with his eyes everywhere resting upon sights at the same time heart-breaking and soul-damning, he turned to his angel guide and, in a voice filled with despair, asked for pity's sake to be taken out from such ghastly scenes. The angel gave him no reply, and before he could offer his request again, a number of lads and young men passed him—many of them well primed with whiskey and rum to enable them to do their work at all—it was the change of "shifts" and fresh hands were wanted to go on with the bloody work.

* * *

Again in desperation he turned to his guide and said "Surely lads are not allowed to work at this loathsome trade? Surely the manhood of the race thinks enough of its young life to insist upon keeping it free from such degrading toil and unholy occupation?" "Wait," said the angel, "look yonder," and passing through another of these dens, to which the most hideous nightmare ever known seemed but childish fancy, cursed right and left by those paid to slay, for getting in the way, he saw what awakened within him still more awful thoughts. There amidst entrails, gut offal, reeking hides, slimy skins, *women were at work*. Yes! women! the fairest of all the Father's children, the last human temple of the creation, that part of the Great Whole in which has been enshrined all the most tender delicate treasures of a Father's love—here they were, skinning, scraping and washing, the bellies of the slaughtered beasts! "Oh this cannot be," he cried, turning to the angel, "for such a thing would never be allowed." "Yes," said the angel "it is, and it is allowed, but in society one is not supposed to talk of such things now-a-days. The dens through which thou hast just passed are but types of hundreds of thousands elsewhere. It is near Christmas and all are working overtime in order to perpetuate the annual feast of flesh and blood."

"But this has nothing to do with Christmas," remonstrated the dreamer. "Christmas with us is indeed a time of

goodwill to all." "To all," replied the angel? "Hast thou then learnt to extend thy 'goodwill' to all the sub-human creatures? Hast thou learnt that the slender thread of life in the 'winged children' holds together a temple worthy of thy protection and thy care? Hast thou then understood that life which thou canst not give and which thou dost not understand merits thy reverence and thy support? Hast thou learnt this, and dost thou abstain from eating the flesh of dead animals, or do the scenes through which thou hast just passed tell thee of a horrible carnage which is going on day after day and for which thou, with others, art directly responsible? To satisfy the lust for animal flesh, all that thou hast seen and heard, ay! and even much more than that, must go on hourly in grim, terrible earnest. To gratify unnatural appetite, thy fellowmen are being degraded and brutalized and even the future mothers of the Race are taking part in the unholy work—work which thou couldst not, durst not, do thyself, but which thou dost pay other men to do for thee."

* * *

Paralysed, crushed and well nigh heartbroken, the dreamer realized, as he had never done before, that for years he had upheld a system which fills the earth with cruelty and which crushes all that is noblest and most ideal in Man. Never before had he grasped the awful truth that all this tragedy was unnecessary and was at the same time contrary to the spirit of gentleness and love. Never before had he understood that he had sanctioned the most terrible of all human occupations by eating animal food day after day.

* * *

The revelation was complete! "Now," said the angel, "to thine own earth thou shalt return, and henceforth thou shalt teach thy fellowmen that greater than all the possible earthly attainments of man is the growth of that pure love which not only touches, uplifts and strengthens the rights of their common brotherhood, but which also gives to the rights of the animals a new beauty, a truer purpose and a fuller meaning. It was of this love, this large tenderness, which extends its sympathy and its care to 'all that lives and moves and has its being,' that the angels sang, and for which the 'Prince of Peace' lived.

"O, holy love, which tells us whence we came and what we are,
O, holy love, which brings life's blessed dower,
O, holy love, which comes from heaven to earth,
And through life's jewelled casket leads us Home."

* * *

And the dreamer awoke!

Henceforth, for him, the Christmas festival should be freed from all cruelty and suffering. Henceforth, for him, throughout his earthy life he would know nothing of the taste of flesh or blood. Henceforth, for him, prejudice, ignorance, and long established customs, which savoured of the spirit of hell, should know no part in his life. For him, indeed, life should be "a jewelled casket" through which he would seek, not only for his own sake but also for the sake of the "four-footed dwellers on the earth and the winged children of the air," the way back again to the Father's Home.

Harold W. Whiston.



The Voice of Crying.

"O sacred heart of Jesus I implore
That Thou wouldst make me love Thee
More and more."

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

And I looked, and, behold, outside the city on a rising ground where the night shadows fall the deepest, there stood a Cross, and the base of it, as it appeared to me, rested in the lowest hell, and the head of it reached to heaven. On the plain around it lay all manner of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, those who suffered in mind, body, or estate, the sick, the sorrowful, the dying; and not humans alone, but wild animals and those that are the friends of man, and of birds a multitude, lay also beneath the cross. And as I looked, there floated upon the swiftness of the breeze the legend—"God suffering in the midst of His creatures."

Then stood I greatly wondering, for of a surety, methought when the Lord's bright Eastertide filled earth with rejoicing and heaven with praise, and the cross lay low in the glory of the Risen Life, all this horror of great darkness had, for Him, passed away for ever. And so sings the Church in her alleluias.

For I understood not how that which is of the Infinite is limitless in duration; how that which is from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

How that which is from the beginning is the Eternal Love, and how that love for ever gives itself through sacrifice.

How the restitution of all things is not yet.

Nor is God all in all.

So dark was I before the Eternal Light.

Then there fell upon me a great silence, and the voices of the silence spake unto me, saying, "Behold."

And I looked, and lo, a field of battle, and while the careful ambulances gently came and went, bearing their weary burdens into rest and safety, from the arid ground a steed raised his head and wild eyes of anguish gazed into mine. And the night sped on and I stood alone, and still those wild eyes of agony, intense and without remedy, gazed into mine. And the iron entered my soul and I said unto God, "Dost Thou care for the white steeds of heaven, and shall this their brother perish in his loneliness and pain?"

And the voices of the silence commanded me saying, "Hearken," and within the silence, lo, a heart beat, and the silence trembled with the throbbing of that mighty heart.

For the soul of the universe is the great heart of God.

And as I looked the horse lay within it.

And the anguish of the creature was as nothing to that of the Creator in Whose Heart he lay.

For the pain of their anguish was one.

And the great Heart beat on, and the silence throbbed around me.

And I looked again and behold a city, and in the streets, and in the gates thereof, there lay a multitude, men, women, and those of the kingdom of heaven, and the priests of the Church had taught them how to die, and on their foreheads there flashed the holy sign. And the heavens opened, and the voices of the silence instructed me saying, "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

And as I looked, behold the Man, and there hung upon Him a purple robe, and upon His head a crown of thorns, and his hands were pierced, and the holy angels were about

Him, and as a mother when she comforteth, His arms were around every one of them. And the multitude as they slept rested in the sacred heart of Jesus, in which is the great paradise of God, and I saw them no more. And the voices of the silence said "Alleluia! They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them or any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

And again I looked, and behold a meadow bathed in sunshine, and as the field of Ardath which is by the river Aroar for the beauty of its verdure. And in the midst a little lamb was playing. And there came a hand upon the lamb, and in that hand a knife, and soft pitiful cries floated across that meadow. And again the silence fell around me, and the voices of the silence said "Behold."

And as the mighty pulsations rose and fell in the sunset glory, I beheld and, lo, a heart, the blood-red heart of the living God, and the little lamb lay within it, and the pain of the twain was one.

Yet understood I none of these things.

And I looked, and in the far west a farm, and I sought therein for the inhabitants thereof, and of a verity my searching was not in vain. Yet was there neither bullock nor colt but birds only of such rare loveliness that my soul rose within me at the sight of them. And, as I marvelled, there came towards me a man and he tore the birds, and where the feathers of those made so gloriously had waved before the Creator of them all, was now but a bleeding wound of laceration and pain, and I cried grievously towards heaven as I saw this thing, and the voices of the silence said "Behold." And I saw a street and in that street a place of merchandise, and there entered a damsel of high degree and she commanded, saying, "Show me that which shall become me, that I may choose from among them." And there were brought before her feathers, wings and those I had beheld torn from the birds in their quivering anguish. And I said "Surely the heart of the damsel will faint within her."

And she said, "It is well that such should be created for my adornment, and before the altar of a merciful God will I wear them."

And again was I in the spirit beyond the western sea, and again I heard the cries of those who were thus tortured to make a Christian's millinery, and again the voices of the silence said "Behold."

And I beheld, and, lo, a heart and a dove flew therein, and amid the silence a still small voice which spake unto me saying: "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father, and in His book every torture is written and therewith the names of those who shall concern themselves therein." And among the names I beheld those of many damsels, and of women not a few.

And I looked, and behold a temple, and within the temple a throne, and upon the throne a King, and a silence deeper than that of the earth fell around me. And the voices of the silence said "Bend low." And the throne was indeed an altar, and on it a lamb as it had been slain. And from the million altars of earth, as that great sacrifice went up from them before the Father, there arose a cry like the roar of the ocean as it beats upon a thousand shores: "O Lamb of God, have mercy upon us."

And still upon the altar, which is the throne of heaven, the great heart of God beat on.

And yet around me there fell the silence, and in the silence uprose a chalice and the wine was red. And the voices of the silence said to me "Drink, that thine eyes may be opened, for the blood is the life and the life is the love." And as I drank I came seeing. Now understood I the end of those things. For round about the Altar which is the Throne of the Eternal were neither angels nor seraphim, but those alone who had suffered.

English Catholic.

The Value of Fruit as Diet.

Nature is not so kind to us in the ripening of potatoes as she is in fruits. In potatoes Nature creates raw starch, and leaves it in this condition, but this is not the case with the apple, and in this respect the apple represents the majority of fruits. Nature has done to the starch of the apple, by ripening it, what we do to the starch of grain by baking it, and, even more—and another thing as well—it has produced an acid which is antagonistic to the growth of germs. This is the reason the coating disappears from the tongue after living exclusively on fruit for a few days. The reason fruit is a good thing is because the starch has been digested by Nature.

It is a great deal better to let the sunshine do the digesting of starch than for the stomach to undertake it all. There are plenty of things in this world which are calculated to worry us without adding to our troubles the digestion of raw starch. It has been demonstrated by careful experimentation upon stomach fluids in the laboratory that fruit hinders the development of those particular germs that create the most mischief in the stomach. We found, however, that they flourished in beef tea—in fact, that beef tea is a perfect paradise for germs. On the contrary, when planted in fruit juices they are as thoroughly starved out by such a soil as a crop of grain would be if sown on the mountains of Gilboa, "where there is neither dew nor rain." For this reason we often place our patients on a diet of fruits for a few days. Fasting has always been considered beneficial, and this is a good way to fast; and we may sometimes extend this kind of a fast for a few days until the germs are destroyed. This may require a week. The value of this discovery cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

There are some very acid fruits that some people with weak stomachs, and especially with hyperpepsia, should leave alone. Hyperpepsia means that there is too much acid present in the stomach, and, hence, it is not a good thing to add more. "Then," you say, "is it not a good thing to eat a very large quantity of very acid fruit in hypopepsia, which is a condition where there is a deficiency in the normal digestive fluids?" No, because the acid in fruit does not digest food, and so does not supply the deficiency. The presence of this acid rather hinders the production of the natural acid. That is one reason why it is not good to take hydrochloric acid continually. Such patients should take sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, pears and prunes. Baked sweet apples are not very acid, and in such cases are, therefore, excellent.

David Paulson, M.D.
in "The Signs of the Times."

THE INWARD TRUTH.

I searched through strange pathways and winding
For truths that should lead me to God;
But farther away seemed the finding
With every new by-road I trod.
I searched after wisdom and knowledge—
They fled me the fiercer I sought;
For teacher and text-book and college
Gave only confusion of thought.
I sat while the silence was speaking,
And chanced to look into my soul;
I found there all things I was seeking—
My spirit encompassed the whole.

Extract.

Glimpses of Truth.

There is nothing happens to any person but what was in his power to go through with.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

You cannot free yourself of one false thought without freeing yourself of some form of slavery.

ANON.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase.

COLTON.

Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do; and so shall you live prosperously.

EPICETUS.

Few indeed are they who serve for nothing, who have eradicated the root of desire, and have not merely cut off the branches that spread above ground.

ANNIE BESANT.

In the Temple of God, the golden words which first salute the eye of the devotee are, "Empty thyself and I will fill thee."

JEHANGIR SORABJI.

Thine own sincerity is the measure of what thou shalt receive, Look to it that no false bottom to thy measure or another's deceives thee.

EDWIN D. CASTERLINE.

Every thought that impoverishes or lowers consciousness is a waste-gate of life; every thought that enriches or heightens consciousness is a supply-gate of life.

REV. W. R. ALGER.

It is well to believe that there needs but a little more thought, a little more courage, more love, more devotion to life, a little more eagerness, one day to fling open wide the portals of joy and truth.

MARTERLINCK.

Anger and worry are no more necessary than other passions. civilized man has learned to control, and it is only needful to realize that they are unnecessary in order to make it impossible to feel, much less to show them.

HORACE FLETCHER.

VEGETARIANISM AND PROGRESS.

Vegetarianism is a deep-seated principle of human life—of infinite life—and cannot, consequently, be ignored by the truly progressive mind at this stage of human development. It is no longer a matter of speculation or doubt, but a real, tangible and intuitive scientific fact, based upon a close study and a correct knowledge of the laws of our being. It is the legitimate result of a divine unfoldment of the human soul to more exalted conditions of conscious existence; a veritable expression of the indwelling spirit of growth or the spiritual law of necessity.

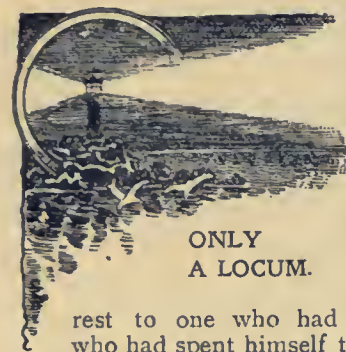
In the universal economy of life there is no practical substitute for it, therefore man, sooner or later, by virtue of his inherent powers, must become a vegetarian. To the truly inspired soul and scientific mind, there can be no doubt about the necessary and persistent workings of this divine principle of human life. Vegetarianism as a science of the soul, an art of life, requires a patient study or a spiritually receptive mind, or both, in order to fully comprehend its true mission on earth—life. Infinite life—the holiness of being—dictates the true course of all human life, as its integral or individualised parts, and there can be no deviation, with impunity, from its wise and impartial requirements to the end of human perfection, preparatory to the final reunion of the human with the divine in the universal centrality of being.

Let each and all diligently study and become master of this problem of life, and thereby introduce a new and necessary spoke in their wheel of human progress.

D. S. Cadwallader.

Editorial Notes.

With the New Year I resign my post as sole Editor of *The Herald*. It has been a pleasure and, at times, a real inspiration to focus the beautiful thoughts that have poured in from far and near, from England and from abroad, from rich and poor, alike earnest and enthusiastic for the fuller dawn of the Golden Age.



ONLY
A LOCUM.

rest to one who had overworked and overthought, who had spent himself to the utmost and who needed a short time of quiet communing with the healing forces of Nature.

* * *

BACK TO
THE FRAY.

of men's minds to higher things.

The work of The Order is, however, growing so greatly and avenues for expansion are opening so widely on every hand that we have thought it wise for the future to join hands in the editing of *The Herald*, and during the coming year, if all be well, Mr. Beard and I will be Joint Editors and together we will labour to bring our organ into that position of pre-eminent importance as a Missionary Journal to which it aspires to attain.

Mr. Beard will write the leading article for the January number, and the subject will be "A Holy War."

Every member should order a double number of copies.

* * *

PLEASE HELP
THE CHRISTMAS
NUMBER.

This reminds me to announce that several additional thousands of this Christmas number have been printed and we are relying upon our readers to circulate them. A very considerable extra cost has been gladly undertaken in the assurance that members of The Order will rise to their responsibility and will, as far as possible, each order a dozen copies and distribute widely. The Order will progress proportionately to the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of its members and the distribution of bound volumes and Christmas numbers is a method of service open to all. Fifty copies will be sent carriage free for 5/-.

* * *

A NEW
CENTURY ROLL.

A great future lies before us in this coming Century, and we must make its dawn historic!

Many churches are having a New Century Roll. Why should not we?

What more fitting than that we should gather into one Roll the autographs of all who have drawn aside from life's shambles and who are abstaining from having lot or part in the slaughter dens of the world.

* * *

PIONEERS OF A
BEAUTIFUL
FUTURE.

The time will come when all persons of culture will vegetate as a matter of course, and when only the lower classes will fulfil the functions of hyenas to the human race.

Then they will turn with amazement and curiosity, not unmixed with reverence, to this Historic Roll and will point their children to the names of those who were the advance party of Humanity and the pioneers of dietetic Culture.

Among the archives of The Order will the roll be kept. In the Council Chamber of The Order. Until at some time in

the hereafter it may become a "sacred relic," and our far off descendants will wonder at an age which ate the dead bodies of animals when other and more beautiful foods were to be found in abundance on every hand, and will rejoice with a holy joy that we fought on for the barbarous age to be ended and for the age of reason and culture and humanity to be inaugurated.

* * *

ALL CAN HELP.

Sheets of vegetable parchment will be issued to all who will undertake to get enrolled upon them the names of those who, at the beginning of the new century, are abstainers from fish, flesh and fowl as food. In an addendum to the Roll will be included the names of those who abstain from flesh only, while they still eat fish.

The sheets will then all be bound into one volume and loving hands have promised to add artistic embellishments to cover and pages.

Thus there will be handed down to all time the real signatures of the men, the women and the children, who commenced the new century with an intention to abstain from participation in the brutalities and barbarities of the slaughter-houses.

* * *

A CENSUS
FOR ALL.

It is not for members of The Order only, but for vegetarians belonging to any society or to no society, the world over.

Where there is any difficulty about signing one of the sheets the name may be written on plain paper and sent up and it will be transferred to the Roll.

Applications for forms and particulars should be made at once as it is hoped to get in all the names, English and Foreign alike, before the end of February. Every member of every vegetarian family should be careful to be included in this great census.

* * *

WORKERS
AT WORK.

On Monday afternoon, November 19th, Mr. Harold Whiston, one of the Executive Committee, addressed an important meeting in the Central Hall, Bradford.

The meeting was arranged by our enthusiastic fellow-worker Mr. Wright Gill, who is doing such splendid work in and around Bradford for the Food Reform Movement.

For fifty minutes Mr. Whiston spoke, in no uncertain voice, of the immorality of flesh-eating, and after dealing with the usual arguments, powerfully appealed to his intelligent and deeply interested audience to help him and all who were working in this great movement not only to try to lessen the appalling amount of animal suffering and human degradation which was going on day by day, but also try to bring about the total abolition of carnivorousness from our midst.

Mrs. Tom Mitchell, the granddaughter of Sir Isaac Holden, afterwards moved the vote of thanks to the speaker, and in kind and encouraging terms spoke of the enormous importance of this new movement which she knew was worthy of their sympathy and intelligent consideration.

The address was followed by a banquet, during which questions were asked and answered.

* * *

A LITANY.

When we say our Litany and sorrow for our sins of omission and mourn for our sins of commission, we should not forget

to repent us of all our acts and thoughts of cruelty towards our little brothers and sisters of lowlier shape.

To inflict great pain upon any member of God's creation without compelling need, or excepting for the good of the animal that suffers, is a sin against *God's Divine Love*, and as such must be sorrowed for and repented of.

He who—of pure luxury and not of necessity—daily eats the dead body of an animal slaughtered in great pain and with exquisite suffering, must nightly repent him of his sin.

Hear the words of contrition taught by the Zend Avesta:
"Of all and every kind of sin which I have committed against Thy creatures, against dogs, birds, or any kind of

animal, if I have offended against any of them, I repent it with thoughts, words, and works, corporeal as spiritual, earthly as heavenly, with the three words: O Lord, pardon! I repent of sin."

"Of all sins that I have committed against any creature of the field, if I have beaten it, tortured it, slain it wrongfully; if I have not given it fodder at the right time; if I have mutilated it, not protected it from the robber, the wolf, and the waylayer; if I have not protected it from extreme heat and cold, I repent in thought, word, and works. O Lord, pardon! I repent of sin."

* * *

AN OBJECT LESSON IN MERCY.

The Vicar of Burton Wood is arranging for "an Object Lesson in Mercy," in the form of a "Merciful Tree," at Christmas. He wants gifts for rewards to the merciful, and money to pay inevitable expenses.

Contributions, whatever form they take, should be sent before Christmas, to Rev. A. M. Mitchell, Burton Wood Rectory, Newton-le-Willows.

* * *

THE CONVERSION OF PEOPLE OF INFLUENCE.

Nobody, writes Mr. Laxmidas (from Junagad, India), can more fully realise than yourself the necessity of converting to our principles the rich and influential people, to please whom their subordinates and dependents are always anxious.

One great means of conversion is, of course, the humane literature of our Order and other Societies. And we must do what we can to induce the great to *carefully* read the appalling tales of cruelty for which they are responsible.

I fear the multifarious duties of these people leave them very little time or inclination to study our literature while on land. But while they are on water we may be more successful. So I would suggest that every member of the Order who may have occasion to travel by water should arm himself, or herself, with copies of *Is Flesh-Eating Morally Defensible*; *Butchery and its Horrors*; *Comprehensive Guide Book to Natural, Hygienic and Humane Diet*; *Why I became a Vegetarian*, etc., and present them to first-class and other passengers. The same should be done by railway travellers also.

* * *

USEFUL AND FEASIBLE.

Mr. Laxmidas' suggestion is a good one for two reasons. (1.) It is feasible. (2.) It is on right lines.

Many suggestions which I get would be good if they were practicable, but since they are not, they are useless. This one is eminently sensible and not difficult.

Those who have gone on long sea voyages know only too well how unutterably bored many of the passengers become for want of a new topic. To them at such time a powerful pamphlet on a new subject would be welcomed only too gladly.

Can any reader tell me how or to whom a packet of literature should be addressed to ensure its being put in the way of passengers on our steamships or sailing vessels.

With regard to railway travelling, I always make a point of taking some pamphlets with me and of placing them where they are likely to be read, and more than once, when a fellow traveller has handed me a tract on dogmatics and invited me to peruse it, I have been able to hand him in return a tract on dietetic ethics and to ask him whether he practised the divine precepts of justice and mercy to all creation, about which he fain would preach to me.

* * *

WASTE FORCE.

This suggestion of making a special effort to convert the influential and the cultured is on right lines. It is only in late years

that we have begun to realise that teaching *higher* truths to the *lower* classes is waste of force and dissipation of treasure.

The old "three course for sixpence" gospel has done infinite harm to an evangel of aristophagy. We don't abstain from flesh because it is dear, but because it is bad—bad for our beautiful bodies, bad for our beautiful souls, bad for our beautiful spirits.

Flesh feeds the tiger in us and appeals to the tiger in us, whereas we wish the ape and tiger to die and the angel only to live.

* * *

LET THE LOWER CLASSES EAT MEAT.

We don't want then, to go wasting our energies on those who are unfitted to vegetate. Our Gospel is only to those who already have the spirit within which longs for a gentler life and a happier creation.

Let the lower classes go on eating meat 'lest the animals multiply too rapidly and eat us!' Let those who, with Carlyle, scoff at the 'potato Gospel,' go on devouring their devilled kidneys, and let them feel their kinship with their food.

* * *

THE CULTURED ONLY SHOULD VEGETARE.

It is to those who have passed through the furnace of pain and sorrow, and can fellow-feel with the agonised, groaning creation, that we appeal; it is to those who would have their robes unbloody and their mouths stainless, that we can offer the Gospel of a beautiful freedom—a Paradise regained. It is to such, and to such only, that we send out our message to vegetate.

* * *

WANTED A TEACHER.

The *Montreal Herald* quotes the greater part of my article "Aristophagy," and then adds the following paragraph:

The idea of an aristocracy of food is new. If only our doctors would stop advising us to eat meat, and underdone meat at that! Will any vegetarian correspondent and any other vegetarian reader tell us what they do eat, whether they exclude butter, milk, eggs and fish, and give a menu for three meals according to vegetarian principles. The theory is convincing. Many of us are vegetarians theoretically, but putting our theories into practice troubles us greatly. When we have horseless vehicles in our streets, and use only vegetarian food in our kitchens, the air of Montreal will be less foul and the garbage pails less disgusting. We shall all be cleaner and happier, but—will it ever be? Tell us all about it, you practical vegetarians.

Miss Florence Helsby is promptly to the rescue, and under her enthusiastic influence Montreal is being taught something of the aristocracy of diet.

* * *

BE A DANIEL.

A correspondent from St. Albans writes me a letter of personal experience, in which he says:—

"As a guide and help to others, it might be well if I were to say that from personal experience I commend the reformed dietary to the consideration of those who are earnestly striving and desiring to 'keep under' their bodies, and to exercise a thorough control over them. A difficulty, however, came when I could not obtain suitable vegetable food. I think I may truly say the solution came to me as an inspiration. 'I will be like Daniel; it will be better for me to live on bread alone rather than partake of that which would do me harm, and I may trust Providence to look after me.' This thought I would also commend to those who find like difficulty of obtaining sufficient nourishing vegetable food, for I am well convinced that it is much better to live on pulse like Daniel, or dry bread, than eat animal flesh. May God help us all to live up to our ideals for our own sake and the sake of others."

* * *

A discussion on this hopelessly fatal ACTINOMYCOSIS. disease took place before the Clinical Society of London, on Oct. 12. A few words taken from two of the speeches show that they who scoff at the dangers of flesh-eating, do so in ignorance.

Mr. Howard Marsh said:—

"Actinomyces appeared to be more formidable in man than in cattle. Thus in the present case it ran a rapid course, was attended with considerable rise of temperature and loss of flesh and strength, and ended fatally in about three months. The gravity of the disease was shown at the *post mortem*."

Mr. W. G. Spencer said:

"In some neighbourhoods the farmers were alive to the disease in their cattle, which they treated. . . . They also fatted the beasts and killed them for market, whereas the farmers should be compensated and the cattle destroyed. The disease was transferable from cattle to man, and in this country it caused a considerable amount of disease amongst human beings."

JOYFUL
TESTIMONIES.

Just on going to press a mass of correspondence comes to hand full of the gladdest of glad tidings. The world is moving. Men are thinking. Women are working. The time is at hand when for cultured people it will be an impossibility to eat flesh.

Invitations to lecture have come in from numerous sources. Scotland asks for a Missioner. Ireland offers a splendid, aye, an almost royal welcome. The Antipodes are calling. The Nineteenth Century closes with the finger pointed to the sky!

* * *

I am indebted to the Editor of *Home Chat* for the little block which gives the French view of English sport. It is from an illustration by the famous Caran St. Ache, and really is not so great an exaggeration as it seems.



bred for the purpose of being killed.

Do we find that ordinary woods and forests are overrun with game? No. These creatures are bred by the thousands and watched and tended by a veritable army of keepers to enable the "sportsmen" to come round and shoot them down in battues, "to prevent them over-running the land and eating up men, if men don't eat up them!"

The argument would be childish and humorous, were it not that thousands of shattered limbs and dragging, bleeding bellies, thousands of twisted wings and dying beakless birds, thousands of maimed and lonesome creatures agonize and die all through "the season" as the result of this argument.

Poor wretched sportsman! Who can rejoice in blood, who can see the beautiful bird with feathers full of shining silver and scarlet and gold transformed to a shapeless, limp and blood-stained mass, with feelings of joy and gladness!

Poor sportsman! He will see the horror of it some day when his eyes are opened to the vision of a more beautiful picture, and his soul attains her culture.

* * *

AMERICAN
PUBLIC OPINION

Mrs. Lydia Irons sends a few valuable facts about the change of public opinion in the United States.

It is public opinion that we must modify, and it is from the first little movement in public opinion that our coming avalanche of progress can be foretold. Mrs. Irons writes:—

"The work here in the U.S.A. is pushing on finely. It is so gratifying to see notices and newspaper items in *secular papers* regarding the vegetarian movement. We are no longer objects of ridicule, but are sought out to inquire of as to health, &c. It does not mean as much now to advocate "a bloodless diet;" i.e., people will listen now, and he who stands for a bloodless diet is no longer looked upon as of an *unsound mind*, very different from 18 years ago when I began to live the life of a vegetarian."

* * *

VIVISECTION.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in accepting honorary membership of the London Anti-Vivisection Society wrote to Mr. Sidney

G. Trist as follows:—

"In the cruel practices of the Vivisectionists I see not only a wrong done to the dumb victims, but also a subtle injury inflicted upon the human race itself. I see science inculcating the doctrine that any suffering to another is justifiable, provided it bring, provided even it may possibly bring, relief to one's self. I see mankind taught that it is justified in shunning the presence of death, if only for a few hours, at the cost of a mountain of torture to the lesser breeds. I cannot conceive of a God who can view without anger such outrage upon the lowest of His creatures done by man for no higher object than personal gain. If the Day of Reckoning be not a fable then those who do this thing, and those who stand by silent, should have their answer ready, and should see to it that it is likely to plead for them with Him who said: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" To answer: "I did not trouble myself about this question; it pained me, and therefore I closed my ears to it," will hardly, one thinks, be taken as an excuse."

MEN
AND BEASTS.

The same writer thus expresses a common attitude of man in relation to the dog who will stick to his master whatever misfortune overtakes him, and defend him even with its life, if that is required:

"Ah! old staunch friend, with your deep, clear eyes and bright, quick glances that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal and have no mind? Do you know that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout leaning against the post out there is immeasurably your intellectual superior? Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel, who never did a gentle deed or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low or a desire that was not mean and base, whose every action is a fraud and whose every utterance is a lie; do you know that these crawling skulks are as much superior to you as the sun is superior to a rushlight, you honourable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute? They are men, you know, and men are the greatest, noblest and wisest and best beings in the whole vast, eternal universe. Any man will tell you that."

Yet many of the wisest of mankind in all ages have believed that the lower animals as well as man exist after death, that all living creatures have minds, in however small a degree, and that mind is as indestructible as matter. Pierre Loti says:

"I have seen with an infinitely sad disquietude the souls of animals appear in the depth of their eyes suddenly, as sad as a human soul, and search for my soul with tenderness, supplication and terror; and I have felt a deeper pity for the souls of animals than I have for those of my brothers, because they were without speech, and incapable of coming forth from their semi-night." Ruskin observes that "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to the great mystery of our command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul."

* * *

FOOD AND
TEMPER.

Mrs. Ernest Hart wrote a striking article some time ago on the causes of temper, and she maintained that flesh food was bad for it, and that a vegetarian dietary tended towards equality of spirit and amiability of character. It is interesting to note that Darwin, speaking of the *Polyborus Novæ Zelandiæ*, a carnivorous bird of unusual rapacity, tells us that they are "quarrelsome and very passionate, tearing up the grass with their bills from rage." This would seem to lend confirmation to Mrs. Hart's contention that food has a potent influence on the temper.

* * *

AN EXAMPLE.

Here is a splendid example for all members to follow. If every member would do this once a year only, how much it would encourage and help the hands and hearts of the Executive Council. Mr. Edwin Holmes writes:—

"The Herald for this month is so altogether excellent, that I shall be obliged if you will kindly forward 12 copies to me."

* * *

REPRINTS.

The two first articles in this issue will be reprinted in pamphlet form, and may be obtained post free for One Shilling per hundred. Members are specially asked to devote a little time every month to distributing the literature of The Order.

Our Deficit Fund.

The Executive Council acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following sums towards the deficit of about £250 which needs to be subscribed before the end of the year so as to enable The Order to commence the New Century with a small balance in hand.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sidney H. Beard ...	50	0	0	J. O. Quinton ...	10	0	0
Harold W. Whiston ...	20	0	0	Rev. E. E. Kelly ...	2	6	0
Daisy Whiston ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Macdonald ...	2	6	0
A Humanitarian ...	50	0	0	Miss Palmer ...	18	0	0
Two Friends ...	10	0	0	Miss Oswald ...	4	0	0
W. A. P. ...	5	0	0	Sir Chas. Isham, Bart. ...	14	0	0
E. C. ...	5	0	0	David Thomas ...	2	0	0
A Member ...	5	0	0	Miss Meynell ...	6	6	0
Frances L. Boulton ...	2	2	0	Mary J. Carr ...	5	0	0
N. S. ...	2	0	0	A Reader ...	5	0	0
J. ...	1	1	0				
"Jersey" ...	1	0	0				
					£160	12	6

Testimonies

(From the Members of the Council of The Order of the Golden Age).

My Profession of Faith.



I understand you aright, best of editors and men? Then you summon me to kind of experience meeting, in which we are solemnly to relate how the Spirit of Humanity met us, and made its claim upon us, and sealed us for its own.

I must take you back some nine years in my history, and to the ridge of a hill looking down upon the ancient town of Hexham and the beautiful valley of the Tyne, where we were then in summer quarters. And the immediate instrument of my conversion was, as frequently happens, a woman.

A copy of Mr. Plimsoll's pamphlet on American cattle-ships had reached me by post—from the unknown it came, and the sender remains as mysterious as ever; I had read it with sickening horror, and then laid it down without coming to any definite resolve; it was taken up casually by my wife, read through, and then evoked the remark from her.—

"I feel as if I would never touch meat again."

To which the answer flashed straight from my heart.—

"Then don't!"

And we never did. Our friends smiled compassionately upon us—they would bear with our temporary folly; one of the most highly motivated and conscientious amongst them gave us six months to get through with it; he still lives, and, I suppose, eats beef still; but we also, strange to say, do live—and flourish.

You will perceive that the compelling motive with us was not hygienic, but humanitarian—we were thinking of the cattle, not of our health. And I may here be allowed to express my conviction that there will be no stable converts, in the present state of the reform, unless on the grounds of mercy and compassion for the unspeaking creatures.

Mere dietetics will not nerve a man to withstand the pity, the gentle compassionate tone, the soothing condescension of his circle. It needs nerve to disappoint a kind hostess who has prepared roast turkey for one's special delectation; to behold the smiles, the lifting of eyebrows, the neighbourly asides as one sends away the joints and cutlets at a public dinner; to refuse the lamb and mint sauce set down by the waiter as a matter of course at a *table d'hôte*, and stand the artillery of all eyes while you arrange about potatoes and beans; and nothing short of humanitarian principle will give a man the requisite nerve. Neither will anything less give him courage to persevere amid the possible non-success of his wife's first efforts at reformed cookery. Not that I suffered much. Bread-steaks, potatoes, milk-puddings, peas, beans, fruits, all suggested themselves without any special study, and in three days after our conversion we were dining with all the satisfaction and success of Jack Sprat and his wife who "licked the platter clean."

Children have been born to us in these years, as before, some of whom have never known, and the rest have forgotten the taste of meat. The eldest is eighteen—strong, straight-limbed, clean-skinned, of indestructible health and vitality. All are healthy, vigorous, vivacious, clear-headed—neither

weaklings nor blockheads. I am stronger than ever, and do more work than ever. I work at high pressure, with much strain of nerve and brain, but between my beans and my bicycle I fear nothing.

My wife was never considered strong, but she was never so strong in her life as during these nine years; and she has thrice in that period come back from that valley of death into which every mother of children descends, not merely with her life, but making recoveries remarkable for their quickness and completeness—and that without the beer and beef so generally thought necessary, but by the help of oatmeal and barley-water.

What more can I say, dear friend? This:—that we are not healthier only, but happier far. Nothing is farther from my temper than Pharisaism or self-righteousness; I look with faith, hope and charity even upon the sins of my fellows; but I tell you it adds to the zest of life to know that no creature is the worse for one's existence.

I despise no man, but still less do I envy the mind which can consent to the appalling suffering of the animal world merely to dine with greater gusto. The gusto is really with us! It may not appear so to the palate vitiated by years of flesh-eating. But after some trial, nothing will be sweeter and more delicious and more appetizing than the cereals, the pulses, the fruits and the vegetables furnished forth so magnificently for us by the bounteous mother—prepared with rationality, and varied according to the methods similar to those so well set forth in Mr. Beard's new "Comprehensive Guide Book."

If I might say a word to any enquirer after the better way, it would be this—Be unselfish! Put soul before palate! Mercy before convenience! Love before habit! The little difficulties with friends will soon be got over. So will the little difficulties with cookery. Then will come a greater joy into the life—the joy of being at peace with Nature, in love with all Nature's children, a new happiness in the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the troutlets in the summer brooks, yes, and a new and more hopeful outlook upon the world and man and the future, a new sense of bliss in earning the beatitude of him who said, "Blessed are the Merciful!"

(Rev.) Walter Walsh.

Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee.

A Call to the Christian Church.



ust at this time it seems right and meet to impart any good news or happy experience to some toiling brother, if perchance he may be helped over some stile into greener pastures.

The Incarnation of Christ is the point of sympathy where all creation meets. Around the cradle of Bethlehem, so famous, though only a rude ledge in a caravanserai, gathered angels and men and women and wise men of great renown, also the *lowly cattle*. We claim for the non-human races, in all cases, consideration and humanity, and, in some, special honour and care. We feel, in asserting that the animal world demands from the *Christian* great justice and immense thought in its use, we are fortified by the authority of Christ.

If I am asked what moved me first to become a Food Reformer, it was the distress caused to the sensitive mind of a friend by the callousness of the Christian Church to the

atrocities of the slaughter house and all its preliminary steps. Challenged as a minister of the All-Merciful as to my own conduct in the matter and my tacit approbation of the countless number of unspoken wrongs, I was enabled by the good hand of my God upon me to give up flesh-eating there and then.

It is nearly two-and-twenty years since I was graciously led to take this step and to free myself as far as I could from the unnatural habits of past centuries and to walk before God in a conscious fellowship and love, not only with those who are most akin to the beauty of the Divine Mind, but also with all the creations of God around me.

I have been confounded and perplexed at the clerical "non possumus" and the ecclesiastical cold shoulder given to this most Christian and most noble movement—the emancipation of the western races from their long linked habits of flesh eating with its concomitant evils. Possibly when the Jewish Sacrifices and the Mosaic Laws lose some of their cogency with Christian thinkers, there may come a large ingathering of the sincere and sensitive Christian people who now, I am convinced, tolerate what they do not like to think about, because they believe the Sacred Writings authorize and bless this habit of the human race.

To return to my own experience very briefly, I at once answer the challenge of my friend as to the inconsistency of Christian practice, by plunging heart and head foremost into the method of life indicated in Paradise and praised and often practised by some of the greatest prophets, teachers, poets and philosophers of the world.

People say, "Oh, I could not live without *animal food*." How do you know? Try it.

Abolish only the flesh. Use and eat all else, and Nature provides a splendid repast; all the best of the world's fruits and grain are in our shops and markets. With milk, cheese, butter and eggs, what can the heart of man desire more! And what will be your reward? A wider and intenser vision of good in human nature. The dawn within you of a compassion and love for all things that can live and suffer, which will touch higher levels and ministries in the revolving worlds elsewhere.

As to health, may you have what mine has been for many years. If good when you begin it will soon be *best*, and if weakly your health will be *better*.

We say that the *highest motive is that of love*—if that shall move you, all your way will be peace and pleasantness, and many another unexpected blessing.

Permit me, kind and honoured reader, of this short summary of the step I have taken just to say a few words about Bible teaching. Many are perplexed by the apparent approval of flesh-eating in the sacred Scriptures. The first page in the Bible tells us that man was *frugivorous* and *no eater of flesh*. When the subject of food is mentioned again we find *restrictive Laws*—a code meant to keep the Hebrew tribes from the worst excesses of heathen nations. The Tables of Israel, as a Royal Race, and the cradle of the Messiah-Hope, were purer than that of any other people.

God did not make reform of social habits *impossible* by laying upon a rude and flesh-loving people a burden beyond their bearing. Yet the Hebrew race was once more brought back into *some degree* of relationship with the story of man's first home of innocence.

There is a long interval between the first chapter of Genesis and the last part of the last book in the Bible, but we see in history, in fact in allegory, that man is travelling by

a road that led him from a Garden, and at last in some happier time he returns again to a Garden City.

We must be reasonable as well as consistent. It is impossible we can abolish all death and suffering. But it is possible we can prevent very much and lessen the suffering of what is necessary for man's preservation.

Whatever may be the past, our marching word is "Onwards,"—right on—forgetting the sorrows of the long travel of the human race and its rivers of blood. Our way is towards the City of Peace where there are no tears and no death.

I humbly venture to affirm that with such a believed-in-end in view, the Vegetarian mode of life is *most consistent* and *most helpful* to everyone who runs the race for eternal things in a world where the upward seeking heart is sorely let and hindered.

Try it, dear fellow human brother, and yours will be a healthier and a happier New Year. (Rev.) H. J. Williams,
Rector of Kinross, N.B.

The Joy of Gentle Feeding.



EXT to my own profession I consider that the advocacy of Food Reform is the most important work any man could undertake. Questions of Total Abstinence, Anti-Vivisection, Land Reform, etc., etc., are all weighty ones, but none, in my opinion, go so directly to the root of prevalent evils as this of "Humane Diet," therefore if I were not a minister of religion I should elect to be a Food Reform Lecturer and Organiser.

I am asked to give testimony, experience and advice. The above is my testimony, and I can only add that it becomes increasingly difficult for me to understand how my brother ministers can fail to see that by refusing to take part in this great crusade they are betraying the best interests of their own religion.

I was always a vegetarian in theory and partook of the flesh of sentient creatures under protest, believing such food to be necessary, and substitutes, if there were any, to be too expensive for ordinary use. A good friend of mine and a good friend of our sacred cause, Rev. James C. Street, is responsible for turning my theories into practice. Said he, "If you think flesh-eating a cruel business, why do you share in it?" My answer, embodying the objection hinted at above, was met with the assertion that so long as bread and butter was obtainable I could manage to live, and that life on bread and butter with a clear conscience was to be preferred to the fat of the land accompanied with blood-guiltiness. That decided me, and what is certainly no less important, it decided my wife. We never finished the piece of "meat" we had left in our larder. Not only the words but the personality of this veteran vegetarian influenced me. I knew him to be a hard worker, full of enthusiasm, clear-headed and strong of will, and the quiet earnestness with which he advocated the highest humanitarian claims was argument in itself.

Once determined, I found it no difficult path on which I had entered, guide-books abounded, friends were ready with advice, the whole matter became so simple that at last one came to look in sheer bewilderment at the long years which had passed before one had seen the open door and had had sense enough to walk through it into the light.

No longer now do thoughts of the awful sufferings of innocent victims assault me as I join in the family meal; there is positive joy in the assurance that before us every day is spread a *bloodless* repast, and joy, too, in the thought that never a day passes but by some word or deed of ours others are incited to enter into similar freedom.

The effects physically are striking. I am no athlete, but cycling for 100 miles a day for the best part of a week proves no strain upon a system which boasts a heart with a "leaky valve." In my ordinary work I do certainly not less than others, and never know the feelings of exhaustion and "Mondayishness" with which so many are troubled. If I can judge myself at all, I can safely say I have accomplished more in my four vegetarian years than would have been possible to me in any four that preceded them.

As to advice, I am such a beginner that it may come somewhat amiss; however here it is.

To those who have not yet abandoned flesh-food. Leave off at once, burn all your boats. Remember, brown-bread and butter is excellent food, and if you are really convinced of the immorality of flesh-eating you would rather have the most monotonous diet than sully your conscience. But no such alternative is before you. Vegetarianism offers greater variety than does the ordinary method of diet, it comes less expensive, and when you resolve to have only the simplest dishes, it proves itself the least troublesome of dietaries.

Then, read all you can upon the subject and *around* the subject too, till you have made not only an ethical but a scientific basis for your (dietetic) faith.

And lastly, help others. Preach this gospel, and you will find it become daily more precious to you. Join some Society or, if you can, join several. The Order of the Golden Age and the Vegetarian Society command your support, they are national institutions and union with them incorporates you into a truly glorious company.

To those who are with us, who live the life of consistent humanitarians, I would say "Rejoice and give thanks exceedingly."

(Rev.) Arthur Harvie.
Unitarian Church, Gateshead.

I claim greater Health, Fitness, and Happiness.



end my experiences! Oh yes! with pleasure, They hardly cover four years, but they may be of some use to those folk who are "backward in coming forward."

For 'verts I have never had a partiality, though I verted myself (in the right direction, of course) at the ripe age of forty —! Vegetarians, as a rule, have to be born, not made. "Train up a child in the way he should go." "The youth of a nation is as the spring of a year." Dear old Pericles! He knew what he was talking about. "The rising hope" of Vegetarianism is the childhood and youth, foolishly described by the Preacher as Vanity!

Now let us get to work at our experiences.

Experience 1.—Health.

How do I find my health since I ceased to be the butcher's friend? First rate, never better. Ask the local doctors, they know and will probably tell you—"The parson? oh he's right enough, seems to have taken a new lease of life lately,"

Judgment for the vegetarian! This is testimony of the right sort, this is the advertisement which tells. Three whole years and more without the doctor! There's an achievement for you! A father of six may well be proud of his vegetarian household. *Then*—the flesh-eating days—the doctor ever on the doorstep. *Now*—"thou art so near and yet so far."

An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory any day and every day. "Look at me," is the best argument with the flesh-eating sceptic and carnivorous infidel. What is it people say to me, week in week out? "You look a lot better than you did." "You do be looking well, and the missus, and the dear childer." "How is it you are able to do without the doctor now?" "Why, we have ceased to play the fool, we have given up eating dangerous food; *you* know not what you eat, *we* eat what we know. Do as we do, be as we are, and you, too, will find the blessing of health; why should the doctor's bill be to you a sword of Damocles?"

"The Recipe of Health." Read it, remember it. *No cancerous flesh, no tuberculous joints.*

Experience 2.—Fitness.

Who does not like to feel "fit?" The best motto for the parson is, "I will eat no flesh so long as the world standeth." There's the secret of ministerial fitness on the physical side. 'The first duty of the priest is to be efficient.' Oh yes! I agree, but priestly efficiency is not to be confounded with the efficiency of swine's flesh and bullock's ribs. Bacon and beef-steak never fill church or chapel. Not they, their filling power lies in another direction—the churchyards and cemeteries. The efficiency of pork and chops is to kill—to kill with parasitical disease and wasting consumption. The new century looms near, and, behold—I am still a youth! Not "too late a week," in my case, to be full of buoyant life and youthful spirits. You should see me take the haystack! Thirty miles a week too, at the very least, without wheels and in vegetarian shoes! Wonderful, isn't it? I mean it all, every word, "Fit." You have my word for it, it is true. I know what it is to be "fit," aye, and to be "fitter," and at this very moment to be "fittest." "Fit, fitter, fittest," that's the record of a vegetarian parson, that's his "experience."

Whatever do you live on?" "Oh! the best, the very best and nothing but the best and very best. Aristophagist you know! An eater of the best and choicest foods. Come and see. Comfort, restfulness and peace on the Lord's Day, as many services as you like, as many 'talks' as you please, and still—fresh to the end."

Think of it, O men of God, think of it, ye who would "faint" in the Lord's House, on the Lord's Day, without swine's flesh for breakfast, bullock's ribs for dinner, and who at the end of the day, must repair the vast "waste" entailed by 'the exhausting labours of the Sabbath' with the breast and wing of a cock chicken. What do I eat? I eat to live, not live to eat.

Experience 3.—Happiness.

Yes! it's a happy life, happy as the day is long. The sense of "fitness" is in itself a real happiness. Then there is the blessed consciousness that *you*, anyhow, have caused no pain to satisfy the unnatural yearnings of the inner man for carnivorous food. To sit down with one's wife and olive branches at a board free from the blood of all living creatures, sheds abroad in the heart a happiness otherwise unknown. Such is *my*—is *our* experience. Besides which the food itself, the thing *per se*, is productive of a pleasurable and

satisfaction in the inward part, without which Happiness cannot enter into the life and dwell there. And all this, too, without taking into account the joy one finds in being able to enlighten the ignorant, and help the weak hearted.

That is happiness, I can tell you, and happiness I did not know until I was born into the newness of the Aristophagist life. Happiness! I should think so. And all along the line too. Week in, week out, the evening and the morning make one long, one happy day. The mind is happy, the whole man is happy, and therefore the face is happy.

Far, far too many unhappy faces; far, far too many much-wrinkled brows. No "oil of gladness" for these poor souls whilst life is lived among the flesh-pots. Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing; say your "vale" to the notorious evil liver, and say it soon, say it now. Health will be better, temper will be sweeter, tone will be higher; in one word, happiness will be your lot. Why not make a little sunshine in the dark, dark world? We were made to be happy and to make others happy.

(Rev.) A. M. Mitchell,
Vicar of Burton Wood, Lancs.

A Family won by Conviction.



It was a case of sudden conversion, a turning away from a dietary that included flesh-food, in some form or other, three times a day.

The truth, and the convincing way in which it was put, allowed of no parleying. No half measures, or gradual reform would meet the case.

It came about in this wise: a few moments to spare led me to the Salcombe Reading Room, and a good angel directed me to look at the cover of a book entitled *The Herald of the Golden Age*. Taking it down, I read one of Mr. Beard's powerful appeals which at once gave me victory over myself and enabled me to put away from that moment that which hitherto I had regarded as absolutely necessary for the maintenance of perfect health.

Returning to my home, I partook of a meatless dinner, and this elicited anxious enquiries. Explanations were given, literature was quickly sent for, and in a very short time, without coercion, the various members of my family, including a faithful domestic (who has served us well these five and twenty years) determined to dispense with the carving knife and fork. A dietary clean, healthy and humane, was adopted, perhaps with occasional misgivings when old friends predicted all sorts of disasters, but our conviction grew stronger, that the course we were pursuing, irrespective of advice from flesh eaters, was a wise and right one. Correspondence took place with other friends who were able and willing to send kindly, helpful advice, and very speedily we found ourselves upon a safe path that daily grew brighter and more interesting.

All this happened some four years or more ago and there have been no regrets from any member of my family. We at once set to work arranging meetings, and inviting friends to our home, many of whom have adopted our way of living.

A. W. Jarvis,
Salcombe.

A Mother's Appeal for Women



Every many times have I been asked to give my experience of the vegetarian pathway of life for the benefit of others, and it seems especially fitting at this time that those who are pledged to this great Crusade of Reformation should unite in a declaration of their common faith and an appeal to others, that will give the keynote of their purposes in the new century. The delusions of the past are doomed; progress and enlightenment are the promise of the future, for the world is on the march, and the music of a more harmonious life is already making itself heard.

The knowledge of Vegetarianism first came to me about 14 years ago, and through this gateway I entered a path of development totally unknown to me before. I regard it therefore as the best blessing of my life, and although I embraced it at first from purely personal motives of health, and saw none of the higher principle which came to me later, yet when the light did dawn, it illumined my whole horizon and gave a new colour to life.

The pathway has been rugged and steep at times, and faith has been brought to the test through suffering from accident and other causes, when, had it been merely a matter of health or expediency, I might have relapsed into the old ways, which sometimes appear to be easier. But when our feet are set on the rock of principle, we can withstand the taunt of failure and the times of difficulty, and added strength is the recompense of the trial.

Two of my children, now nearing 15 and 17 years of age, have never tasted flesh-food, nor would anything induce them to, and they are active and healthy. We have never found any difficulty in sharing the general life of the world through our vegetarian and temperance principles. Our habits are simple, and whatever personal views we may hold on minor matters of dietetics, we do not obtrude them on the main issue, which is abstinence from fish, flesh and fowl. We still use eggs, milk and its products, and tea and coffee in strict moderation. We make our own whole-meal bread every week from home-ground wheat; and soups, savouries, puddings, vegetables, salads, fruits and nuts furnish our table with an all-sufficient variety.

I feel assured that the vegetarian system of life is the best in health and the safest in sickness. It increases bodily endurance, it kindles a gentler spirit and promotes harmony between mind and body; it solves many of life's problems, and affords a practical ideal, which is well worth striving for, for it involves the welfare of all God's creation, human and non-human, and puts an end to a vast sum of needless suffering, for which we are responsible.

Viewed in this light, it appears to be Duty, not personal predilection or gain, which bids us give the question our most careful consideration, and blessed indeed are they who in their full strength are led to follow the voice of conscience without asking to see the way, nor waiting until broken health compels them to enter through the portals of suffering.

Who are most wanted in this great reform? *The Women of the World!* It is in their power to speed its progress or hinder its advance.

On which side shall we give our influence in the 20th century? Shall we support habits of selfishness, cruelty

and indulgence, or shall our example speak for love, mercy and self sacrifice? On which path shall we set the feet of our children? Shall we choose for them that marked by custom, but beset with the hidden dangers of Disease, Drink and Impurity, or shall we guide them by our side in the fairer paths of Health, Temperance and Self-control?

I would plead earnestly with parents for *the sake of their Children*, not to set this subject lightly on one side. The natural instincts of childhood are all in favour of vegetarian diet. Why bend the tree in the wrong direction?

While the children are ours, let us gird on them the armour of chivalry to help us to fight the evil customs of the world. Their young enthusiasm is waiting for us to direct. With the children as allies, we are conquering the future now, and the words of the prophet seem to sound anew:—"A little child shall lead them."

Mothers! be led through your children. Though you may shrink from the untried path for yourself, resolve to find the best for them. A little patience, a little practice, and the way will grow clearer, and you will find many hands held out in willingness to help you on.

An inheritance of great value awaits you; the world has need of you, and in leading her children to embrace the cause of Justice, Mercy and Peace, the time will come when they shall *rise up and call you blessed*.

Frances L. Boulton.
Editor of the Children's Garden.

A Simple Dietary for Health.



yielding gladly to a request from the editor of *The Herald of the Golden Age*, to give a short experience of my relation to the "higher dietary," I send my testimony hoping that some of the readers of *The Herald* who are not vegetarians may be induced to give up flesh-eating.

It is upwards of thirty years since I used the flesh of animals for food—I use no beef, mutton, pork, fowl, nor fish—I can honestly say I never had any desire to go back to the flesh-pots.

I came into the Vegetarian camp through the health gate. I had been in bad health for a considerable time—about two years—suffered from rheumatism, was with great pain and difficulty able to walk a very short distance. Three months abstinence from flesh cured me.

My food was very simple, brown bread, eggs, and coffee formed my dietary, almost entirely. Since that time I have tried almost everything available in the vegetable kingdom, but I live very simply, seldom eating of more than one dish for dinner, but never taking the same dinner two days in succession. I have found it a very good plan to take farinaceous food for dinner one day, and the next take vegetables, always having brown bread and butter on the table. Rice and sweet milk with brown bread make a dinner that I can always do mental work on, a heavy dinner is not good for either physical or mental labour.

I find the foreign fruits very nourishing, and use home and foreign fruits as they come into season. I seldom take an egg, I use no cheese, I take a small cup of tea, coffee or cocoa generally at the morning and evening meal, but would be better without them.

My ideal diet would be brown bread and good grapes, with water as my only drink, but I have not got this length yet.

Persons who have been vegetarians for a long period generally come to live very simply; but this diet would not suit beginners. They should use the cereals and pulses, with eggs, cheese, foreign fruits, and whatever they care for; but they should take small meals. The dietary is so nourishing that it is not prudent to eat too much. Some years ago the cheapness of the diet was strongly urged upon the public, but that argument now has to take a back seat. All aspects of the vegetarian question should be put before the public, some will accept one aspect, some another. So that they come in and stay in the vegetarian camp, the gate by which they enter is not so important. But if you can bring a man or woman to see that it is *wrong* to slaughter animals for food, there is little fear of backsliding. I have endeavoured in every possible way, whether by writing or speaking, to keep the higher aspects of the vegetarian question well to the front. I would earnestly urge on every vegetarian the importance of being always well supplied with literature on every aspect of the question. An article in print is picked up and read by many. The spoken word may soon be forgotten, but the book or pamphlet is always a silent messenger whose power cannot be calculated. Sending a copy of *The Herald* by post to intelligent persons would advance our cause greatly. Every vegetarian should do something, some may like to speak, let them do so; some may prefer to write, let them do so; but in some way everyone should be actively advancing the cause. And if all would work regularly and earnestly—work and pray—great success would follow their efforts.

J. S. Herron,
Belcast.

THE PRAYER OF SELF.

One knelt within a world of care
And sin, and lifted up his prayer:
"I ask thee, Lord, for health and power
To meet the duties of each hour;
For peace from care, for daily food,
For life prolonged and filled with good;
I praise thee for thy gifts received,
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,
For near and dear ones spared and blessed,
For prospered toil and promised rest.
This prayer I make in His great name
Who for my soul's salvation came."

But as he prayed, lo! at his side
Stood the thorn-crownèd Christ, and sighed,
"O blind disciple,—came I then
To bless the selfishness of men?
Thou askest health, amidst the cry
Of human strain and agony;
Thou askest peace, while all around
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;
Thou askest life for thine and thee,
While others die; thou thankest me
For gifts, for pardon, for success,
For thy own narrow happiness."

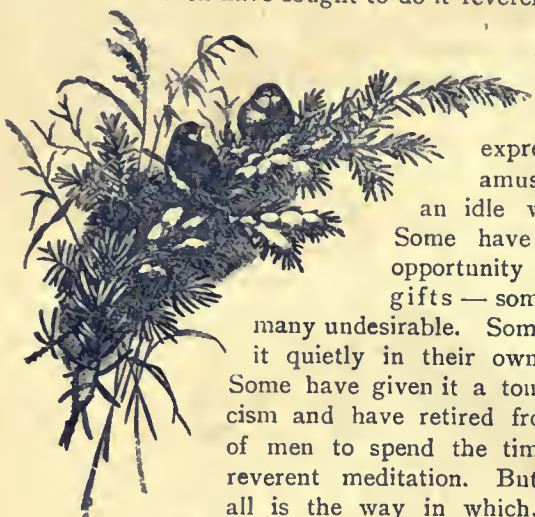
"Not in my name thy prayer was made,
Not for my sake thy praises paid.
My gift is sacrifice; my blood
Was shed for human brotherhood;
And till thy brothers' woe is thine
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of mine.
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see
Thy birthright of humanity!
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear
The world's dark weight of sin and care;
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,
And in thy brethren learn to live."

Priscilla Leonard.

Household Wisdom.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Christmas here again! with all its beautiful symbolism, its mysticism and its love. In all ages and in all climes men have sought to do it reverence. Truly has



that reverence taken strange

forms. Some have given it

expression in selfish

amusement and in

an idle waste of time.

Some have made it the

opportunity for numerous

gifts—some desirable—

many undesirable. Some seek to spend

it quietly in their own home circle.

Some have given it a touch of monasti-

cism and have retired from the haunts

of men to spend the time in holy and

reverent meditation. But strangest of

all is the way in which, to-day, after

nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching, after nineteen hundred years of struggle towards "the Ideal Life," men still go on eating and drinking, feasting and sleeping, to their hearts' content, regardless of the terrible price the feasting involves, and indifferent to the suffering their unnatural tastes compel. Whatever way we choose for the spending of our Christmas, let us, at any rate, keep it free from all cruelty and bloodshed. If never before, let us make this year a Christmas which shall be in full sympathy with the Spirit of the Master. Let the Christmas dinner be a thankoffering of only the beautiful fruits of the earth and let the shambles, with their terrible tale of anguish, creature suffering and human degradation, have no part in our homes.

For those who want help and advice, I would like to suggest a few practical dishes. For those who want their fare to be simple and homely—the simpler the better for all of us—some of the following recipes may be of service, and it is in this hope that I send them out, praying that they may in some degree lessen the appalling amount of animal suffering which is always intensified a thousandfold at this time of the year.

In offering the following suggestions for Christmas cheer, I make no attempt to imitate the recognised dishes of conventional usage, but rather to show the possibility of replacing them with bloodless fare, dainty, satisfying and attractive.

Those who serve us in our homes must welcome our way of cooking, for their work is light compared with those who have to cook the carnivorous diet.

Recipes have so often been given for plum puddings and mincemeat, and every housewife has her own pet recipe, that, to any who have not before had a Christmas pudding without suet, I would say—replace the quantity of suet by the same weight of pine kernels and nucoline, put through the nutmill, and for the mincemeat use fresh butter. The latter is infinitely preferable to the old "suet and beef" recipe and keeps quite fresh if placed in a cool, dry place. If too moist, add more chopped apple.

Menu.

(From which a selection can be made.)

Tapioca Cream Soup.	Chestnut Soup.
Mock White Fish.	Parsley Sauce.
Mushroom Pie	Tomato Cutlets
(With Gravy).	(With Tomato Sauce).
Flaked Potatoes, Cauliflowers or Sprouts.	Garnished Macaroni
Plum Pudding.	Mince Pies.
Chocolate Blancmange.	Cheesecakes.
Cheese and Biscuits.	Salad.
Dessert: Fresh Fruits, Preserved Fruits, Figs, Nuts, etc.	

Chestnut Soup.

To prepare the stock, use water in which macaroni, rice, barley or white haricots have been boiled. Put into this 2 onions, sliced; 1 turnip and carrot, sliced; some celery stick, and let simmer gently two hours (best prepared the day before). Peel the chestnuts and throw into boiling water to take off brown skin. Then put them on to boil in the clear stock and, when tender rub through a sieve; add salt and pepper to taste, and $\frac{1}{2}$ -pt. boiling milk. (Just before serving the soup will be much improved by stirring in 4 tablespoons of cream). Use about 1-lb. chestnuts, weighed when peeled.

Tapioca Cream Soup.

1-pt. white stock, 1-pt. milk, the yolk of 1 egg, 2 large spoonfuls cream, 2-ozs. crushed tapioca, mace, pepper and salt. Put the stock and milk, with some sliced onion, carrot, turnip, and celery, into a pan and simmer gently 1 hour, and strain. Pound the tapioca small and boil in the stock till clear, and add seasoning. Beat the yolk and cream together in the tureen and when just off the boil pour on the soup.

Mushroom Pie.

Make a pancake batter and fry in spoonfuls as for fritters. When cold, cut up into small pieces. Take 1-lb. mushrooms, skin and chop them, and fry slowly with some chopped onion for 10 minutes in butter. Put a tablespoonful of Groult's tapioca to soak and mix with the mushrooms, adding a good cupful of gravy. Add seasoning and fill up a pie dish with alternate layers of fritters and mushrooms. If too dry add more gravy.

Gravy.

Wash the stalks and peelings of the mushrooms and put on to stew with an onion for an hour. Strain off the liquid. Brown 1-oz. butter with flour and pour on the mushroom stock, add seasoning and any other flavouring liked, mushroom ketchup or tomato, etc.

Tomato Cutlets.

Pour off all the liquid from a tin of tomatoes (keep that for sauce) and put them in a pan with 2 good cupfuls of mashed potatoes, butter, salt and pepper, and bread crumbs, to give it the right consistency. Mix well and add 1 beaten egg. Cook for a few minutes, stirring well and turn out to cool. Shape into cutlets, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry.

Garnished Macaroni.

6-ozs. macaroni, 1 bottle of green peas, 2 eggs (hard boiled), 1 onion, 1-oz. flour, 1-oz. butter, 1-oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ -pt. milk, a spoonful of chopped parsley, seasoning. Put the macaroni and onion into sharp boiling water. When tender, strain (keeping the water for stock), and make a sauce of the flour, milk and butter, add seasoning and cheese and stir in the macaroni. Arrange on a flat dish, lay the whites of the eggs in strips on the top, then the parsley sprinkled over, and lastly the hard boiled yolks rubbed through a sieve. Garnish with the green peas as a border.

Daisy Whiston.

[For a complete list of recipes for Christmas and the New Year; recipes for winter and for spring and for summer; recipes for the rich and for the poor; recipes which require much and others which require but little trouble; general advice as to food and feeding and the effect of foods upon health and life, you should purchase and consult "A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE-BOOK TO NATURAL, HYGIENIC AND HUMANE DIET," by Sidney H. Beard. Price One Shilling, post free. In art canvas, Eighteenpence. From The Order of the Golden Age, Paignton, England.]

A Visit to our New Headquarters.

It was an evening in the late autumn when I first landed at Paignton on a visit to the new home of the Provost of the Order of the Golden Age.

The leaves were still on the trees, but the touch of gold and brown and russet was everywhere, and the fruition of the summer and its sun was seen in the rich harvest of apples and pears and nuts and berries and acorns that filled the orchards and forests.

As I passed through the lovely grounds of Barcombe Hall and marked the skill and taste with which the estate is laid out, and the perfection in which everything is kept, I was impressed with the thought that this is the first time in the history of the Vegetarian Movement when any of its great societies has had a real "headquarters."

Up to now the office in a town has been the nursing home of a movement which speaks of harvest field and orchard, and the town smoke has rested upon the machinery which was to create the ideal. But here all is different. There is a personal magnetism in the air which speaks of kinship with the spirits of cloud and sunshine, with the rulers of brook and flood, and with the wood nymph chaste.

But beyond and above the gods and goddesses of Nature, there is an air of solemn protection, a grand mysterious aegis which whispers of the Mount of Sacrifice and of the blessings of Moriah. The Order of the Golden Age speaks out some of its ideals from the grounds which encompass its Mecca.

Sweet chestnut and ever-green oak, tulip tree and dark pine fill the undulating park with a sense of infinite rest, while the sparkling waters of the bay below, and the red rocks of the cliffs behind, form a contrast as artistic as it is striking to the rich green turf and dappling brook which fill up the view between.

Up the drive we go, past the entrance lodge, along an avenue of semi-tropical *Dracæna* palms, till the old red sandstone Hall comes suddenly into view. Built in the Italian Renaissance style, its severe simplicity well matches the rocks that rise a sheer hundred feet behind. But it is not repellent or rugged in its massive simplicity. The ripe red of its masonry is seen through a halo of foliage which at once speaks of the richness of the soil and the sweet softness of the climate.

The fragrant eucalyptus with its leaves blue and bloom-kissed, *Chamerops* palms, yuccas and golden bamboos, arunda and pampas grasses flourish on all sides, while giant fuchsias and ferns, magnolias and arbutilons, great bushes of mimosa and enormous hydrangeas make it plain that the reign of frost is not here.

In front of "Barcombe" is a charming Italian garden, which was, even as late as November, brilliant with flowers and foliage of striking colours. A bed of begonias, enough to

make any gardener's heart proud, demonstrated what Nature could do in variety and brilliancy of startling colours.

On a lower terrace comes a specimen of what an English lawn can be at its best. Close-cut, level, green and true, with stately timber round. Up in the trees electric lamps are cunningly placed so as to give a quaint and novel effect as the lights gleam through the branches, while fountain, pond of fish and tiny waterfall, with many a shady nook and sheltered walk add a restfulness as well as a charm to the place.

Kitchen gardens extend far and away beyond, stocked with fruit trees and vegetables of the most delicate and finest sorts. Many things which in other gardens are looked on as scarce and rare, here grow in profusion. Globe artichokes "grow like weeds," and an orchard of figs was laden with their luscious burden, while the perpetual strawberry was full of ripe fruit, without heat, as late as November! Trees of peaches and apricots, fruit of grapes and pears, giant cob-nuts and enormous gourds made one

feel that the millenium was indeed possible. Mr. Beard is keen on horticultural experiments, and he has the promise of results which may, ere long, be widely heard of.

One would fain linger for hours in these gardens and grounds, with views of sky and sea and rolling landscape, were it not that a short glance within the Hall itself is necessary to complete the picture.

I shall say nothing of cellaring capable of holding a battalion of foot guards; nothing of the electric light plant and engine, and the extensive workshop replete with the latest tools, where many a

happy hour could be spent; nothing of the dining room, all fitted with quaint oak furniture of pure Gothic pattern; nothing of the oriental room, rich in treasures of Moorish inlaying and priceless mementos personally gathered from the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus, and Jerusalem, from the old-world haunts of Granada, Venice and Algiers and the older banks of the Nile. Suffice to say that there is no odour of a "universal provider" about the place, no taint of ostentation "scarlet and gold," no attempt to obtrude that things cost many shekels; but, none the less, throughout there is that indefinable feeling of an artistic freedom, untrammelled by question of cost, of a result only to be obtained by an artist who was able to carry out his ideas unrestrained by considerations of £. s. d. It is a home of "rest," of "repose," of quiet tones, and of refined art and simple luxury.

I will only describe one room—the Council Chamber of The Order. Most Council Chambers are oak panelled and very cold, with tall chairs and stiff leather seats. Chambers that speak of formalism without heart, of motive without mercy, of rigidity of routine without elasticity of adaptation.

Here, too, is the dignity and solidity of oak. The doors are oak; an oak screen, in quaint early English pattern, with exposed arrow hinges to its doorway, is at one end, while the



Barcombe Hall (The West Front).

raised dais at the other is of oak parqueterie and forms the floor of a large and cosy Ingle nook; the book-cases and mantel are of oak and bear quaint mottoes carved in the wood or raised with copper lettering. The organ is in harmony with its surroundings. But while there is dignity and stateliness there is much more.

The heavy carpet and rugs, woven with the symbols of the Order, the rich curtains brought from an Indian mosque, the fireplace with its curious setting in antique beaten copper give a warmth of colour that speaks of heart as well as head in the planning out of the future Council and its deliberations.

Here too was the imposing simplicity of space. It is a large room, measuring 14 feet in height, 30 feet in length, and 26 feet in breadth.

The winter garden adjoins, and through the windows there is revealed the glory of many-hued flowers and plants of brilliant foliage, while the subtle perfumes steal in and bring their message of beauty direct from Nature's lap.

The walls are covered with Arras cloth, and this is surmounted by a frieze specially designed with many an occult symbol which speak of labour and love, of unity and amity, of passing time, and of boundless eternity—symbols which link the modern West to the ancient East, which unite the Thames and the Nile, which bridge the gulf, which separates the Order of the Golden Age to-day from the Golden Age of the fabled past.

The table is spread with the literature which is pouring in from East and West, from North and South. Until seen thus in its varied piles one hardly realised how many minds the world over are writing in English and French, in German and Dutch, in Russian and Japanese, in ancient Hindostanee and in modern Greek, and in many a language beside, the marvels of the new inspiration. It was a veritable revelation of the magnitude of the forces already at work in the harvest field.

I must not end without a reference to a detail which tells its own story of loving thought.

Not even a chair has been bought from "the universal provider," but each one has been specially designed and each bears its own motto quaintly carved in the solid oak, so that when the Councillors meet and sit, each in his chair of state, they will be reminded of some of the deep truths which underlie all good living and true judgments.

The whole idea is grander and more beautiful than anything which has ever before inspired the Vegetarian movement—a Council chamber dedicated and sanctified. Nature and art, learning and wealth, devotion and religion, brought together to form a fitting setting for those who are going to raise aristophagy from a thing of economics to a divine duty of ethics, from a thing common-place and sometimes ludicrous to a thing most holy.

To this quiet sanctuary, so "far from the madding crowd," many kindred souls and workers for God and Humanity will doubtless feel constrained at some time, if they should be

journeying in the South of England, to bend their steps for the purpose of making themselves personally known to the Provost of the Order. The lovely grounds with their varied views of sea and land, of hill and dale, their quiet corners and leafy shades, will, by the courtesy of the owner, be open on Sundays and Thursdays in the afternoon to those who share the ideals and aspirations of The Order. Here may they enjoy a few quiet hours of communion with the God of Nature and receive fresh inspiration for service in the hard and busy world. Intending visitors should, however, send a letter intimating that they will call.

The climate and situation of Paignton is such that the locality may be regarded as being about the most desirable place of residence obtainable in this country for Food-Reformers and lovers of Nature in her gentler moods. Being situate on an east coast, the sea breezes are bracing, lying further south than Boulogne the air is genial and balmy, and it is warmed by the gulf stream which wafts a current of mild atmosphere on to our South-Western Coasts. The town is placed in the centre of Torbay—the English 'Bay of Naples'—there is no tidal current and the water is usually calm. The beach is an ideal one for bathing, and in summer-time some fifty private tents are erected for this purpose. It is close to the first-class town of Torquay ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant) and has an excellent through service of express trains to London and the North.

A considerable number of converts to our principles have already been made in the district, and in course of time it is probable that a community of humanitarians of the O.G.A. type will be established here which may become an im-



The Council Room of The Order of the Golden Age.

portant object lesson to the Nation.

The nineteenth century is passing away, but the germ of great things is revealing itself for development in the twentieth.

As I turn away and leave this land of promise, I find myself plunged again into the great every-day world with its demand for beef and its cynical contempt for the horrors of the slaughterhouse.

I can enter somewhat into the despairing wrath of the great leader of Israel who, when he came down from the Mount bearing with him the fruits of the great Communion with the Divine Majesty, and full of the spirit of his burden of gentleness and justice, found the people worshipping the animal calf and calling *it* their god.

So, too, to-day, when from the sanctuary of a close kinship with souls knit near unto the gentle heart of a God who notes every sparrow that falls to the ground, one plunges down again into the busy camp of life, one is profoundly overwhelmed with the sense of blood and cruelty everywhere.

The message of the mystic voice is "Up, for the battle is the Lord's," and in the name of the All Merciful will we show Mercy and will we demand Mercy for all creatures that can live and breathe and suffer pain and agonizing die.

Josiah Oldfield.

